CHIPETA...ONLY WOMAN EVER HANGED IN TEXAS

REAL WEST

35c

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
NOVEMBER

EXCLUSIVE

"I SURVIVED THE CUSTER MASSACRE"

NEW SEARCH FOR LAFITTE'S SUNKEN TREASURE

HICKOK'S KILLER- THE TRIAL OF JACK McCALL

DON'T EVER BUILD A RAWHIDE RAILROAD

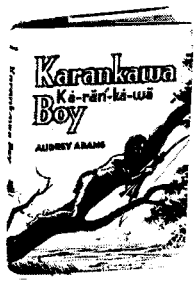
FIGHTING GREERS: SHOOT-OUT IN ARIZONA

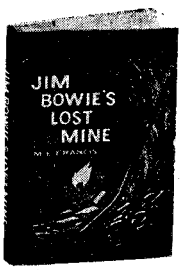
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

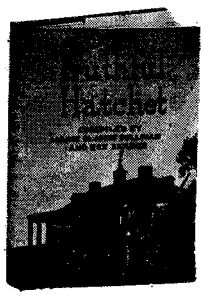
Read about INDIANS

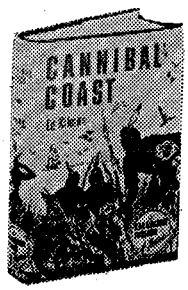
at war . . . at peace . . . yesterday or today . . .

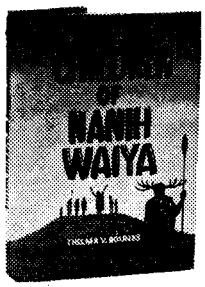
in books published by The Naylor Company

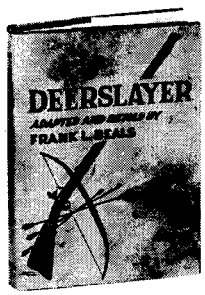


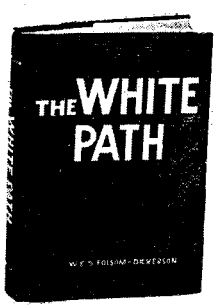


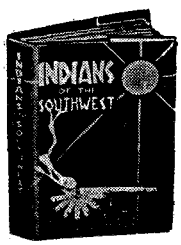












TO ORDER BOOKS

Check box beside title; print name and address at right and mail page with check or money order to

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dp. RW-1166
CHARLTON BLDG., DERBY, CONN.

[ ] HEAP MANY TEXAS CHIEFS. *Roy D Holt.* Read how more than seventy Apache, Comanche and other chiefs terrorized Texas defying Army and Ranger control. Sketches. $7.95

[ ] KARANKAWA BOY. *Audrey Adams.* Experiences of chief's son, Kwash, reveal feuds and customs of cannibalistic tribe feared up and down Texas coast. Illustrated. $2.95

[ ] NAVAJO INDIANS TODAY *Dorothy F. Robinson.* Great change from pillaging bands to united tribe. Many dramatic photographs of life on Arizona reservation. $3.95

[ ] THE AMAZING RED MAN. *Mack Parker.* History, customs, lore of over 150 tribes, their chiefs and territories. $1.95

[ ] TRUTHFUL HATCHET. *Marie St. John Sullivan and Rex Shanks.* Training of captured white boy to be Iroquois chief; his return to civilization and efforts, as Washington's emissary, to make peace with Five Nations. $4.95

[ ] CANNIBAL COAST. *Ed Kilman.* The Karankawa tribe of painted giants, said to practice cannibalism; their nomadic life and raiding sorties on Texas coast. Illustrated. $5.00

[ ] JIM BOWIE'S LOST MINE. *M.E. Francis.* Bowie discovered Indian's well-hidden silver mine in Texas, fought to take it; died in Alamo without telling secret. Illustrated. $2.95

[ ] THE AMERICAN INDIAN. *Sue Northey.* Life of tribes in different areas of United States: woodlands, plains, deserts, mountains. Illustrated end sheets, sketches, glossary. $4.95

[ ] CHILDREN OF NANIH WAIYA. *Thelma V. Bounds.* Illustrious chiefs of Choctaws who led tribe through turbulent days; Indian customs and beliefs. Sketches. $3.95

[ ] DEERSLAYER. *Retold by Frank L. Beals.* Original story by J. Fenimore Cooper, simplified and shortened without losing excitement of Indian fighting. Illustrated. $3.95

[ ] COMANCHE LAND. *J. Emmor Harston.* How young braves were trained for war and hunting; accounts of superb horsemanship; legends and customs. Photographs. $5.95

[ ] THE WHITE PATH. *W.E.S. Folsom-Dickerson.* Life of the Alabama-Koasati Indians in East Texas, practicing Indian customs, obeying white man's laws. Sketches. $3.95

[ ] INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST. *M. Jourdan Atkinson.* Customs and ceremonies of tribes from Louisiana to Arizona before Spanish invasion. Mapped end sheets, sketches. $5.95

VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dp. RW-1166
CHARLTON BLDG., DERBY, CONN.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

(Please add sales tax where applicable)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Second Chance for HIGH SCHOOL *Drop-Outs to get* DIPLOMAS

FREE Booklet gives you all the facts on this easy, short-cut way to finish high school at home...in spare time

Now you don't have to go back to school! Instead school comes to you.

Here's a new, easy, short-cut way for anyone over 17 to finish high school at home – with just a few hours a week of spare-time study.

Streamlined Teaching for Busy People

This new, streamlined program is offered by Academy for Home Study. It was planned especially for working men and women who need a high school diploma to get ahead and can't afford to waste time sitting around in crowded classrooms! It offers all these advantages:

- **Full credit for previous schooling**
- **Easy-to-read text books**
- **Qualified teachers • Friendly help**
- **Easy lessons • Very little writing**
- **True-false multiple-choice tests**

A high school diploma means a lot today – in prestige and in cash! It can be your key to:

- **A better job • Higher pay**
- **Greater social opportunities**
- **More security – for you, your family**

U.S. government figures show the average high school graduate earns $70,000 more in a lifetime than the person who didn't finish high school.

High school graduates move ahead faster in their work. They get first crack at the interesting jobs. And they move in social circles that are closed to the person who dropped out of school.

So why make it hard for yourself to "get the breaks" . . . when it's so easy to finish high school the Academy spare-time way?

Get the Full Story—FREE!

Send for Academy's FREE booklet. It tells you the whole story of this time-saving way to earn your high school diploma . . . and the better life that goes with it!

Discover how you can finish high school in less time than you ever dreamed! Fill out and mail the coupon below. There's no cost, no obligation. Mail it TODAY!

Mail coupon today for your free Booklet

ACADEMY FOR HOME STUDY
6355 N. Broadway, Dp. 59-914, Chicago, Illinois 60626

Please rush your FREE illustrated booklet on your short-cut, spare-time, home-study plan to finish high school. No cost and no obligation.

951

Name_____ Age____

Address_____

City & State_____

County_____ Zip No.____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST

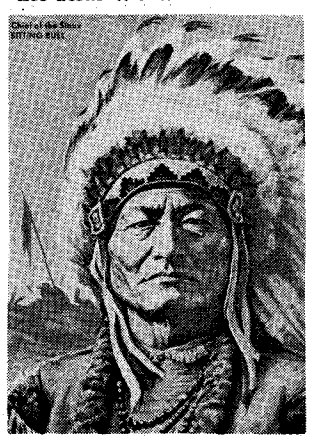
Volume IX
Number 50
Nov., 1966

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor: Pat Masulli Managing Editor: William T. Kish
Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanc Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina

IN THIS ISSUE

In this issue we bring you one of the best assortments of action stories from the most outstanding researchers in the field of Western Americana. You'll find not only entertainment and information, but many new DISCOVERIES. In the startling true story, HE SURVIVED THE CUSTER MASSACRE, you'll discover as many historians and authorities have recently, that there was possibly not only *one* survivor of the Custer battle, but several. While we're in that dramatic and bloody era of 1876, ride over to Deadwood and witness the second bloodiest event of that year -- the murder of Wild Bill Hickok and the hectic trial of Jack McCall his murderer. You treasure hunters may be about to *discover* the largest sunken fortune known, $2,000,000. In this issue join us in the NEW SEARCH FOR LAFITTE'S TREASURE. Read THE FIGHTING GREERS and dodge the bullets in the hot and dusty town in Arizona as hundreds of screaming Mexicans charge down on the 8 reckless cowboys in the West's biggest gunbattle. *Discover* the naked terror of a ship's crew as fierce Indians board the TONQUIN and hack the whites to pieces before the vessel mysteriously blows up. *Discover* the hardships, the pleasures, the chores out on the range as an old time cowboy gives us his MEMOIRS OF A TOP HAND. Yes, you'll discover authentic terror, romance, adventure and good reading from... the Real West.



THIS MONTH'S COVER

Strategist. Medicine Man. Final foe of General Custer.

Sitting Bull

by

Earl Norem

EXCLUSIVE AMERICANA FEATURE

He Survived The Custer Massacre.....10
by Robert Ege

TRUE REAL WEST ADVENTURES

The Day Texas Hanged A Woman 9
by Dee Woods
Memoirs Of A Top Hand 14
by Milt Hinkle
New Search For Lafitte's Treasure 16
by Lt. Harry Rieseberg
John Hatcher's Deadly Bluff.....19
by Kit Carson
The Trial Of Jack McCall 20
by Fred Harrison
The Rawhide Railroad.....24
by Florence Bartholomew
The Bloody Chinese Massacre.....26
by Harry O'Neal
Instant Justice.....29
by Ivan C. Lake
Arizona's Fighting Greers.....32
by Maurice Kildare
Rip Ford, Lone Star Giant (conclusion).....36
by Henry I. Kurtz
A Diary of Expenses on the Road To Texas, 1858 38
by Kit Carson
Tragedy Of The Tonquin 41
by T.W. Paterson

SPECIAL FEATURES

Vacationing With The Indians.....65
Real West Pictorial.....30

DEPARTMENTS

Editor's Corral..... 5
Ask Your Questions 6
Mail Roundup..... 8
The American Indian.....35

REAL WEST published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC., Division St., Derby, Connecticut. 06418. Vol. IX, No. 50, Nov., 1966. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn.

Copyright 1966. All rights reserved.

Executive offices and office of publication Division St. Derby, Connecticut. Price 35¢ per copy, subscription $1.75 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the U.S.A. ADVERTISING OFFICES: NEW YORK -- George T. Franco (Advertising Sales Manager), 529 Fifth Avenue, 10017 (212-TN7-2266); MIDWEST -- Rudolph P. Skarba, 333 No. Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60601 (312-726-8987); WEST COAST -- Murray Bothwell, 495 So. Arroyo Pkwy., Pasadena, Calif. 91101 (213-681-9155).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Editor's Corral

We were talking to Harold Preece the other day and he's pretty excited about some of the changes in Real West. Harold, as you know, is one of the top Western writers, but what you might not know is that he is also an expert on American history. There are many people and events in our past which had a direct influence in the settlement of the West. Harold has agreed to dig out the facts on some of these outstanding subjects and share them with the readers of Real West. We can all look forward to some lively, action-packed stories from the prolific pen of Mr. Preece.

◆◆◆

Speaking of writers, we pay tribute to the late Mari Sandoz who passed away recently at the age of 68. Miss Sandoz wrote with the realism, insight, tenderness and all the qualities that make a writer great, and she wrote about the things she knew--the Great Western Plains. Some of her books were, Old Jules, Cheyenne Autumn, Crazy Horse, The Buffalo Hunters, Miss Morissa, The Cattlemen. She was born and raised in Nebraska during the homesteading era and knew much of the Plains firsthand. She knew many of the Indians and witnessed the settler-cattlemen fights in which she was twice wounded. We'll miss her, but in a way she'll be around for a long time yet, because her books will be, and they were part of her.

◆◆◆

Well, there seems to be quite a hassle going on in the Yukon, with plenty of noise and hullabaloo, everything short of all out, bare knuckle conflict. Somebody's trying to steal the Klondike! And the folks from Yukon don't like it. Seems the town of Edmonton plans to use the Klondike name and all it means, to promote publicity for their own town. If you think the Yukoners are going to take this lying down, take a gander at some of their press releases:

HEADQUARTERS

Yukon's Klondike Defence Force

P. O. BOX 1043
WHITEHORSE,
YUKON

PHONE: 667-7742

Dear Edmontonian:

The Yukon is aflame ... and its citizens are burning up!

The Yukon's Klondike history and all its names and themes belong to us who live in the Yukon. We have on many occasions invited your community leaders and officials to stop using our Klondike history ... but to no avail. Edmonton officials have chosen to ignore the protests of the Yukon Legislative Council and the outcry of many of our organizations and leading citizens.

No matter what Edmonton promoters say, it cannot be denied that the Klondike is now, and always has been, the Yukon's tourist sales theme, and the very foundation of the Yukon's tourist industry. The Yukon's Klondike cannot be rightfully used by your Edmonton promoters because it is ours ... and we are using it ourselves.

We have been advised that there are thousands of Edmontonians who are on our side and oppose the use of our Klondike to promote the City of Edmonton. We hope you are one of them.

The issue is clear cut. The Klondike and all that it means to the world belongs to the people of the Yukon ... and Edmontons promoters are stealing it.

Will you join us in our fight to save our Klondike from these commercial promoters? You can help by making your feelings known to your community leaders. Tell them to stop their Klondike promotions. Write to your newspaper! Give us your encouragement by writing, wiring or phoning us.

We are in the thick of the fight. Will you join our ranks?

CHAIRMAN

(This letter is sent to you with the full approval of the Speaker of the Yukon Legislative Council, the equivalent of your Provincial Legislature)

WHITEHORSE -- It was Edmonton's announcement last month that it planned to build a $200,000 Klondike display in Expo 67's La Ronde Amusement Centre that sparked the running battle between the Yukon and Edmonton over the city's use of the Klondike theme.

During the past three years, as Edmonton's Klondike Days celebrations have grown by leaps and bounds, Yukoners, as well as other sympathetic Canadians, have complained about the "immoral steal of the Yukon's Klondike heritage." But, it was all to no avail.

The proposed display is to be of a permanent nature, designed to promote Edmonton's Klondike Days to the more than 30 million people expected to visit Expo next year.

But, the seven-member, wholly-elected Territorial Council and 16,000 Yukoners have different ideas.

Lead by the Council, Yukoners, have decided that the time has come to fight.

"If we lose the Klondike, we lose our heritage, and that of Canada's and, quite frankly, millions in tourist dollars," Speaker of the Territorial House, George Shaw, said.

"We plan to fight this thing to the very end by every legitimate means.

"Edmonton's money-hungry pirates are stealing our Klondike history, pick, shovel and gold pan, and relocating it on the flat-lands of the prairies," George Shaw of Dawson City and Speaker of the Territorial Council, told more than 500 Yukoners at a massive outdoor fund-raising rally here April 13th.

"This larcenous exploitation of the Yukon's Klondike history would make Soapy Smith look like a piker by comparison. This unethical, immoral, vicious promotion must be stopped now before we lose our very history forever," he charged.

"If Edmonton's promotional techniques are allowed to continue, everyone will soon think the Klondike is in Edmonton," Mr. Shaw said. As one of the placards at the Whitehorse rally read: "Klondike Kate was a Yukon Gal."

He added: "The problem is simple: Edmonton has stolen our gold poke and, quite frankly, we just don't like it."

Shades of old claim jumpin', hang onto the Grand Canyon!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

We don't know if the movie about Jim Thorpe is being rerun on the late show right now, but several readers have written in the same question: What has become of the Carlisle Indian School which Jim Thorpe, outstanding Olympic champion, helped make famous? Our answer comes from the Dept. of Interior. Carlisle was the first non-reservation Indian boarding school and was opened in 1879 by Capt. R. H. Pratt in an abandoned army barracks at Carlisle, Penn. It was supported by private contributions. Two years later the Federal Govt. appropriated funds for support of the school. Instruction was mostly in agriculture and manual skills. When World War I broke out, the barracks were returned to the army for hospitalizing and rehabilitating soldiers. The school was never reopened because it was felt that schools closer to the Indian country would be more suitable.

The school was able to compete athletically with other colleges because many of the students were college age, and it achieved national recognition of its teams for their excellence.

★

Q: I can't seem to find any information on the graves of Jim Bowie and the others who died at the Alamo. Weren't they reburied anywhere? Mrs. Ann Young, Butte, Montana.

A: Under the direction of the victorious Mexican General Santa Anna, the bodies of the brave defenders were burned. What was left was buried in a trench.

★

Q: Nowadays, if valuable minerals are found on Indian lands, do the Indians receive any payment? W. Dobson, Reno, Nevada.

A: Mineral resources are known to be located on lands of over 70 Indian reservations in 21 different states. The Indians get the income from rentals, bonuses, and royalties. In 1963 this totaled more than $41 million. Some tribes get a large amount while others get little.

★

Q: A friend tried to tell me that the greatest lawman in the West, Uncle Billy Tilghman, was once arrested as **an outlaw. Tell him he's wrong. Fred** Bennett, Lincoln, Nebraska.

A: I can't; he was. But it was a mistake. Tilghman arrived in Dodge City and was picked up by a lawman looking for a Tilman who had just held up a train. As soon as the error was realized, Bill was released. Being the man he was, he good-naturedly took the ribbing for years.

★

Q: **How many treaties were negotiated** with Indian tribes? Donald Beery, Helena, Montana.

A: Over 400, but many were never ratified. The practice of negotiating treaties with Indian tribes was terminated in 1871 by Congressional action.

★

Q: In reading Western novels, I come across the word "buscadero." What's it mean? Ed Bowman, Seattle, Wash.

*A: Generally, a buscadero was an outlaw. **The word was often used to describe a gunbelt from which two guns could hang.***

★

Q: I recently saw an old West Reward poster for Billy The Kid, but it wasn't the Kid I've always read about. Were there others? Mrs. Rita Johnson, Miami, Florida.

A: There were several, but the one you're probably referring to was Billy Boucher, also known as the Texas Billy The Kid. He was quite an outlaw, maybe worse than the other Billy. He was born in San Antonio and died in a gun battle at the age of 26.

★

Q: In a short story by an old prospector, I came across the term Bell Mare, several times. What was it? Ronnie Stokes, New York, N.Y.

A: Usually the favorite mare, at least the one that proved to be the most dependable and steady. For this reason, a bell was tied to it so the owner would know where to locate it.

★

Q: Do Indians pay taxes? Emily Driscoll, Boston, Mass.

A: Yes. They pay State and Federal taxes the same as any other citizen, unless exempted from such payment by treaty, agreement or statute.

★

Q: What was a "hoodlum" in a roundup? Pat Bowers, Detroit, Michigan.

A: Usually the second wagon. It was used for carrying wood and supplies.

Q: Tell me it's not true that my hero, Wild Bill Hickok, was arrested as a bum in Cheyenne or is it? Bobby Murdock, age 10, Macon, Georgia.

A: When Hickok arrived in Cheyenne, he was down on his luck. He had eye trouble, wasn't working and was drinking heavily. A Cheyenne newspaper described him as a "worthless bummer and loafer" and he was ordered to leave the city.

★

Q: Was there ever a Distemper Cattle Law passed in Kansas? W.S. Stranitzi, Kansas City, Kansas.

*A: Never heared of it, but you probably mean the Fever Law passed by the Kansas Legislature in 1873. This extended the area of the Spanish Fever Law passed in 1870, designed to keep Texas cattle out of the state. The excuse was that they carried Spanish fever, but the real reason was the influence of the people who knew Texas cattle would hurt their own profits. The law was not **enforced in Abilene, Newton, Dodge, and Ellsworth.***

★

Q: I like a little nip now and then. Is it true that American Indians are forbidden by law to drink liquor? Timmy Donaher, County Sligo, Ireland.

*A: It was true until not too many years **ago. In 1953 these long-standing laws** were repealed by Congress. There are now no Federal prohibitions on the sale of alcoholic beverages to Indians OUTSIDE of reservations. The tribes have the power to determine whether intoxicants will be sold on their reservations.*

★

Q: I have just read in another magazine that Belle Starr led a band of guerrillas and also rode with Quantrill. Annie Frazier, Denver, Colorado.

A: Not true. There is nothing to verify this. She was too young at the time of the Kansas raids, about twelve or so, and still with her father.

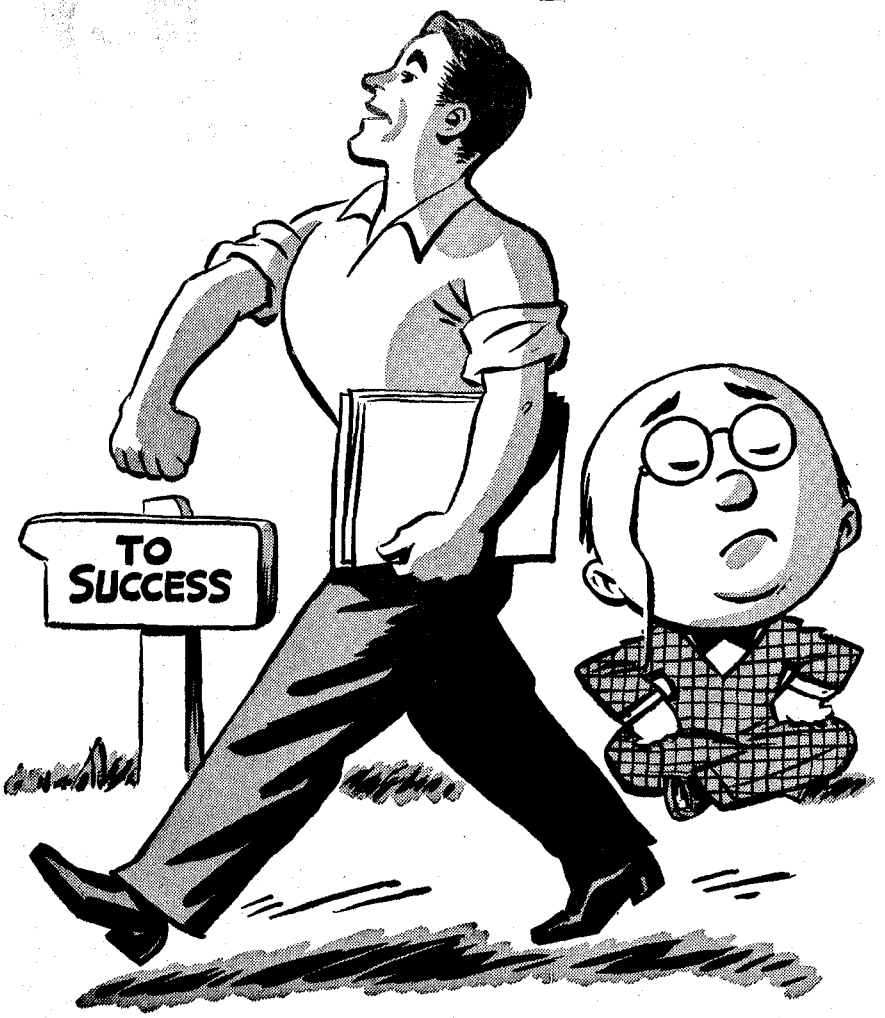
★

Q: Who or what was the Calaveras Man? Shirley Halstead, San Francisco, Calif.

A: In 1866 a skull was reported found 130 feet below earth's surface, in Tertiary deposits, at Bald Hill, Calif. It was called the Calaveras Man and was alleged to be prehistoric. It has never been officially accepted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to pass a genius



All of us can't be geniuses. But any ordinarily talented mortal can be a success—and that's more than some geniuses are.

Now, as in Æsop's time, the race doesn't always go to the one who potentially is the swiftest. The *trained* man has no trouble in passing the genius who hasn't improved his talents.

In good times and bad times, in every technical and business field, the *trained* man is worth a dozen untrained ones, no matter how gifted.

The International Correspondence Schools can't make you into a genius. For more than 60 years, however, I. C. S. has been helping its students to become *trained, successful leaders*—and it can do the same for you.

Mark your special interest on the coupon. Don't be like the unsuccessful genius who wastes his life in dreaming of what he intends to do. *Act* now!

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! **I.C.S., Scranton, Penna. 18515**

Accredited Member
National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS I C S

Dp. 1922, Scranton, Penna. 18515 (In Hawaii: P. O. Box 418, Honolulu. In other countries: I. C. S. World, Ltd.)

Yes, I want to know about how I can get ahead through I. C. S. Rush me FREE Success Kit with 3 valuable booklets: "How to Succeed," opportunity booklet on the field I've checked below, actual sample I. C. S. lesson. (Special WICS booklets for women.) CONVENIENT PAYMENT PLAN.

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES
- ☐ Air Conditioning Maint.
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing & Design
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Carpenter-Builder
- ☐ Carpentry & Millwork
- ☐ Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
- ☐ House Planning, Interior Design
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration, Air Conditioning

ART and DESIGN
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Sign Painting & Design
- ☐ Sketching & Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Mechanic-Technician
- ☐ Body Rebuilding, Refinishing
- ☐ Electrical Technician
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting (Canadian)
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Canadian Business Courses
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Gen'l Accounting
- ☐ Industrial Psychology
- ☐ *Managing a Small Store*
- ☐ Practical Accounting
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Programming the 1401
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate Sales
- ☐ Retail Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ Gen'l Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ *Plastics Technician*

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Eng'n'r'ng
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ *Sewage Plant Op'r*
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping
- ☐ Water Works Operator

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Structural

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Ind. Elect. Technician
- ☐ Motor Repairman
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ *Reading Electrical Blueprints*

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Fundamentals
- ☐ *Electronics Technician*
- ☐ General Electronics
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Telephony

ENGINEERING (Professional)
- ☐ Chemical ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Math & Mechanics for Engineering

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Business
- ☐ High School (Canadian)
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ *College Preparatory*

LANGUAGES (Edited by Berlitz)
- ☐ French ☐ German
- ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Ind. Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ *Machine Shop Practice*
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Prints
- ☐ Tool Design

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Power Plant Eng'n'r'ng
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship-Sup'rv'n
- ☐ Personnel-Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio & TV Servicing
- ☐ Radiotelephone License

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (Please specify)

Name_____ Age_____
(Please indicate whether Mr., Miss or Mrs.)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Occupation_____ Employed by_____

☐ **I am a member of U. S. Armed Forces. Send me facts about special low rates.**

Working Hours_____A.M. to_____P.M. ***Special Training Programs for Industry***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

LT. GATEWOOD
Dear Editor,

I worked with F.E. (Daddy) Brown, an engineer on the GH & SH RR until his retirement at El Paso about 1928. He was in the 6th Cavalry in the Geronimo campaign. He told me that Lt. Gatewood was an Apache captive as a boy and was a member of the tribe and spoke the language until he was ransomed by a well-to-do Eastern family. He was taken East and given a good education and went through West Point before going into the Army. When he went to the meeting with Geronimo (as mentioned in your Real West #46) he wore his parade clothes. His name is probably the name of the family that ransomed him.

Yours truly,
Brownie Elliot
633 Lafayette Dr.
El Paso, Texas

LADY MOON
Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the July 1966 edition of "Real West," and I just have to say that I knew Lady Moon when I was a very small girl. My parents owned a ranch also in the Elkhorn vicinity north west of Fort Collins, Col. I was only 4 years old when father took me to Lady Moon's house near Elkhorn. I remember I was quite fascinated at a talking parrot that she had. Elkhorn was our mailing address at that time. When I was about 5 or 6 years old, father traded Mrs. Moon our ranch for 20 head of young horses. Then we left the mountains and moved down in the valley north of Fort Collins about 12 miles on a farm, but the winter before, we lived in Fort Collins. If any one reads this letter that remembers Emmett W. Harris or any of his relatives, I would love to hear from them if they care to write to me. I'm always glad to hear from old acquaintances.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Bessie Harris Asbury
P.O. Box 483
Rifle, Colo. 81560

SEEKS TREASURE SEEKERS
Dear Editor,

Many of your issues have dealt with Lost Treasure, Gold Panning in Central America etc. I have collected a small library of reference books, maps and impediment for gold panning, treasure seeking, and various lost mines. I have no intent to solicit money or finances, but only to contact persons interested in forming an expedition to travel to Central America or South America to pan for gold. Your magazine seems the unequaled source in reaching interested persons. The results, experiences, trials and tribulations of such an expedition would add to the reading pleasures of your many subscribers. An "equal-sharing expedition" could easily do this.

Thanking you for your consideration, I am.

Sincerely,
James A. Marsh
2748-14th Avenue
Oakland, California

HOMESTEADER'S CHILD
Dear Editor,

I enjoy your wonderful stories, expecially the ones about the homesteaders.

I was a Homesteader's daughter, as my parents were Homesteaders in Western, North Dakota. My father and several friends filed on land in 1903 and in the spring of 1904 they brought their families. Our first shack was a dug out and sod. Our family, besides my parents; two older sisters, myself and infant.

The first year in this new land was full of hardship and hard work as they had to start from scratch. They brought team horses, a few cows and some chickens and with a great deal of determination, hard work and their faith and trust in God they got through.

Whenever there was sickness the neighbors were always there to give a helping hand and when a baby was born a neighbor woman was midwife.

There were no doctors within thirty-five miles and they had to cross the Missouri river to get to town.

Their blessings were few, but their courage was great.

They met at each others shacks for devotions and the first school was held at a bachelors shack.

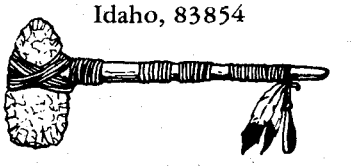
My parents helped organize the first church in that part of the country.

The blizzards were dreaded and lots of stock was lost during those three and four day storms.

Prairie fires were a hazard especially during the hot dry season as there were miles of dry grass so they built fire guards around the shacks.

Wild cattle ate and trampled the crops. So I say hats off to the Homesteaders.

Blanche Enger
Box 187
Post Falls,
Idaho, 83854



THE REAL WEST
Dear Sirs:

I am a student at Hemet High School, Hemet, California. I have read many of your magazines and they prove to be very interesting.

I have yet to find a good magazine as good as yours. Your magazine has such good form and good information.

Your magazine will continue to gain popularity because of your coverage on certain subjects. You don't go just half way on a story you finish it. **Your magazine isn't just a bunch** of tall tales.

I really have to congratulate you on the story of the Mandan Indians. This was one of the most interesting stories I have ever read. I have just written a letter to Mr. Johannes Brondsted, care of Penquin Books for more information on the Mandan Indians.

Keep up the good work. You will maintain your popularity. Thank you so much.

Sincerely yours,
Iona Richardson
42571 Chambers Avenue
Hemet, California

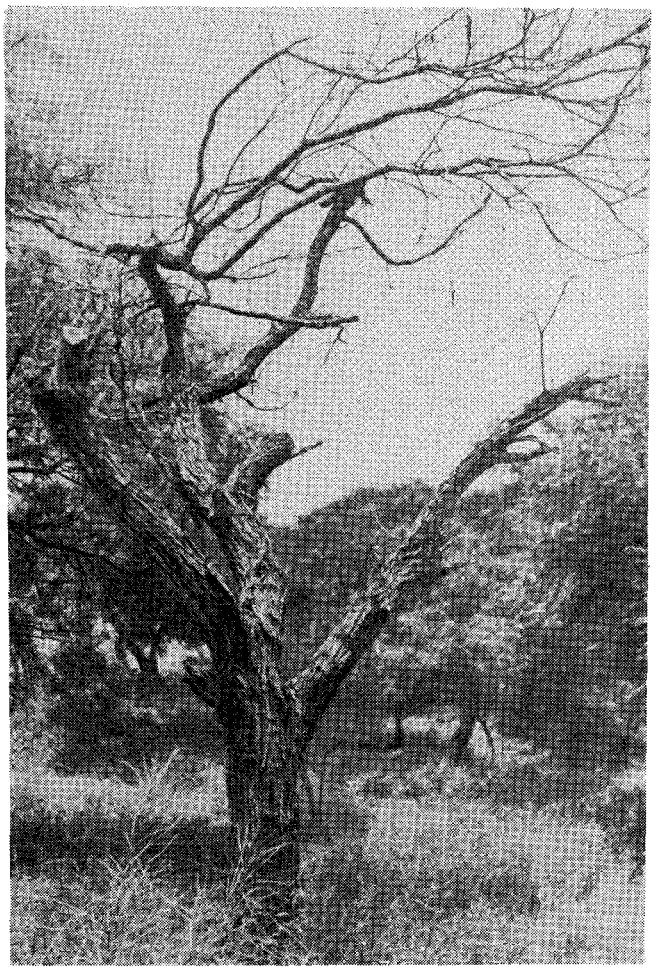
{continued on page 77}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Day Texas Hanged A WOMAN

Some in the crowd moaned, others cried or turned their heads as the woman's body swung free and jerked pitifully in death.

by Dee Woods



Strangely, nothing lives on the spot where Chipeta was hanged. Original oak tree died, and now this mesquite.

Photos furnished by author

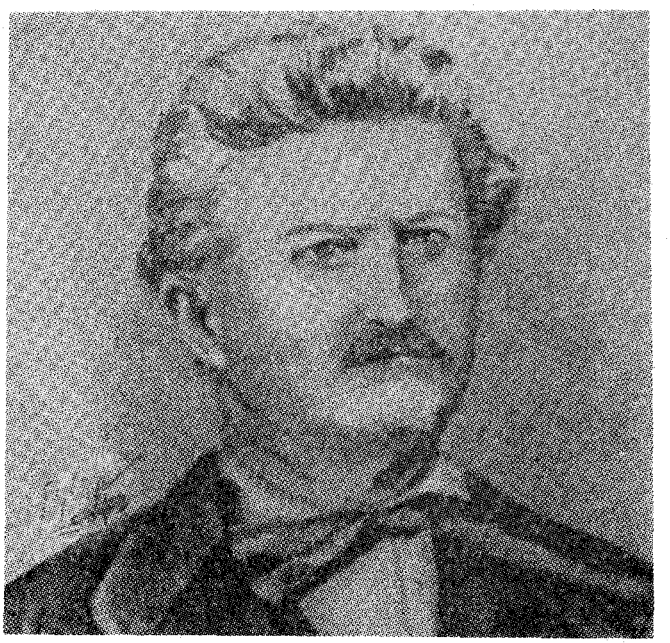
All the inhabitants of the town and most of those living in the surrounding countryside were present at the hanging of the woman, except the children who were ordered to stay at home. Some of the boys sneaked off and witnessed the dreadful sight.

In a clearing near the Nueces River, a mile from town, stood two large oak trees. A limb of one of these served as the gallows from which the rope was tied.

Long before the hour set for the hanging the crowd began to gather. Most of them walked to the place and as they walked they talked quietly. Some were nervous. Some excited. Others followed the cart in a solemn procession, the cart carrying a crude cypress coffin on which the prisoner sat, smoking a corn shuck cigarette, staring vacantly over the heads of those following while the wheels of the cart creaked eerily.

The date was Friday 13th, 1863. The town was San Patricio, Texas, center of the Irish Colony that had been established in 1828 by Empresarios John McMullen and James McGloin. Now a ghost town, the place is down

{continued on page 70}



Judge Benjamin Neal presided at the trial of Chipeta in 1863 and had the dubious distinction of ordering the state's first legal hanging of a female.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE SURVIVED

For a century it has been believed that no man survived this famous battle; now, revealed for the first time, we bring you the startling true story of the man who got away!

by Robert J. Ege

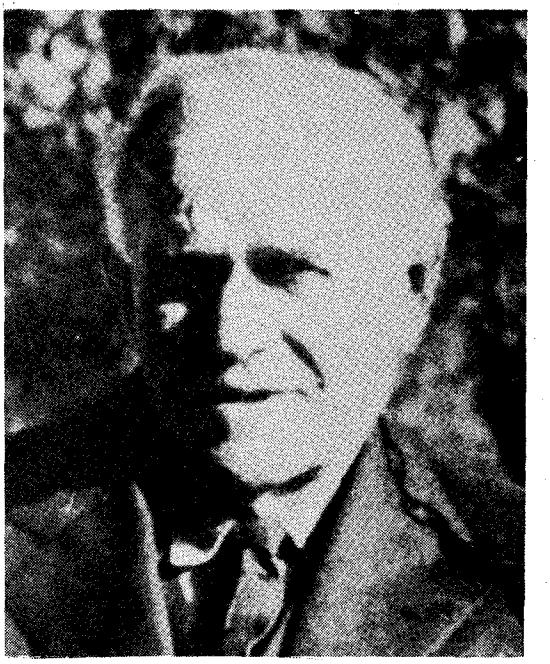
In 1914, four residents of Dayton, Washington, a small rural community in the southeastern part of the state, were engaged in a Sunday afternoon session of horseshoe pitching. During the course of the game, three of the competitors became embroiled in a friendly but heated discussion of the happenings and mishaps of Custer's Last Stand. The fourth barnyard golfer, a tall big-boned Teuton named Frank Finkel, listened patiently as the game went interrupted. While the charges and countercharges ran the gamut from sublime to ridiculous, Finkel waited in stoic silence until his Geramic temperament caused him to blurt out, "ACH, a helluva lot you know about it!" His friends smilingly asked how he knew so much about the fight. Finkel replied, "Well, I guess I know, I was there." After some coaxing, he was prevailed upon to tell his story. It wasn't publicized until it appeared as a Sunday feature in the Walla Walla Bulletin on March 20, 1921. A reporter named W. H. Banfill got wind of the big man in Dayton and elicted the amazing story from him. Amazing, not really. The story as Frank Finkel told it was factual, lacking in embellishment, and most important of all, not readily told. It was related in the manner of something that had once happened to him that he was neither proud nor ashamed of. In his role of landowner and successful farmer, his military experience was something in the past of relatively little importance.

Historically speaking, it's a shame that Finkel throughout his life was never interviewed by anyone with more than a passing interest in Custer's campaign. The copy of the

Over a hundred artists tried to paint the tragedy and action of the last battle. This one was made in 1895 by Otto Becker. Courtesy Anheuser-Busch Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CUSTER MASSACRE



Frank Finkel, the man who got away.

story as it appeared in the Bulletin indicates that Reporter Banfill was not possessed of sufficient knowledge of the affair upon which he could have based a proper interview.

His story, as it appears here, is not exactly as it was published in the early newspaper account. Although that clipping supplied some of the data, a great deal more was gleaned from the files of Dr. Charles Kuhlman so graciously provided by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Fred (Fay) Kuhlman. Interviews with Montana ranchers, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Olson of Great Falls, Montana, Mr. Olson as a boy knew Mr. Finkel when he farmed near Carter, Montana and others of Fort Benton who knew him provided many more facets of this interesting narrative.

Frank Finkel was born in Marietta, Washington Co., Ohio on January 29, 1854. He was one of seven children born to Peter and Linda Windel Finkel. The first fifteen years of his life were spent on the parental farm, which incidentally, still stands at Marietta, and he received a rudimentary education in the community school. For reasons unknown, Frank left home at the age of 15 and found employment on farms in Wisconsin and Iowa. Big and strong for his years, Finkel had little difficulty gaining employment and followed this pursuit for nearly five years. Somewhere along the line he was befriended by another young man named Charlie Vaughn. For some reason the youths decided to enlist in the army. It could have been a yen for adventure or a release from some boyhood trouble. It may have been a prank that backfired or a farmer's daughter. Nevertheless, in 1874 both Finkel and Vaughn enlisted, using aliases to cover their identity. One occasion Finkel stated that Council Bluffs, Iowa was the place of enlistment and at another time gave Omaha as the place. Rather than detracting from his story, the dual cities of induction lends credence as in 1874 the two cities were practically one.

Finkel stated that he and Charlie wanted to serve in the army together but were separated after enlistment and were never to see each other again. Frank Finkel was first assigned to duty in Arizona where he gained brief experience in Indian fighting. After a year, he was transferred to Fort Laramie and subsequently to Fort Abraham Lincoln, D.T. and "C" Co. of the Seventh Cavalry. (This concurs with the build-up of the 7th prior to the summer campaign of 1876.)

He told of serving under Capt. Tom Custer in "C" and of the march from Fort Lincoln to Montana Territory. His account of the country covered by the 7th enroute to the Yellowstone and Powder Rivers is brief but surprisingly accurate. In his story of the famous last fight Finkel explained that his troop and another were ordered from their position on what is now known as "Custer Ridge" - this is where the Custer Monument now stands - to form a skirmish line along a lower ridge toward the river. At this time, the column had been under fire by the Indians for some time. As ordered, "C" troop formed a mounted skirmish line and quickly found themselves under a devastating fire by concealed Indians.

Frank Finkel clearly recalled the vicious fighting that took place here. He stated that the Indians were on both sides of their position and that the battle was at its peak. Facing north, he raised his carbine to fire at one of the Indians. As he did so a hostile bullet smashed into his gunstock causing it to splinter and sending a large chunk of wood ripping into his forehead. (That scar is plainly visible in the photo of Finkel taken years later.) Blood blurred his vision and he dropped the useless carbine. Almost instantaneously, a bullet or arrow struck his horse in the rump causing the animal to bolt directly toward the Indians on Finkel's front. He stated that he pulled so hard on the reins that one of them snapped or was

{Author's note.... Cheyenne accounts published after Finkel's story had first been told indicate that the Indians in this area and phase were all on foot. They had concealed their ponies at the bottom of the ravines near the river. Hidden in the cuts and coulees, they allowed the mounted troopers to pass thus cutting them off from the balance of the command on the hill. This shortly preceded Cheyenne Lame White Man's devastating attack on "C" and "E" that rendered nearly 40% of Custer's entire battalion hors de combat."} *See map on page 44.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Custer Battlefield National Monument

Lt. James Sturgis rode with Custer. His body was never found.

cut by a bullet. In either case, the pain-crazed mount carried him directly into the swarming Indians. As he passed through the horde of warriors he received two more wounds. One bullet entered his back and coursed around the rib cage lodging in the stomach muscles and another bullet nearly tore his right heel off. He could recall no other details except that he hung onto the horse for dear life as the beast plunged on. Frank Finkel had absolutely no recollection of being pursued by Indians. Badly shot up and bleeding profusely, he had no other memories of his flight to safety until later that same evening just before darkness.

It must be assumed that Finkel travelled east. To the south the battalions of Reno and Benteen were beseiged on the bluffs. A westerly route would have carried the semi-conscious soldier into the Indian encampment and the vengeful hands of the screaming squaws. Had he gone north he would either have ridden into the scouts and outriders of the Terry - Gibbon column or eventually struck the Yellowstone River. He could recall no rivers.

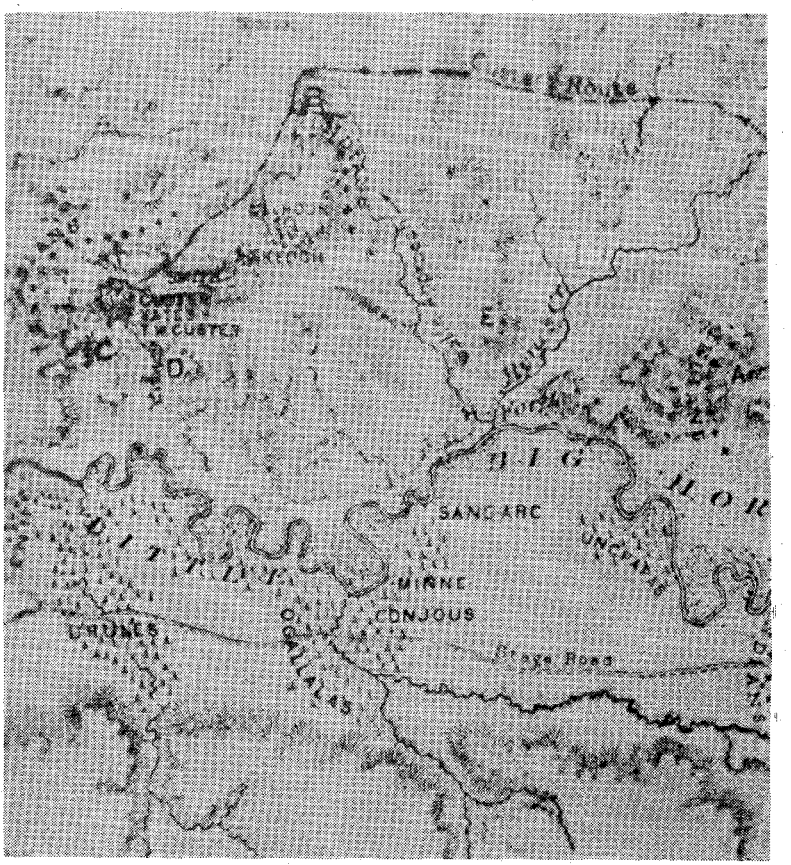
Just as darkness began to end the long day, Finkel came to a small creek. He was parched and ravenously hungry. Tumbling from his horse he crawled to the creek and managed a few gulps. He quickly regurgitated as the water was so strongly alkaline he couldn't drink. The heel wound was still spurting blood and Finkel fashioned a crude tourniquet from a belt and staunched the flow. He needed rest but before he dozed face down in the grass he removed his revolver from the holster and placed it in the grass near his hand. In but a few moments he heard voices. His horse, grazing nearby (trained cavalry mounts usually stayed with a downed rider unless driven away) nickered at the intruders or the scent of the ponies. Almost immediately two mounted warriors appeared at the creek bank. Finkel remained silent as they approached. To his dying day Frank Finkel was certain that he presented such a gory spectacle that the Indians believed him dead. In the dusk, one brave reached down and picked up Finkel's cartridge belt and started away. As he did, the trooper raised his revolver and shot him through the head. The other Indian, fearing an ambush, galloped away. Frank retreived his cartridge belt and another exactly like it from the body of the slain Sioux.

Completely disoriented and fearing that he was still close to enemy camps, Finkel managed to remount and head in the opposite direction the retreating Indian had taken. At this point Frank Finkel's story becomes hazy. Obviously he had lost all track of time and direction. He knew that he came to another stream that was also too alkaline to be drinkable and that at some time near a creek he shot a prairie hen and attempted to eat the raw flesh. His stomach refused this gory morsel. He found her nest but the eggs were so far beyond the eating stage that they too were unpalatable. He had no idea whether he wandered in the look-alike country for two, three, or four days. More than likely he was at least two days in his journey from the Little Big Horn to the foothills of what must have been the Chetish Mountains. The distance from the battlefield to the point which fits his later description is no more than 18 miles. Due to monotonous topography and the weakened condition of the man the short jaunt could have indeed been a long one.

On the morning of what he believed to be the third day, he reached another stream. Unlike the others, this one was flowing cool clear water. He drank and rested. By now, his wounds were so painful it was nearly im-

Map of the battlefield. It has been proved that at least one company tried to cross Little Horn at Reno Creek ford.

U.S. Signal Corps 111-SC-94063

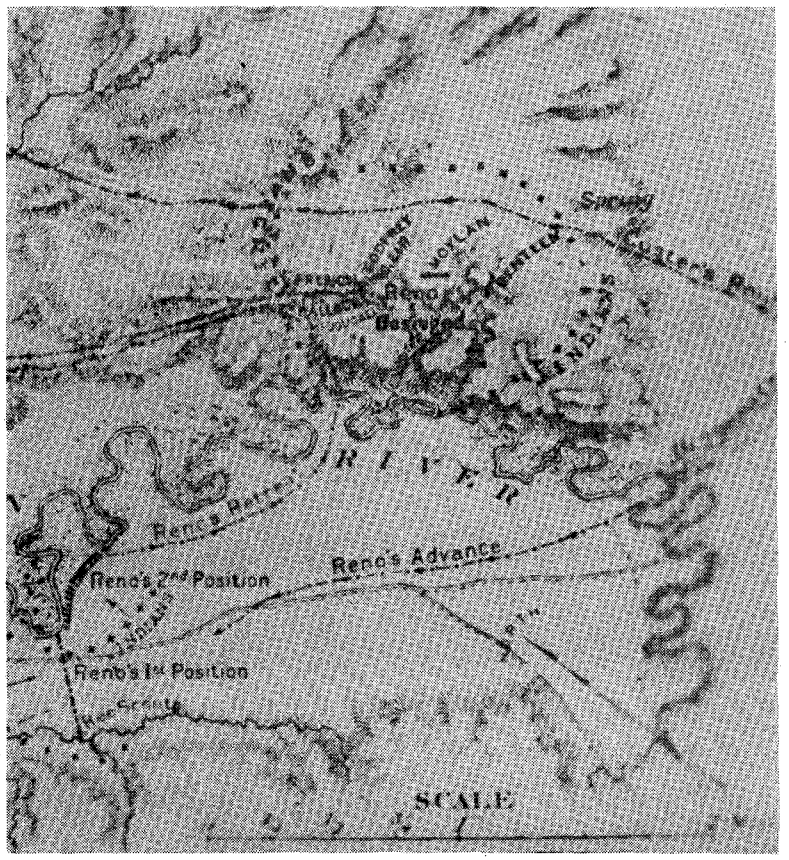


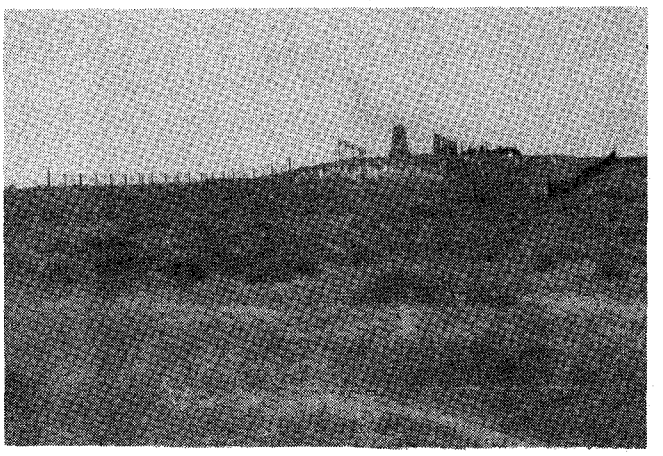
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible for him to mount and dismount his horse. Shortly after he found the good water he was attracted by the sound of what seemed to be someone chopping wood. Riding cautiously, he rounded a small knoll and did indeed find a man with an axe and a pile of fire wood. The man quickly dropped the axe and levelled a revolver at the soldier ordering him to stay away. Finkel pleaded with the man that all he wanted was a little food and someone to help him with his wounds. The rough looking wood cutter, whom Finkel later came to know as Bill, finally relented and allowed the trooper to slide from his horse.

The man helped him to a small dug-out cabin at the edge of the sparse timber. Once inside, Finkel discovered that there was another man, sickly and weak, confined to a pallette in the corner of the hut. Bill helped him remove his gore-crusted clothing. The heel wound was the most serious and when the tourniquet was removed it continued to bleed. Bill suggested amputation of the foot and searing the stump. Finkel refused, stating that if he was going to die he would do it in one piece. Acting upon the advice of the fever-ridden man on the crude bed, Bill prepared a syrup of hot pine pitch and poured on the foot. Frank Finkel fainted. While he was unconscious, Bill carbed a rounded end on a small stick and attempted to probe for the bullet in the soldier's side. Unsuccessful, he plastered the wound with bear grease. Luckily for Finkel, despite the archaic ministrations, both wounds eventually healed. He limped for the remainder of his life and carried the lead slug in his side for many years.

After several days, Finkel was able to move about but the invalid on the cabin floor grew steadily worse. He was evidently a victim of mountain fever or tuberculosis. Aware of impending death, he asked to be buried on top of a small knoll near the cabin. A day later he was





Indian accounts say a man rode away from this battle site.

dead. Bill and Finkel, helping as best he could due to the infirmity of his leg, managed to get the frail body atop the small but steep knoll. Bill dug a grave but was hesitant when it came to throwing dirt on the body of his friend. Finkel suggested digging a ledge above the corpse and placing timbers acros the opening. This was done and the burial completed. Finkel wanted to mark the grave with a headstone but Bill, for some reason disagreed. The trooper finally convinced him and Bill refusing to disclose his departed companion's name allowed Finkel to carve "G. W." on a stone "shaped like a post" and place it on the grave.

Frank Finkel asserted that he never learned identification other than Bill and G. W. for either of the men. To him, they purported to be trappers but at no time did he ever see any of the trapper's familiar paraphernalia or any pelts of any kind. It is useless to conjecture as to the proper category of these men: deserters, outlaws, their secret is forever hidden.

Following G. W.'s death, the trooper stayed on at the hut for a few more weeks. Able to travel, he coaxed and Bill reluctantly gave him directions on how to reach civilization. Bill suggested Fort Benton, M.T. Finkel once again tried to learn Bill's name so that he could send him some money for his care. Bill roughly told him that "he had no other name and that he could take his money and go to hell!" He wanted the big German lad to stay on with him but Finkel wanted to get back into a normal life.

Frank Finkel reached Fort Benton in what was probably the latter part of August or the first half of September. Upon arriving, he reported to the military garrison. The officer in charge refused to believe that he was once part of Custer's cavalry and informed him that "C" Co. had been wiped out at the Little Big Horn. He further stated that if Finkel was to receive any care or benefits from the military that it would be necessary for him to produce two witnesses to vouch for his identity. Why he was not received as a "Lost Soldier" is beyond comprehension. But, so are many things that went on during the 1870's at the Fort Benton installation.

He states that he gave up his attempt to establish a military identity and attempted to secure passage on one of the river steamers that would return him to St. Louis. Being without funds he was unable to purchase passage and tried to talk a steamer captain into letting him work his way. Refused because of his infirm condition, Finkel,

{Continued on page 42}

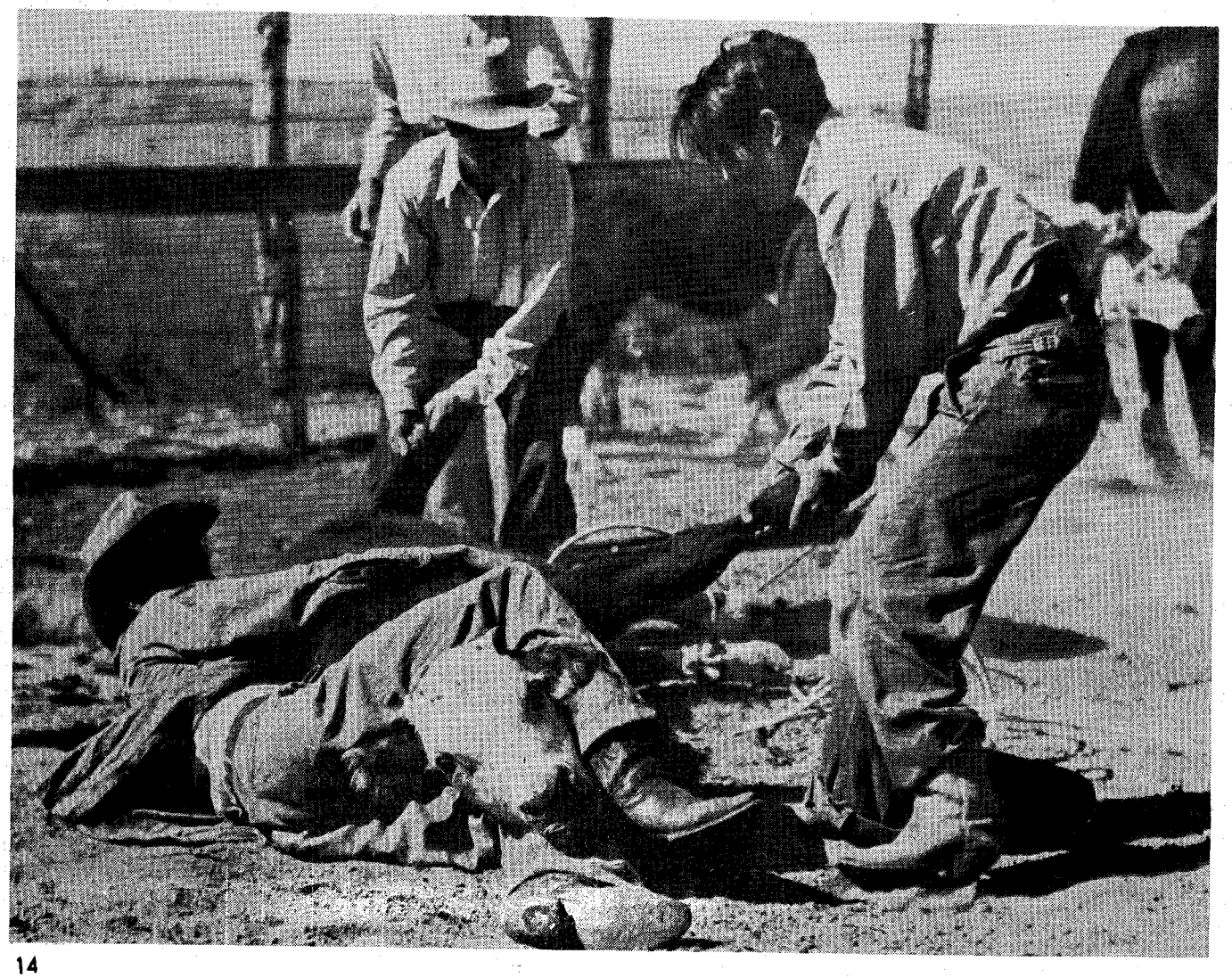
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMOIRS OF A TOP HAND

"Roping, branding, roundup - it was rough and dirty work with low pay and high standards, but I'd give anything if me and the boys could ride again...but they're all gone now..."

by Milt Hinkle

Many winters and summers had passed since the time I went to live on Uncle Dan Bull's ranch in Texas, where I had my first taste of real cowboying. By this time I had become what was called a 'top hand.' Yes, I could ride into a herd and if the cut was to be all heifer calves, I could do without looking at anything but head, nose and size. This was my way and any other experienced cowman's way of doing it. If it was all yearlings, we could ride in and cut out all the year olds, be it male or female, by just looking at the horns; the same with two, three and four-year-olds. We had a way of telling the age of an animal by looking at the horns, tail and head. If we were to cut out the dry cows without calves, we could tell them from the wet cows or from



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the spayed cows. Some ranchers did spay in those days. This work was all done days on horseback and out in the open.

Early each spring the roundup started. Most cow outfits in the south would sell all the steers which had to be gathered, cut out, and driven to the railroad for shipping to the northern pasture grass in Kansas, Nebraska or the Dakotas. This took lots of hard riding, because the yearlings were tough to handle. In order to brand the calf crop, midsummer was branding time, when the big roundup started.

Cortez is said to be the man who started the brands in this country and in this hemisphere. His cattle carried the brand of three Christian crosses ✝✝✝ on their sides. The same brand was seared into the flesh of his slaves. Brands were used on fugitives, criminals and Parisian prostitutes.

The brand was the most valued possession of the big ranchers as well as the little stockmen, that is, if it was registered. All of the big stockyards had inspectors and the ranchers had brand detectives to safeguard their brands, but, a skilled man or rustler could, by using a wet sack or blanket, brand through and burn the hair but not the hide, of a calf, and when the hair shed, or when its mother weaned or left it, the rustlers who would keep a close watch would move in and ear mark the calf, and put their own brand on it, making the animal theirs.

Before the Cattlemens Association had the running iron outlawed (the running iron was a small rod with a turn on one end, and could be used for making turns, or following the outline of other brands) the 'artist' could change the brands. This iron caused many shootings, yet it helped start many a cowman who later became big, to build up for his offspring. Many of the big ranches of today were started in this way. However, if a brand was burned over another brand, the animal could be killed and skinned and the original brand could be traced on the inner side of the hide. This method of proving original brands was done many times in order to obtain evidence. Most of the old ranchers and cowboys living today, I am sure, would not want to own up to having known these men, but I have known many of them well and they are living today.

I wonder how many of these old timers remember Ab Blocker's ear mark? It was 'grub' the left ear -- meaning the left ear was cut off almost to the root -- and two underbits on the right ear. He had a number of brands registered in his name. Blocker even had a maverick-catching dog, the best in the 'world of brush thickets.' It was said that day or night, the dog named 'Hell Bitch' would never catch any maverick but a 'slick ear.' She would grab the animal's long ear, drop her body between the animal's front legs, throw it to the ground and hold it there until her master came to her assistance.

Everyone used to call Ab Blocker "The Man with Hell in his neck." For people who think the old-time cowboy rode around with two guns and a jug of whiskey, they were a lot different than the ideas most folks might harbor.

Yes, the old ranches that I worked on were somewhat rugged and the hands who talked too much, or didn't live up to the standards of the ranch, were quickly put off the spread. The ranchers were very closely allied and news traveled. If a man was fired for anything serious, he would sure have to ride a long way before he could find work on another ranch.

In those days, there were lots of open, free range in the brush country, as well as mountains and plains,

Photos furnished by author

At 16, the author, Milt Hinkle, was already an accomplished bronco buster, horseman, cowboy, and living the wild outdoor life that others were dreaming about.

where the ranchers ran their cattle with their lawful brands on them. It was here on this open range, as well as the big pastures, that a lot of maverick branding was done. Now, the maverick that had just been branded for the man who branded it, or for whoever he branded it for, was its new owner. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the maverick had a mother near by or on the same range, who also carried an identifying brand, the brand of the rightful owner.

I have often wondered who was the rightful owner of the maverick. Anyhow, the man who carried a 'running iron' tied on his saddle, or a brass ring and a flint-rock in his saddle pocket -- just in case his matches got wet -- would be sure of a fire in order to heat his running iron. If he was a man that rode out early and late, rode good horses and carried a long rope, he was usually the maverick owner. Yes, this kind of a man was the one that built up his brand fast, and I cannot deny having participated a few times, in order to help my boss man.

{continued on page 68}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW SEARCH FOR LAFITTE'S TREASURE

Off and on during the past several years, oil men, businessmen and others have frenziedly engaged in being the first to locate and recover a huge fortune buried at the bottom of an inland lake in East Texas — $2,000,000 in pure Spanish silver! Now, in the Spring of 1966, a new group of treasure-hunters, equipped with electronic metal detecting devices, scuba diving and other geophysical scientific gear have made a new search for this fabulous long-sunk fortune!

Photos furnished by author

by Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg

If the words "pirate treasure" cause your pulse to quicken, listen to this: beneath the muddy waters of an inland Texas lake, lying undisturbed and unsalvaged, rests $2,000,000 in pure Spanish bar silver!

How did this vast wealth reach so unlikely a resting place? The answer begins where so many treasure tales do — with the magical name of Jean Lafitte!

It all started in that colorful period of Texas history between 1800 and 1826, when that historical freebooter and buccaneer, Lafitte, plied the waters of the Gulf and Caribbean. His raids on passing Spanish craft were so successful that he practically closed the New Orleans and other American custom houses along the Gulf coast. Many a ship was scuttled and great was the plunder carried away to Lafitte's stronghold on Barataria Island, about one hundred miles from New Orleans.

The books of history and lore have little to say about Jean Lafitte after he abandoned Galveston as his base of operations in 1820. In May of that year Lafitte set sail for the Mugeres Island off the coast of Yucatan, where he continued his illegal activities until his death in 1826. Although his brother, Pierre, was the leader in all their affairs, Jean was the more colorful of the two and has become the center of many a romantic and adventurous Texas tale — some based on fact, others on fancy and legend, and still others tainted with a little of both. However, between the years 1808 and 1820, the Lafitte brothers had to be reckoned with in matters pertaining to the Gulf Coast of Texas and Louisiana. History and legend having indelibly underscored the name of Jean as the guiding genius of the operations, there is no reason to detract from his personal fame.

There are untold tales of this romantic pirate's lost treasures which are rumored to be buried about the lower reaches of the Lavaca and Neches Rivers. These are mainly folk-lore legends which, like wine, are improved with age. But numerous treasure hunters have devoted both their finances and efforts to the search

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for these caches that Lafitte was "supposed" to have buried on the tiny islands of the Gulf waters from New Orleans to Galveston Island. Yet, few have ever given a thought to the enticing riches in Lafitte's last and mightiest haul — taken after he had become a national hero and had supposedly ceased his onslaughts on Spanish merchantmen. This huge cache was sunk in the mire and ooze of an inland lake in northeastern Texas, where, even to this day, it still rests in its watery tomb.

The story of this little known sunken treasure is authentic in its entirety; it is the actual substantiated account of Jean Lafitte's last great haul of plunder, looted from a seized Spanish frigate merchantman which he sank in Matagorda Bay.

After a life of high-handed crime at piracy, Lafitte had gloriously distinguished himself as the intrepid defender of New Orleans under the command of General Andrew Jackson. The Battle of New Orleans was the decisive battle of the War of 1812, and the former freebooter, acclaimed as a national hero, found himself in his older age a respected and famous citizen. His odious past was forgiven — if not forgotten. However, at heart he was still an adventurer, and piracy was still in his blood. And it wasn't long before the seductive call to further buccaneering came loud and insistent to drown out the voice of his doubtful conscience. But age and experience warned him that public forgiveness is a fickle thing and that his return to piracy would have to be cloaked in chicanery. This decision reached, Lafitte "nobly" offered his services to the Texas navy, using his New Orleans credentials of heroism to gain acceptance.

In this he was not only accepted, but was made commander-in-chief of the Texas navy! Thus, hypocritically **robed in patriotism, Jean Lafitte told his staunch but greedy old heart that he was going to make one last haul on Spanish craft.**

"How about it, mes braves?" Jean Lafitte called to his crew of cutthroats as his slim black frigate, in eerie silence, slid slowly toward the oncoming armed Spanish merchantman Santa Rosa in Matagorda Bay. "Are we strong enough to take yonder fat Spanish sea-fowl?" he goaded the crew. He was crouched behind the rail on the afterdeck peering at the grim gray snouts of twenty cannon run out on the advancing frigate. The Spanish merchantman, alerted to the impending attack, was about to strike first! Lafitte's mastery and coolness in such attacks was known by his crew of pirate cutthroats and they shouted agreement.

"Good! he replied. "We'll close in alongside quickly. She's too high to rake our decks. Lie flat until our bowsprit tangles her rigging, then — at her — and board!"

On the instant, a terrific blast of grape-shot crashed through the rigging of his frigate, and above the rattle of musket and cannon fire, could be heard the voice of the Spanish *almirante* barking orders to his fearful crew. Lafitte watched tensely as his own high-billed bowsprit soared high over the merchantman's bulwarks and ripped into her tarred rigging.

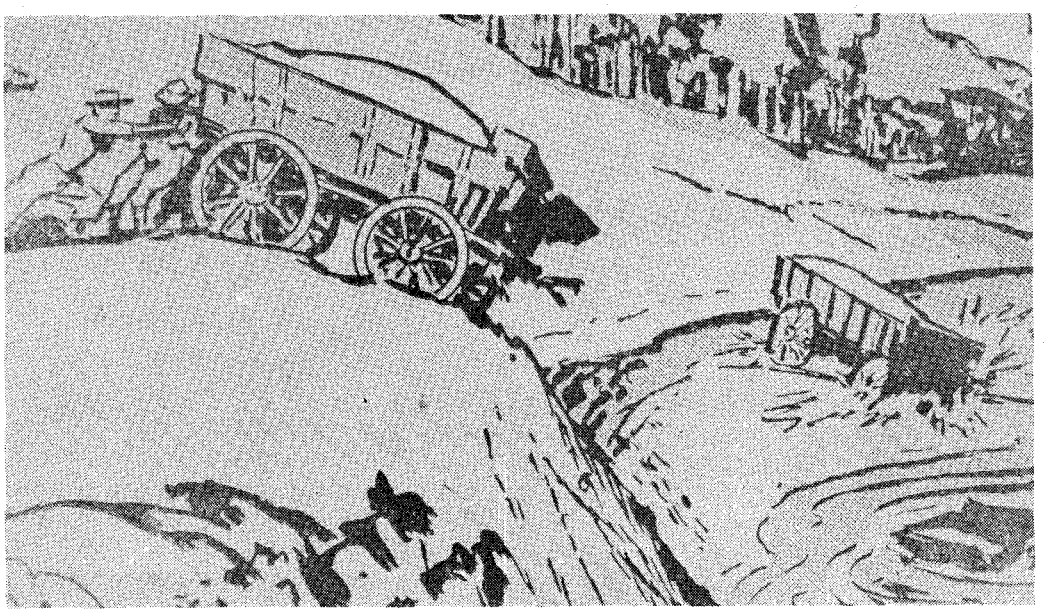
"Garde!"* shouted Lafitte. *"Grenades away!"

Lafitte's crew leaped to their feet. Bombs loaded with scrap and grape-shot exploded in the packed ranks of the Spaniards, and, blinded, wounded, panic-stricken with terror, they staggered and reeled aft. Then Lafitte, followed by his twenty seamen armed with pistols, cutlasses **and boarding pikes, raced swiftly along the bowsprit and catheads to board the merchantman. The merchantman's master, a tall, gray-haired mariner, stood firmly** on the edge of his frigate's poop deck calmly firing his pistols until a pirate shot felled him.

While the pirate crew engaged the rallying Spaniards in a furious melee on the maindeck, Lafitte hastily loaded a poop cannon with grape-shot and trained its sights the length of the *Santa Rosa*. *"Garde!"* the buccaneer shouted again. The crew darted to the rails, leaving the bewildered and terror-stricken Spanish seamen huddled together in a compact mass on the *Santa Rosa's* stern. Lafitte laughed loudly and crouched down over the cannon, waving a smouldering length of rope in his hand. The Spaniards eyed the wide muzzle from which dripped fragments of chain, glass and iron — enough to rip them all to bloody shreds.

"Surrender, *mes amis!* Surrender, or I fire!" Lafitte shouted. The Spanish crew surrendered.

Two long months passed. It was then late in the Spring of the year 1816, when one Gaspar Trammell started north en route to St. Louis, Missouri, with the plundered treasure in silver ingots seized from the *Santa Rosa* — $2,000,000 in pure bar silver! Trammell was Jean Lafitte's most important and trusted "fence" or recipient of looted merchandise. He had come into the eastern part of Texas

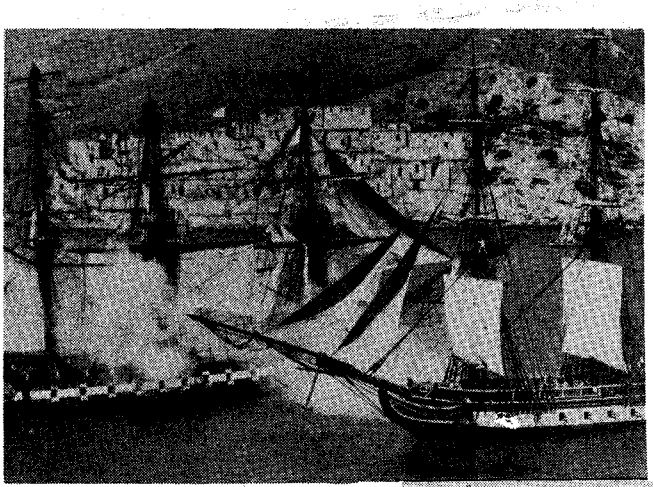


Artist's sketch of the wagons, loaded with a fortune in silver, being dumped into Lake Hendricks, where they lie on the bottom to this day, hidden under the deep and silent waters.

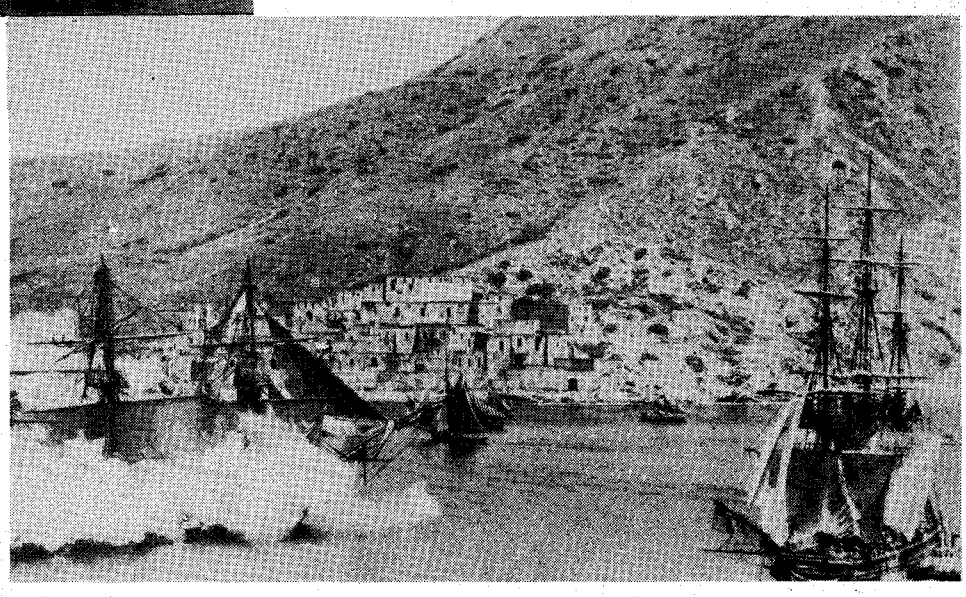
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many years earlier and pretended to organize a ranch colonization project – in reality he was a freighter, a slick operator, who possessed a large number of wagons, mules and mounted men, a strong-arm squad to fight off the hostile Indians and predatory Mexicans that roamed the trails of southwest Texas at the time.

Northward crawled the silver-bearing wagon train, up the "Trammell Trail," as it was called, from Galveston. Finally, the wagon train, neared Hendricks Lake, a small body of water fed by the sleepy old Sabine River. The lake extends into Harrison county where Rusk and Panola counties nudge close in neighborly fashion. Here,



In this dramatic reenactment of the action in Matagorda Bay, the Buccaneer's frigate closes in on the Santa Rosa as gunsmoke drifts from the hapless Merchantman's cannon.



Minutes earlier, Lafittes ship had ignored a blast from the Spanish vessel and moved in for the kill and plunder.

Trammell ordered his men to make camp for the night. Guards were posted for protection against marauding Indians.

However, back in San Antonio, the Mexican army officials had already been tipped off that the *Santa Rosa's* silver cargo had been sneaked out of the region, and that the rich caravan of covered wagons was en route northward from the south. A detachment of two hundred soldiers were quickly dispatched and rode in fast pursuit of the wagon train to head it off before it could cross the line into Missouri.

Early on the following morning, as Trammell's wagons moved out at dawn, one of his scouts – a Mexican half-breed by the name of Manuel Gomez – raced his horse into the camp shouting: *"The Mexicans are coming! The Mexicans are coming!"*

At that moment, the teams were edging their way along the rim of the lake. Gaspar Trammell was panic-stricken with the unexpected pursuit, and realizing that his rich cargo was the largest haul he had ever taken north for Lafitte, he took immediate steps to prevent its capture by the advancing Mexican cavalry. With swift orders he directed his teamsters to drive the six covered wagons, those containing the silver, to the edge of the steep embankment and cut the mules loose from the wagons. This was hurriedly done, and the heavy wagons rolled down into the waters and sank out of sight.

Within an hour or two, the Mexican cavalry caught up with the wagon train, and a terrific fight ensued. Trammell himself was slain and most of his band were shot down, captured or driven off into the unsettled Texas wilderness of East Texas. However, two of the outfit managed to escape, fleeing northward. One of these, who related the story of the fight and the sinking of the wagons, was Robert Dawson, who died in Kansas City in 1840 at the age of seventy-one.

However, days later, when the victorious Mexican soldiers got back to San Antonio with Trammell's wagons, they discovered they had been neatly duped. A frantic search of the seized wagons disclosed that the silver cargo was missing; they discovered only general merchandise stowed in them. Too, they also discovered that there were six teams of mules without traces. Where were the six wagons the mules had drawn?

Without loss of time, the Mexican officials immediately decided that the wagons had been rolled into the lake waters, and those wagons they had seized were the wagons of the rest of the train – and back up the trail clattered a fast detachment of soldiers to search the waters of Hendricks Lake. But when they arrived they found the

{Continued on page 45}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN HATCHER'S DEADLY BLUFF

by Kit Carson

Surrounded by hordes of angry warriors, only an incredible gamble could save the few white men from terrible torture and death.

IF WAGON MOUND, New Mexico, could talk today, it might relate one of the most hair-raising accounts of the historic old Santa Fe Trail. For this particular area on the Old West's greatest commercial highway has been the scene of some of the most sanguinary encounters.

But, since nature's covered wagon symbol is definitely mute, the words of the colorful frontier army officer, Col. Henry Inman, will convince us, in undisputed frames, how an old Indian fighter, mountain man, and Santa Fe Trail merchant, John L. Hatcher, acted "in defense of his life," and his companions, against the cunning Comanche Indian Chief Old Wolf.

Hatcher outfoxed him in the most unusual manner, a feat that was discussed over the frontier route for many years after it had happened.

Hatcher was feared by the Plains Indians for his ability to subdue them and ward off their ferocious attacks. "His name was a terror to the savages who infested the settlements of New Mexico and raided the Trail."

But Hatcher's would-be killer was also famous in his field of operation. Old Wolf was "one of the most noted chiefs of the tribe (Comanche)....and had made his name a terror to the Mexicans living on the border."

It was these two famous old characters who met and locked horns in the shadow of Wagon Mound, along in 1858, and tested shrewdness for survival, with twenty-to-one odds in favor of the Comanches.

Hatcher in the late summer months departed the Taos region with his caravan loaded with furs from previous trapping in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. He was headed over the rugged trail for Westport Landing, to ship his seasonal "catch" to St. Louis and the fur markets, purchase much-needed supplies, and return to the trapping region.

Odds were stacked against Hatcher from the very beginning. His caravan was small, consisting of only fifteen wagons. The train was handled by about the same number of courageous men.

It was a time when the Indians were supposed to be at peace with everybody. But Hatcher and his men knew better. However, there was not a great deal that could be done to avert the long overland journey to the East, Westport Landing, and St. Louis. Winter would soon set in, and supplies were low.

A general understanding prevailed all along the Trail that the old chiefs of the tribes would stick to the word

{Continued on page 47}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BLACK HILLS PIONEER.

DEADWOOD CITY, BLACK HILLS, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1876.

WILD BILL SHOT!

KANSAS MARSHAL IS MURDERED IN SALOON

Deadwood Gulch Lures Thousands

OUR FUTURE

Goings On In Gulch

M'CALL IS INNOCENT... JUSTICE MISCARRIES

LAWLESSNESS

NEWS RECEIVED ON MASSACRE OF CUSTER'S TROOPS

Mystery still surrounds the bloody murder of Wild Bill Hickok, and some critics even claim that his murderer was railroaded to the scaffold. Here, a well known writer digs into the facts and sheds some light on one of the century's most controversial trials.

by Fred Harrison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TRIAL OF JACK McCALL

The year 1876 was marked by two momentous historical tragedies. In June, General Custer and his command were massacred at the Little Big Horn; less than two months later, the famous, much-loved and much-hated Wild Bill Hickok was murdered by a backshooter in Deadwood. The annihilation of Custer's command was a fairly honorable and clean-cut act of war. The cold-blooded killing of Wild Bill, and its aftermath, was and still is, a nagging mystery to many people.

Jack McCall was tried twice for the crime. The first time he was acquitted and set free; the second time, he was declared guilty by a jury, and executed. One of the cardinal principles of Anglo-Saxon law is that a man cannot be placed in jeopardy twice for the same offense. But undoubtedly McCall was. Two trials violates a basic principle of American justice. Even though McCall was obviously guilty, did he get a square deal? Or was his double trial a shameful travesty of justice fed by the fires of outraged public opinion? Let's take a close look at the facts and see if Jack McCall was indeed railroaded to the scaffold.

The Territory of Dakota was established in 1861 and included present day Wyoming, Montana and a large portion of Idaho. Settlement of this vast, remote region was slow. By 1870 there were only about 12,000 permanent settlers. But, in 1874, this was abruptly changed when gold was discovered in the adjacent Black Hills, a Sioux Indian reservation.

Settlers, miners, outlaws and all manner of adventurers scurried to this new El Dorado. But, technically, each and every one was a trespasser, as the Hills clearly belonged to the Sioux by government treaty. At first, the government made half-hearted efforts to halt the swirling flood of greedy humanity. But the emigrants swept through and around official barriers. Then the United States attempted to talk the Sioux into ceding their age-old hunting grounds. The Indians flatly refused. After that, the government made no further attempts to halt the headlong rush and hundreds of men hurried blindly to this far land of isolation, grinding hardships and danger. Many never returned. Among these was James Butler Hickok, known throughout the nation as "Wild Bill."

He came to Deadwood in July, 1876. His nationwide fame as a frontiersman, gained during the early 1870s, had begun to wane - and had ceased to pay cash dividends. In the monotony of idleness, Bill had sunk to alcoholic depths of boredom. He saw the Black Hills' boom as perhaps the last chance to recoup his finances, and perhaps his former glory.

He set up headquarters in Deadwood and did a little prospecting. But wielding a pick and shovel was hard work for the soft and aging Bill. He soon turned to gambling as a more pleasant and lucrative pastime. In so doing, he signed his death warrant.

As most gunfighters learned sooner or later, there was always some not-so-smart character just aching for the "honor" of killing a famous gunman. Jack McCall may have been such a man. Or he may have been a killer-for-hire. No one knows for sure. At any rate, on the night of August second, McCall saw his chance as Bill sat in on a poker game in the Number Ten saloon. Sneaking up behind the famous frontiersman, McCall blew his brains out. It was the most famous murder in Dakota history, and the most perplexing.

Deadwood was, technically, a renegade town. An appeal had been made to Governor Pennington to set up a civil government to control law and order. But he was powerless to do so. Under the organic law, an Indian reservation did not come under territorial laws. As a result, the only law at Deadwood was a "miner's code." Whenever there was a need for the administration of justice, a miner's meeting was called from which a judge was appointed, a sheriff elected, a venire issued, a jury summoned from among the registered miners, counsel provided and a regular trial held. After the court had performed, it was dissolved. A new emergency called for a new court. Obviously, this type of home-made justice was wide open to corruption and bribery. It was also illegal in the eyes of the United States' government. But McCall, and a lot of other people, didn't know this.

Evidence points to the possibility that the gunmen, gamblers and card-sharks in Deadwood were deathly afraid of Wild Bill and his reputation for cleaning up towns. They had a gold-plated set-up, and didn't want it spoiled. When the rumor spread that Hickok had been offered the job as marshal of Deadwood panic spread among the operators of the various rackets and illicit gambling dens. A hired killer seemed the logical answer. The dim-witted McCall filled the bill admirably, especially when his behind-the-scenes employers practically guaranteed an acquittal by a packed jury. This has to be supposition, but is strengthened by the fact that the permanently impoverished McCall suddenly blossomed into a man of means immediately after the murder. The Cheyenne *Daily Leader* of September 1, 1876, noted that: ".....when McCall was tried in Deadwood he had but forty-three dollars on his person, while

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the very next day he was sporting a costly gold watch and chain, and had also a large sum of money."

McCall's trial and acquittal at Deadwood on the day following the murder was swift and to the point - almost as though it had been rehearsed. Character witnesses for the accused were surprisingly convenient and voluble. McCall was, they swore, a quiet and peaceable man. On the other hand, testimony painted Wild Bill as a ruthless "shootist," who would as soon gun a man down as eat breakfast. McCall testified that: "Wild Bill killed my brother, and I killed him. Wild Bill said he would kill me if I crossed his path. I am not sorry for what I have done. I would do the same thing again."

Wild Bill as he appeared before Civil War days.

When the "not guilty" verdict was announced at nine o'clock that night, a near riot erupted in the court room. The McCall faction cheered; the Hickok faction roared indignantly. Later. Colonel George May, the prosecutor, implied that eleven members of the jury had been bribed inasmuch as they had immediatly voted for acquittal leaving only one, John Mann, for conviction.

"The law is not through with McCall yet," vowed the colonel angrily, then added cryptically: "Justice has still got an ace in the hole."

When McCall was discharged by the Deadwood court, Judge Kuykendall pointedly suggested to the little killer that he leave town, and the sooner the better. McCall sneered at this good advice, and arrogantly hung around Deadwood saloons for a few days. But then, as Wild Bill's friends, including California Joe, began closing in on him, he suddenly decided to seek a more healthful climate. Col. May, true to his vow, kept a close check on the fleeing murderer.

At Laramie City, McCall checked his flight long enough to get drunk. This was a bad mistake because, for him, whiskey always resulted in a running off of the mouth. After the first few drinks, McCall began to brag of his cowardly crime. In no time at all his bleary bravado reached the ears of Col. May who quickly arranged for a deputy U.S. Marshal to join McCall's audience to hear the "confession." As a result, McCall was arrested again, and charged with murder.

"You can't do this!" screamed Jack as he was being led away. "I've already been cleared by a jury!" But his first trial was clearly illegal as Col. May had joyfully learned. According to official United States' judicial opinion, the Deadwood trial was nothing more than vigilante justice performed illegally on an Indian reservation.

When McCall learned this shocking fact, he began to squirm frantically in desperate efforts to save his neck. He offered to turn state's evidence and reveal the real masterminds behind the killing. The prosecution made no deals, but nevertheless Jack babbled of a Jack Varnes who allegedly had paid him to do the killing. A deputy marshal, leading a posse of five men, attempted to locate Varnes. But the man, if indeed he ever existed, was never found.

McCall's second trial was held in Yankton, capital of Dakota Territory, and there was no question about its legality. Morally perhaps, McCall did indeed suffer double-jeopardy, but few people would dispute that in the end justice was served. Ironically, Col. May never lived to see the trial. The Yankton *Press and Dakotaian* of November 23, 1876, reported that the colonel had come to Yankton to attend the trial but, "After his arrival here his employer (Wild Bill's widow) failed to make payment of promised fees and he was left a stranger among strangers without money to pay his ordinary expenses. He was taken with his fatal illness while at the Merchants' Hotel, and there received every attention which could be given a suffering man. He was well cared for and decently buried, and this is the end of Col. George May's death.

"The case of the United States against Jack McCall, charged with the murder of Wm. Hickok (Wild Bill) in the Black Hills on the 2nd day of August, 1876, came on in the U.S. court at ten o'clock yesterday morning,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Judge Shannon presiding," said the *Press Dakotaian* of November 28th. "Col. Pound is counsel for the prosecution, and Oliver Shannon (no relation to the judge) and Gen. Beadle for the defendant.

"At the appointed hour, a small crowd, largely witnesses and jurors, had assembled in the court room, but no unusual interest seemed to be manifested in the case. The prisoner was brought into court by Marshal Burdick and a couple of deputies, with irons upon his wrists, which were, however, removed after he had taken his seat within the bar. He manifested no excitement or emotion, though there was a trace of anxiety exhibited in his general demeanor when first brought into court. The prisoner does not appear to be over twenty-five years of age, is about medium height and of slender build. His face is one which would not recommend him to a casual observer as a man free from guilt, while his actions make it manifest that he is possessed of a fair share of animal courage. After he had been in court long enough to become accustomed to his new situation, he put on a bold front and a careless air, conversing freely with his attorneys and carrying the manner of one who was arraigned for a trifling offense against the law. As the examination of the jury proceeded and the box began to fill with those who were to decide the question of life or death for him, McCall began to exhibit symptoms of nervousness. He scanned closely with his sharp, eager eyes the face of each juror as he took his seat, and then anxiously awaited the appearance of the next candidate for examination as to his qualifications to act in the case."

The first morning of the trial was largely taken up by the selection of jurors and the reading of the indictment. At two o'clock that afternoon, George M. Shingle, the first witness for the prosecution, took the stand. "I reside in Cheyenne, but on the second of August I was at Deadwood in the Black Hills," he said. "I knew a man named Wild Bill and had known him since 1866 by that name and by his right name, Hickok. He was best known by the name of Wild Bill. He is dead. He died in Deadwood on the second day of August, 1876. Deadwood was, at that time, a place of 4,000 population, I should think. On the second day of August in a saloon at Deadwood kept by Carl Mann and Jerry Lewis, Wild Bill was there playing cards. There was a party of three or four others sitting at the same table. I was in the room. I saw a man come in the saloon who is here now. It is the defendant here present. He walked towards the back door of the saloon. When within three or four feet of the door he turned and came up behind Wild Bill. He put a pistol within two or three feet of Wild Bill's head and fired. As he fired he said, 'Take that.' The ball entered the back part of Wild Bill's head and came out of the right cheek entering the left wrist of Captain Massie. The shot killed Wild Bill almost instantly. He did not move and said nothing. He sat in the chair a couple of minutes and then fell over backwards. I made an examination of Wild Bill and found him dead. The saloon stood nearly the same as this court house, with a door in each end and bar and tables inside. The table where Wild Bill sat was nearly in the middle of the room. He was facing the bar. When the defendant came in I was weighing out gold dust.

"After firing," continued Shingle, "the defendant walked backward toward the back door with his revolver in his hand holding it up. As I went to look at Bill, McCall pointed the revolver at me and snapped it. I got out of the house. Carl Mann was the only one left in the house, and McCall. I saw the defendant a half an hour later when he was arrested. I was present at the trial which was held in a theater building in Deadwood on the third day of August. McCall said to the court that he had killed Wild Bill and that he was glad of it, and if he had it to do over he would do the same thing - that Bill had killed a brother of his and he did it for revenge. The weapon used was a Sharp's improved revolver 18 inches long with a piece of buckskin sewed around the stock."

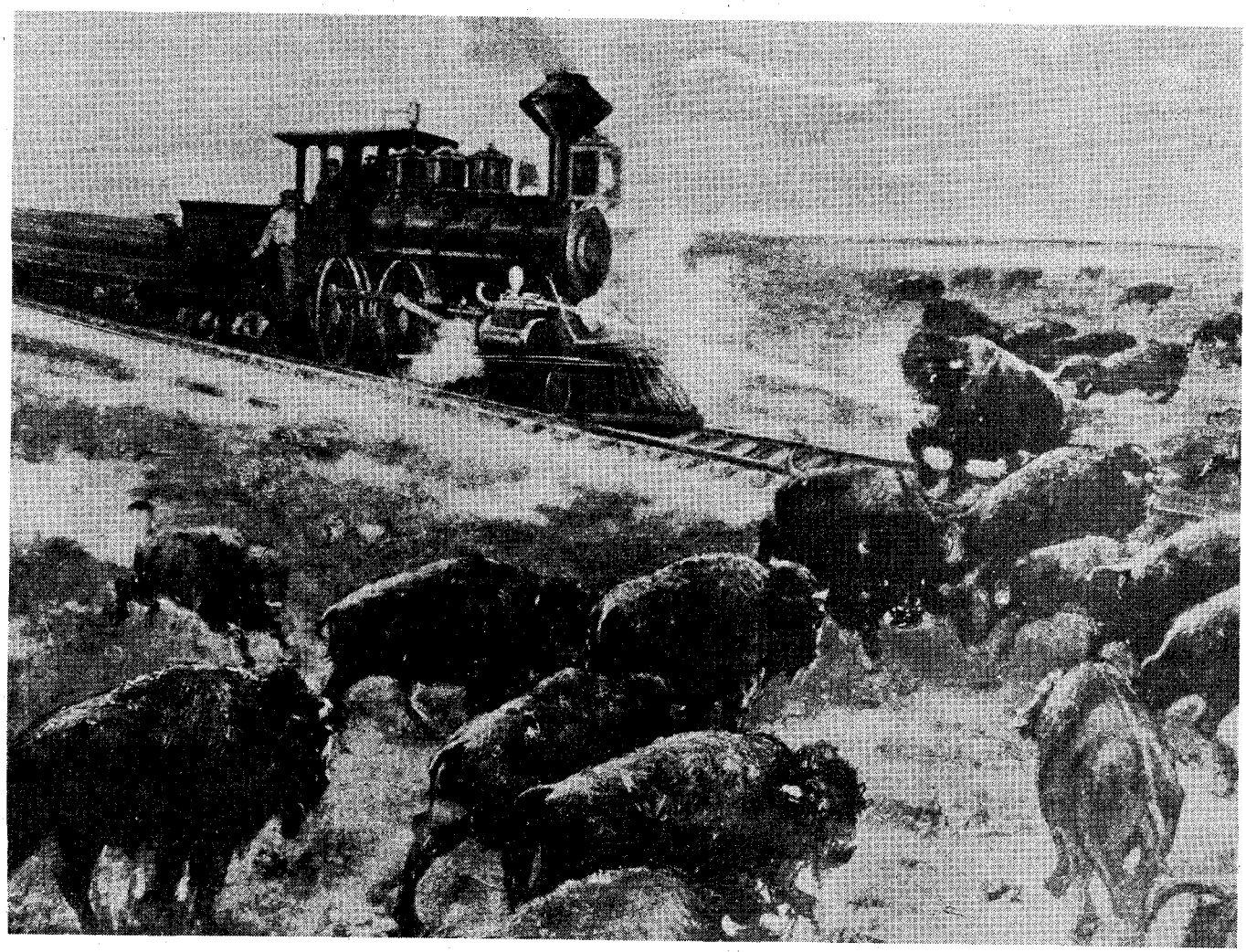
Deadwood, 1876, just as it looked when Hickok was killed.

During cross examination, Shingle testified that: "The room where the bar was 24 feet wide. The bar took up about eight feet of the room and was twenty feet long. Bill was sitting with his back to the back door and fronting the bar. McCall got around along side and came up behind Bill. Capt. Massie and Wild Bill were having a dispute about the game and I looked up when I saw McCall in the act of shooting. Wild Bill was prospecting most of the time in the Hills. He did not keep a faro bank. I know of Bill killing three men, but in self defense and he was tried and acquitted. He was a constant drinker. I saw the defendant in Deadwood, but was not acquainted with him. Wild Bill was sober when this shooting occurred. I could not say that McCall was drunk. I do not know that the man was staggering from' drunkeness after the shooting. I saw him going up the street with his pistol in his hand, clearing his way, but I don't know if he was drunk. The killing occurred about three or four o'clock p.m. Eight persons were in the room when the shooting occurred. The affair caused great excitement and a crowd gathered. McCall was acquitted on his trial in Deadwood. There were lawyers and a judge present, and a jury of twelve men. I was there through the whole trial. There was an attorney for the prosecution and for the defense."

On December 5th, Captain William Massie was called to the stand. "I reside in St. Louis," he said, "but was present in Deadwood at the time of the death of Wild

{Continued on page 49}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE RAWHIDE RAILROAD

Using a whiskey bottle for a level, the man who had never seen a railroad built the most fantastic narrow gauge line in the Northwest, but even he didn't realize what the consequences would be when he lined the rails with rawhide.

by F.L. Bartholomew

One of the early, successful attempts at railroading in the Northwest is not known by many people. This short, private line, affectionately known as The Rawhide Railroad, ran between Walla Walla and Wallula, Washington. It was built in 1871 by a gentleman known as Doc Baker for the sole purpose of getting his produce to a market. He was one of the early-day rich men and his holdings included many thousands of acres made up of timberland, orchards, pastureland, meadows and hundreds of head of stock.

When Doc Baker decided to put in his railroad it is said that he had never seen one but he didn't let this fact influence him in any way. His first move was to go to Portland, Oregon, which at that time was just a small village, to see if he could negotiate a loan from a bank situated there. Though Mr. Baker was considered a wealthy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, most of his wealth was tied up in property and cattle, and he wished to pay cash for his rolling stock.

The banker proved amenable and an order was sent immediately to the eastern part of the United States for 2 narrow gauge locomotives and 100 sets of car wheels. As a seeming after-thought he included an order for 1000 high, silk hats.

As it was thought it would take at least six months for the order to be delivered, Mr. Baker returned home to look for men to construct the tracks and boxcars he needed.

Advice from his banker who claimed to have seen a railroad once convinced him that the first thing he needed was a surveyor. He chose a man named Bill Green, and his reasons for selecting him were as interesting then as they are now. First, because Green could drive a coach closer than anyone to the edge of a precipice without going over, Doc figured he could calculate distances accurately. Second, Green had once winged, with a revolver, a horse thief on a cayuse in full flight as he was disappearing under a ridge. This proved he could sight straight. And third, he could drive twenty oxen so they would pull evenly, which showed generalship.

Another piece of advice from the banker had been that his surveyor should have some knowledge of the law in case there was any trouble with right-of-ways. In this too, Bill Green qualified, for he had once sat on an impromptu jury over the remains of a bully who had terrorized the country, but had finally been outdrawn by an irate citizen. Green's verdict, as foreman, was that the bully had died of "contributory negligence," which showed he was tactful as well as versed in the law.

Green took the job as soon as it was offered to him, even though he later admitted that he too had never seen a railroad nor had he ever heard of a transit or level, let alone having any knowledge of logarithms or traverse tables.

To help Green, Doc Baker found an Irishman named Pat Prouty who was working in the Salmon River mines. Prouty, after some urging, willingly admitted he had been a section foreman on an eastern railroad; and as the pay offered was better than he was receiving in the mines, he agreed to change jobs.

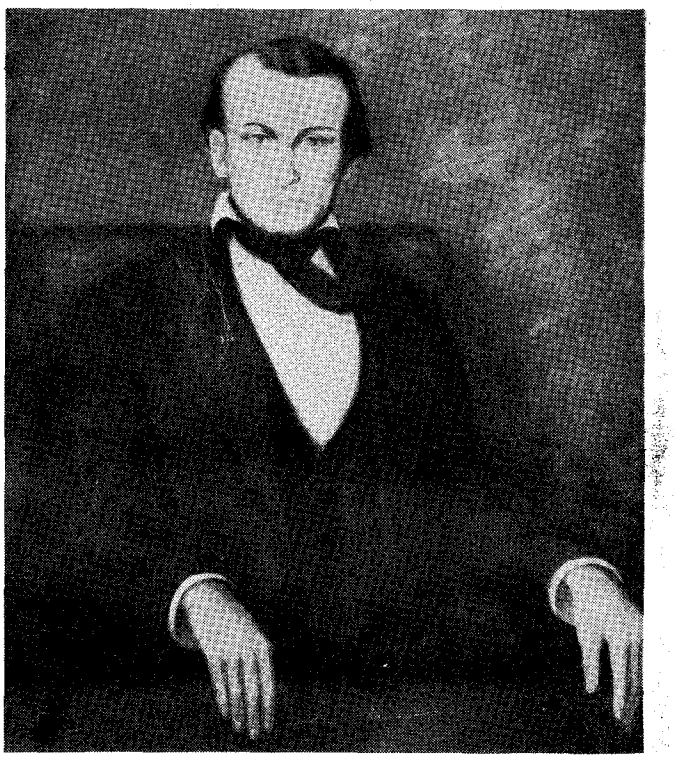
Since there were none of the needed instruments in the west for the surveying, and with only six months to complete the job, Green, with the ingenuity of the pioneer, made his own.

First he ascertained that 10 degrees was a bend of 10 inches from a straight line in 66 & 6/10's and that a 2% grade was a rise of 105 feet per mile. Mounted on mules and accompanied by two assistants with axes, tape-lines, and a whiskey bottle filled with water for a level, the work began. Sighting across the bottle, which was held horizontally, the grade was surveyed in six days instead of six months. A remarkable thing about this job was that years later, when the short line was taken over by a large railroad, the grade proved so accurate that no fault could be found in the mule-back survey.

As the roadbed had to be leveled, a grader was invented by Green. Twenty yoke of oxen were used and on each side a team of mules was hitched to a boom pulling diagonally to keep the grader straight and in position. To keep the animals pulling evenly, he hired one driver for every four yoke of oxen.

Mr. Baker, in the meantime, had hired men to cut and saw timber from his forests to make ties and rails. As fast as a piece of ground was graded and leveled they were laid, but as no one had any idea what the gauge of the locomotives would be, one side had to be left until later to be spiked down. In the meantime, other men were busy building the boxcars. All worked so swiftly that the roadbed and carriers were ready long before the power of locomotion arrived from the east.

One of Doc Barker's best friends was a young Indian brave. This association was not only one of true friendship, but also helped to smooth any business dealings he had with the natives. Though they were not of the same size, Mr. Baker gave all his discarded clothing to his friend. One piece, most prized by the Indian, was a fire-red flannel shirt. The brave, however, had his own way of wearing the apparel. Instead of putting his arms in the sleeves he inserted his legs, and, wrapping the rest of the shirt around his torso, he had a beautiful, though sometimes revealing, pair of pants.



Doc Baker's methods were unusual, but they built his RR.

The first time he showed himself in this outfit he became the envy of every Brave in the territory. But, best of all as far as he was concerned, he became the most popular man with the girls that the tribe had ever known.

It was the day that Doc Baker was on his way to Portland to see the banker and he was watching the antics of his friend cavort around in his peek-a-boo trousers that it suddenly came to him that the human weakness of wanting to out-shine could be used to solve his biggest problem pertaining to his locomotives.

Since there were no roads, the trains he was getting, of necessity, would have to be delivered by boat. The Columbia River, which forms the border between the states of Washington and Oregon, in most places is broad and smooth. There was one spot, however, where the river was compressed into a box canyon and it tumbled and raced with such speed that spray was thrown hundreds

{Continued on page 51}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BLOODY CHINESE MASSACRE

Since the Chinese weren't killing each other fast enough in the terrible Tong wars, the white citizens of Los Angeles helped them die in a shameful day of needless death and destruction.

by Harold O'Neal

Ironically, in view of the 1965 Los Angeles Negro riot, the Southern California mob madness of 1871 began in a place called *Calle de los Negros*--Negro Alley, a wild, mysterious crime area populated by Chinese merchants, gamblers, prostitutes and fish peddlers.

A gentle, sea breeze stirred a light fog into motion that morning and the sun sent weak, exploratory beams toward the four figures nearing the justice court of Judge W.H. Gray.

Loose papers on the desk ruffled as the courtroom door opened, causing Judge Gray to raise his eyes from his correspondence. Unsmilingly, he watched court constable Emil Harris usher a beautiful, young Chinese female and a sullen-appearing male toward him. An older Chinaman, face upturned toward the Constable's ear, chattered alongside.

"What's the charge, Constable?" asked the judge.

Before Harris could reply the jabbering Chinaman irately declared, "He a thief; she a thief--they steal my jewels!"

"Quiet, Yo Hing!" Scolded Judge Gray, marking the date, October 24, 1871, in his record book. "Let Constable Harris speak. Your complaint will be heard."

Yo Hing was recognized by the judge as one of the most prominent Chinese in the growing oriental community. He was a Negro Alley store owner, vegetable grower and, more important, a leader in the Hong Chow Company--a Chinese tong ruling with an iron fist over the destinies of hundreds of local celestials.

After Constable Harris identified the Chinese prisoners as Ah Choy and Lotus Flower, he reminded Judge Gray that Yo Hing had signed a complaint a week before accusing Lotus Flower of stealing his jewelry.

"But where is the evidence--the jewelry?" asked the judge.

No longer could Yo Hing remain silent. He rushed to the girl's side and raised her arm by a golden bracelet she wore. "See!" he singsonged. "See!" Then he whirled to face her, back to the judge, and grasped a pearl necklace that encircled her throat. "Ah-h-h!" his tone conveyed pride of ownership, and he peered over his shoulder at the bench of justice.

"All right, Yo Hing," soothed Judge Gray. "All right, I understand."

But the court did not understand. Actually the reason for the legal action was the girl, a slave girl stolen from the Hong Chow tong. Soft, young flesh, a delicate flower--Yo Hing's favorite--was the property that had been stolen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Yo Hing had realized that white man's law would not recognize nor recover a stolen girl. So he had listed jewelry she wore as the property missing.

And the scheme had worked. Yo Hing inwardly rejoiced. His jewel was returned. He quickly offered to drop charges against Lotus Flower if the court would release her into his custody. But he vehemently denounced Ah Choy and made it plain that he intended to prosecute.

Girl thief, and enforcer for the Nin Young tong, Ah Choy glared with hatred at his enemy. Just wait until tong leaders heard how Yo Hing had caused him to be arrested, had caused him to lose face. He'd kill him! The tong would order Yo Hing's death!

And he'd kill him!

About an hour after Ah Choy's incarceration two dignified Chinese merchant's members of the Nin Young tong, appeared before Judge Gray, volunteering to furnish property collateral to meet the $1,000 bond set as bail for the slave thief.

However, before details could be completed, Yo Hing's white attorney, A.J. King, appeared and protested that his client's life would be in danger if Ah Choy was released. Besides, he said, he doubted if the property offered as surety would meet the value demanded as bond.

"What else do you have, Sam Yung?" demanded the judge, speaking to the Chinese spokesman. "Anything that would guarantee cash payment to this court in the event Ah Choy skipped?"

Sam Yung's slit eyes narrowed suspiciously. Then, after a hasty glance, he received an affirmative nod from his tong brother. "Got six-seben t'ousan' dollah cash!" he said.

"Where?" snorted attorney King. He smiled at Judge Gray. "Suppose he's been at the opium pipe?" His honor shook a reproving finger, "I'll ask the questions, counsel!"

"Where do you keep the money, Sam Yung?"

After the Chinaman divulged that the cash was in a truck at his store living quarters, Judge Gray insisted that King accompany Constable Harris and Yung to the store for verification. Returning, they confirmed the truth of the statement.

And Ah Choy was released.

About two o'clock that afternoon Yo Hing decided to get a breath of fresh air. He stepped to the front door of his store, took a deep intake of air and relaxed against

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the upright of the doorway. Suddenly three shots rang out. The slap of lead against the building sent terror racing through the merchant's body and he spread-eagled on the floor.

"What you do?" he screamed at his unseen assailants. "What you do!" He rolled toward safety.

An uneasy peace settled over Negro Alley. Rival tong merchants locked their doors and shouted insults at each other. Perched on rooftops and hidden in doorways were Hong Chow and Nin Young assassins, periodically firing shots at bobbing heads which showed.

Silence descended over the area when city policeman Jesus Bilderrain and a friend, Robert Thompson, rode horses into Negro Alley. They dismounted in front of Sam Yung's store and pounded on the locked door. Yung opened the door cautiously when he recognized Bilderrain.

"You're under arrest, Sam!" said the policeman, pushing the door open so he and his friend could enter.

"Why I under 'rest?" asked the startled merchant.

Negro Alley, Los Angeles, 1871. Soon after this photo was taken the area was consumed by flames, violence and death.

Title Insurance & Trust Comp. L.A.

"For disturbing the peace," replied Bilderrain, winking slyly at Thompson. He put his hand on Yung's shoulder and turned him toward the door.

The Chinaman twisted away and backed slowly toward a back room, protesting that his store would be vandalized and robbed if he was forced to leave. But the policeman insisted that, at least, he come outside and talk it over. By that time, however, Sam Yung was in the back room.

He sat on the money trunk and refused to move.

"Ah come on, Sam!" grinned Thompson, tugging at his arm. "Let's go outside."

Obstinately, Yung refused. He struggled manfully to retain his seat on the trunk, pleading with his tormentors to leave him be. Suddenly, as he was pulled to his feet, he whipped a revolver from within his flowing blouse sleeve and fired into the gaping face of Thompson, killing him instantly.

Bilderrain made a dash for the door but was stopped by an onrush of Yung's tong brothers who had heard the shot. Grasping the situation and aware of possible reprisals by Thompson's friends, they barred the door. Bilderrain wheeled and made a daring escape through an open window, but was wounded in the shoulder by a shot fired toward his retreating back.

However, he tottered to safety.

Within a few minutes an ominous, muttering crowd of white men gathered on Los Angeles Street, within range of Negro Alley. The anti-Chinese feeling in the pueblo at that time was strong. Strange indeed were the "heathen Chinee," with their unusual customs, flowing clothes and queues, thought white citizens.

Traveler J. Ross Browne, in 1861, reported: "The objections against them are purely of a political and local character and come from the lower classes of Irish."

However, from the very first influx of tiny, yellow men into California in 1850, they were subjected to scorn and often cruelty from white citizens. Most of the ire seemed to stem from blind prejudice, and the accusation that Chinamen undermined the jobs of white men by working for "coolie" wages.

Even the California State Legislature took steps to protect its white citizens from the "yellow menace." Article XIX of the 1871 State Constitution states:

"1. The Legislature shall prescribe all necessary regulations for the protection of the State, and the counties, cities, and towns thereof, from the burdens and evils arising from the presence of aliens who are or may become vagrants, paupers, mendicants, criminals, or invalids afflicted with contagious or infectious deseases...

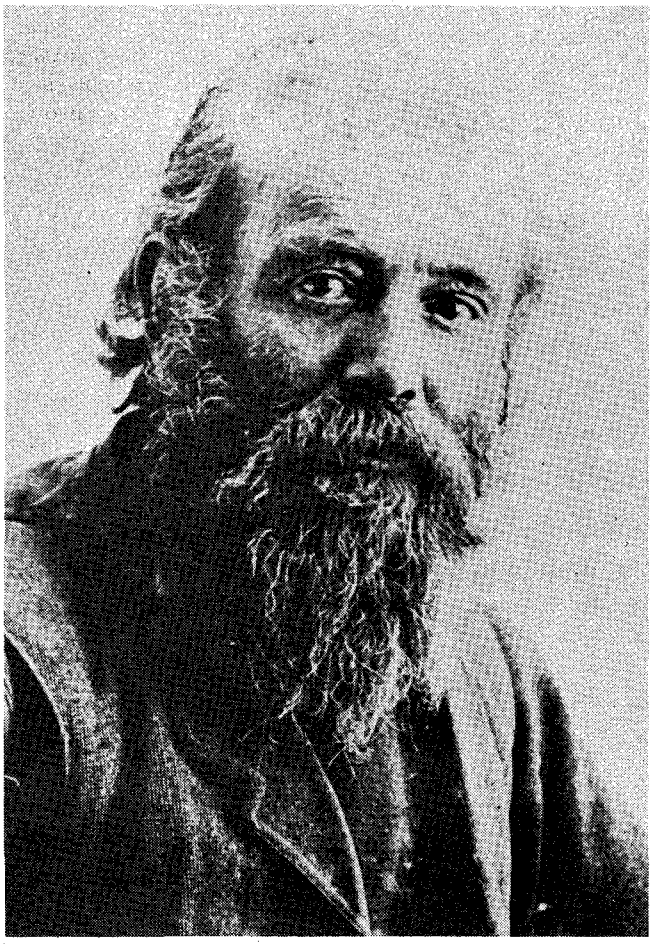
"2. No corporation now existing or hereafter formed under the laws of this State, shall, after the adoption of this Constitution, employ, directly or indirectly, in any capacity, any Chinese or Mongolian...

"3. No Chinese shall be employed on any State, county, municipal, or other public work, except in punishment for crime.

"4. The presence of foreigners...is declared to be dangerous... Asiatic coolieism is a form of human slavery, and is forever pro-

{Continued on page 53}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society

INSTANT JUSTICE

Charleston had some of the meanest desperadoes in the West, but they all tried to avoid Judge Burnett's on-the-spot thrashings, fines or...execution!

by Ivan C. Lake

IF YOU could peer through the ghostly veil that hides the crumbling ruins of Charleston, Arizona, you'd undoubtedly see among the spectres waving about there, the spooky forms of Justice Jim Burnett and his sidekick, Constable Jerry Barton.

Here, in the 1880's, they were largely credited for the little law and order that infrequently hit the milltown on the San Pedro river, nine miles southwest of Tombstone.

Charleston was sanctuary to a choice society of *hombres malos* who had a constitutional dislike of being interviewed by the law. Some of them were widely and unfavorably known and were wanted in many places for many different reasons. Burnett and Barton, however, did little more than howdy them, passing them up for less dangerous sinners.

It was commonly said that Charleston was tougher than Tombstone which was tougher than Hell.

"In Tombstone," an account went, "a man had to make himself obnoxious as by refusing to drink, before public opinion justified shooting him. In Charleston it was considered *comme il faut* to take a potshot at a stranger if you felt dissatisfied with the shape of his nose."

Gossips insisted that it was not uncommon, on an early morning, to come upon a dead man stretched out in a Charleston street or folded up beside a building. If there was evidence that he'd had his shootin' iron when he fronted his Joe, the law assumed that he'd become a corpse in the proper manner and no search was made for his undoer.

It was true that anybody looking for trouble in Charleston could easily find it. On the contrary, anybody who minded his manners, rarely found himself in any particular peril. He might, of course, stop a bullet meant for somebody else, since the aim of the average shootist was scandalously poor...

Occasionally a revivalist wandered into the crime-prone, churchless town. Sometimes he'd be subjected to indignities by hardcases with a distorted sense of humor.

Revivalist Tuttle scheduled an evening service in the Charleston schoolhouse. Many good people went to it but they didn't stay long.

Curley Bill Brocius and Ike Clanton--a pair of the prettiest cutthroats that ever smelt of sulphur--showed up with their hardware on. They swaggered up the aisle to front seats and sat down under the preacher's nose.

Revivalist Tuttle was minded to melt away also until Curley Bill spoke up.

"I wanna hear a rip-snortin' sermon," he thundered, his hand resting on his holstered gun.

Preacher Tuttle delivered a hell-scorching exhortation. The outlaws said Amen to it by now and again bobbing their heads up and down. At last, when the hortatory fire went out, and the preacher picked up his Bible to leave, Curley Bill detained him.

"You've got a good voice, Sky-pilot," he said. "I'd purely admire to hear you sing a song all by your lonesome. Now, wouldn't you, Ike?"

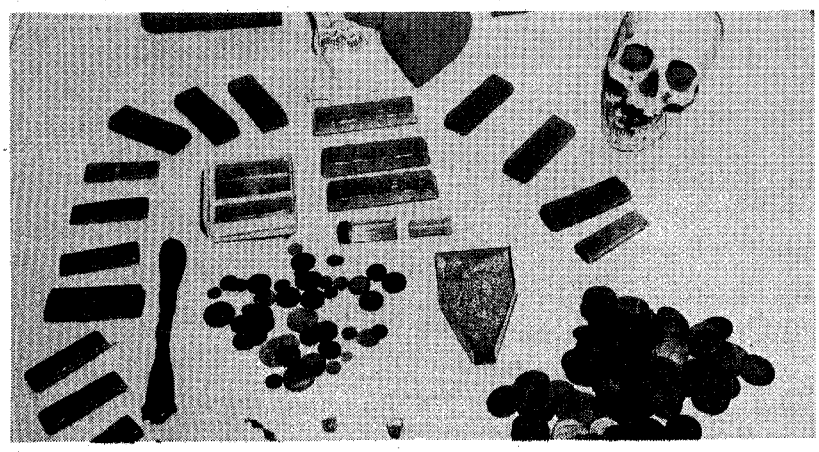
{Continued on page 55}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

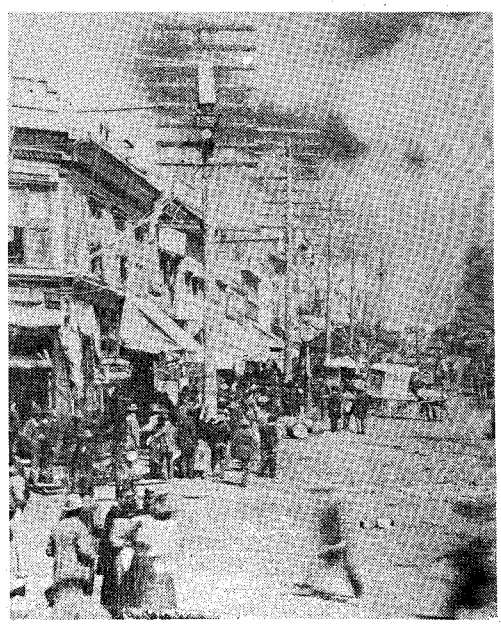
Div. of Manuscripts,
Univ. of Okla. Library

First known photo of Teddy Roosevelt organizing his Rough Riders at the old Fair Grounds in San Antonio, Texas, 1898. Soon, many of the men in the background would ride and die on foreign soil.

Old gambling saloon at Pecos, Texas in the eighties. Man sitting at table with white hat on is Jim Miller. He may have been lucky this night. We have another photo of him on the right, when he wasn't so lucky.



The late Frank Fish was one of the West's best known and successful treasure hunters. He often turned up items like these coins, old Spanish gold bars, tools, and an occasional skull of a murdered man.

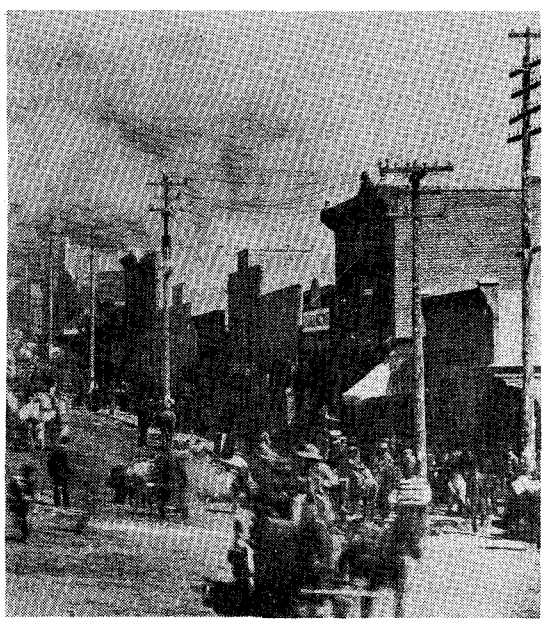


State Historical Society of Colorado

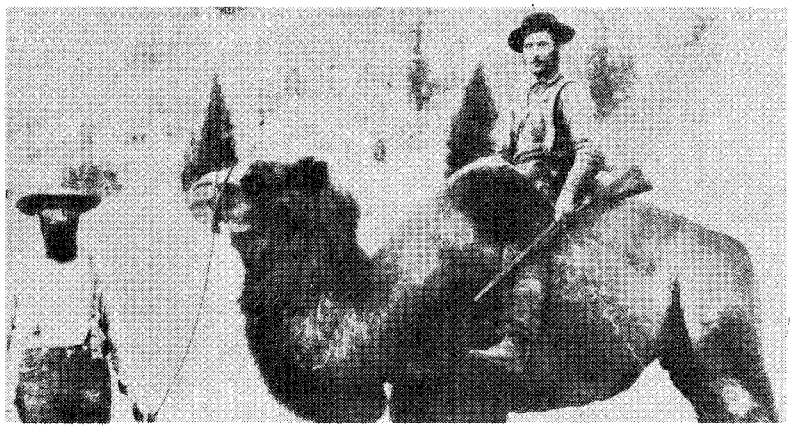
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTORIAL

In the photo at left center we mentioned Jim Miller's luck. Here he is still hanging around. Jim is in the center. He and his companions were lynched at Ada, Oklahoma, 1909, for murder of a Marshal.

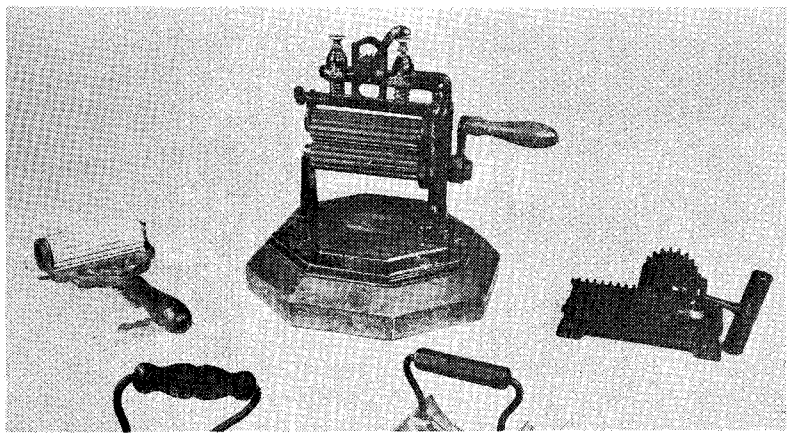


In the early West, fire was dreaded more than anything, and rightly so. Here, the citizens of Cripple Creek, Colo. prepare to flee from the flames that would soon level the entire city to the ground.



In 1857 the Govt. dropped plans to use camels for camel transport, but the Army and civilians used them for hauling freight. This is the only known photo of camels used to build the Cariboo Trail.

DuPont Company



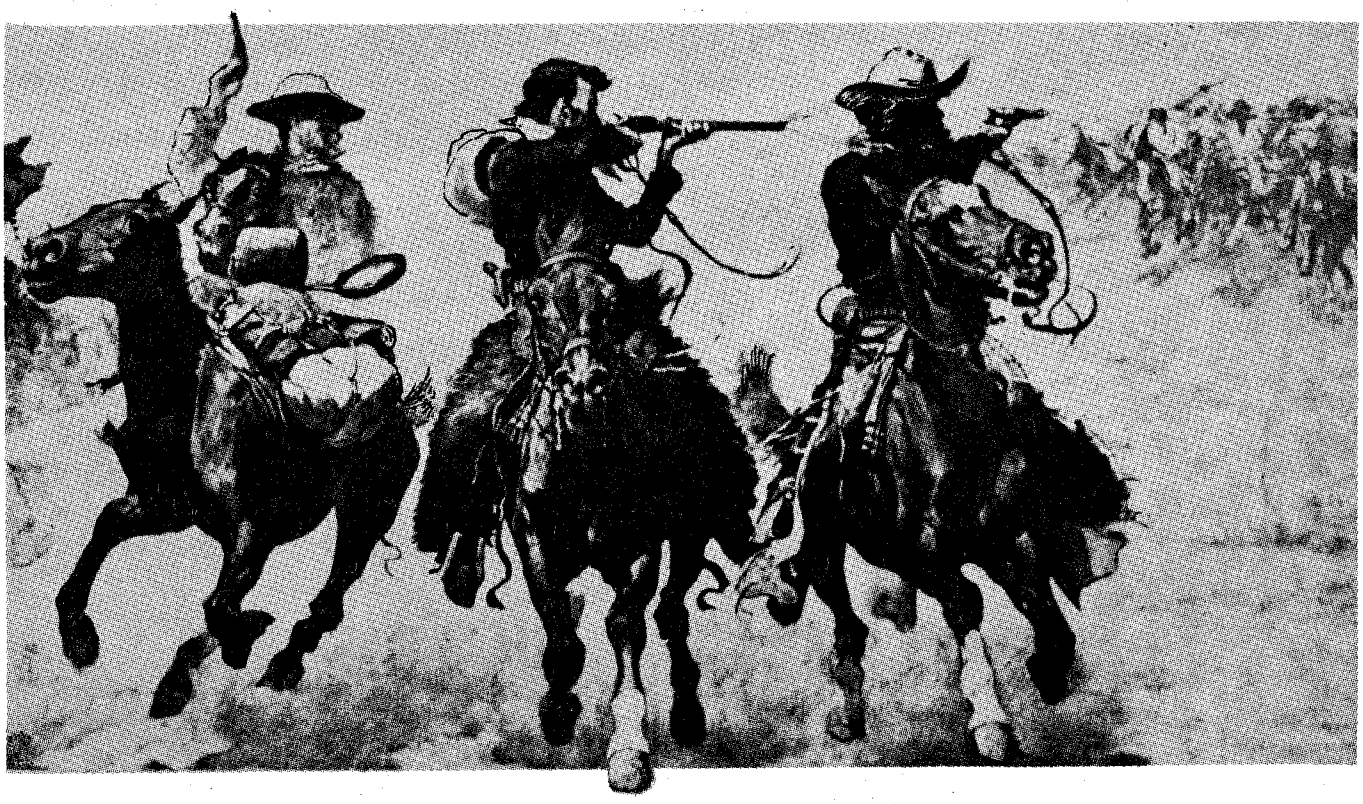
A familiar sight in the 19th century household was the fluting iron. Some rocked, others rolled, but all put crisp ruffles into starched, wet fabrics. Those above were used from 1866 to 1878.

In 1912 these Mexican bandits invaded Hildago County, Texas, seeking rich plunder. They found only death, an ignominious one at that, as their bodies were left to rot where they had fallen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARIZONA'S FIGHTING GREERS

Photos furnished by author



Eight reckless cowboys against an army of murderous gunmen.

by Maurice Kildare

The three Greer brothers and their five cowboys moved up the dirt street hoping to escape superior numbers. Suddenly they were confronted by a solid wall of armed men stretched across it.

Yelling orders in Spanish, the leader never rolled all the words off his tongue before gun thunder ripped the afternoon to shreds.

The shouting Mexican died as the Greers' sixshooters blasted back at them. Three of the bunch fell wounded in their tracks. The infamous St. Johns (Arizona) bloody gun battle of 1882 had opened. It pitted eight young cowboys against a town filled with hardcases and stock thieves.

So brisk and deadly did they shoot that they held off the first bunch and drove them to cover. Wide apart, they continued on, cautious against snipers. Before they gained only half the distance toward their corraled horses fifty more wildly shooting men attacked from the rear. The second bunch poured into main street from between flat roofed adobes. These were the Mexicans who started gathering surreptitiously at the bullfight intent on bushwhacking them in a surround. Their quick arrival on the shoot-out scene now brought the first group back into action.

Caught between two lines of cracking guns the Greers were outnumbered about twenty to one. They must fort

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up quickly or go under. One of the brothers darted into an empty adobe house on the west side of the street. It proved to be ideal cover for a desperate stand. His shout of discovery brought the others backing inside, firing steadily to hold enemies off. Not a moment too soon did they find cover, for guns were empty.

The lower bunch of toughs charged immediately. The one farther away sped forward to get in on what they imagined the final kill. Lead whined along the thoroughfare into them when gun cylinders clicked shut in forty-five frames. Two openings became ports, a small square window spaced high in the adobe wall, and the upper doorway. The lower part was quickly barricaded with heavy timbers. For a few minutes considerable metal whined inside the adobe over the cowboys. It presaged a determined assault on their position.

The attackers were no ordinary Mexicans but the **descendants of conquistadores from New Mexico. All** were experienced fighting men. But they were up against as daring and reckless a bunch of cowboys ever anywhere in the old west.

Accompanied by a burst of yelling the attackers suddenly converged, charging forward behind smoke and flame spewing guns. In that moment they hurled themselves to destruction against desperate men who had cut their teeth on guns.

Five dropped dead short of the adobe wall. The charging line withered away under the costly toll in lives. How many critically wounded died later never became public knowledge.

The Mexicans held up, raging in frustrated hatred. Those few blocking the rear of the adobe were reinforced. For a little while besiegers fired only occasionally, keeping the cowboys cooped up while planning a second and more powerful assault.

The hardy eight were Texans, and very young men. At 25 Nat Greer was the oldest and nominal leader. His brother Dick was then 18, and Harris only 16. **Of the five cowboys working for the Greers, Frank** Drew was the oldest at 20. The others, who didn't bother counting years because they were plenty big enough, were Joe Woods, Hi Hatch, Albert Potter and "Nigger" **Jeff. Jeff having no other name, was a real Negro cowboy.**

Head of the family, Thomas L. Greer, brought his numerous off-spring out of Texas in 1876, with a big herd of cattle and horses. His crew was a hard working, fighting bunch of teen agers. The outfit hunting new range trailed first to Trinidad, Colorado. Not liking the country there, Greer pointed them southwest into **eastern Arizona Territory, reaching Woodruff September** 1, 1877. While resting over, he examined grassland. Finding luxurious grass reaching into the White Mountains, he moved beyond the village of Concho on a creek of the same name. The first ranch was sixteen miles west of the county seat, St. Johns.

Long before the advent of the Greers, New Mexico sheepmen settled Concho in 1865, and St. Johns on the Little Colorado River in 1872. Mormon settlers from Utah did not arrive near the two villages until after the Greers.

The New Mexicans were generally a dissident group. Resenting American occupation of their land they were unhappy. Thus by nature they hated all *Americanos* and especially those called *Tejanos.*

The Greers undoubtedly could have held their own with locals. But a large number from Albuquerque moved in 20,000 sheep. In short order the woolies ruined

Cowboys who fought in the gunfight, left to right: Joe Woods, Nigger Jeff, Frank Drew, Hi Hatch, Al Potter.

the range for cattle and horse raising. Hardly did the Greers relocate in a new place then 80,000 New Mexico sheep came in on them. At the same time a band of thirty guerrillas began night raiding.

During this onslaught the Greers' cattle and horses were scattered in all directions. They and their cowboys rode continually that winter of 1881-1882. In time they succeeded in recovering half their livestock. During the process several Mexicans were killed. They objected violently when stock in their possession wearing Greer brands were repossessed.

When sunny spring warmed the land again and new grass began to pop, the Albuquerque Mexicans were all gone. Those resident considered the fighting at an end and were amicably inclined. But unknown to the Greers they had a mortal enemy. This man secretly worked behind the scenes, hated them then and for the rest of his life.

A big celebration was held in St. Johns on San Juan's Day, June 24. Climaxing it was a big fiesta and a bullfight. A special invitation was extended the Greers to attend. Since they were also buying cattle to enlarge their herds, they were told many would be offered for sale that day.

On reaching town, the Greers were greeted in friendly fashion in the saloons and places of entertainment. If any malice against them lingered, it didn't show on dusky faces. The town's principal merchant, Solomon (Sol) Barth, with a Mexican wife, especially put himself out showing them around. This the Greers would shortly remember with a rueful twinge of embarrassment for being gullible.

The cattle sellers were in no hurry to dicker, spending their time celebrating and at the monte tables. It wasn't likely they would do business until after the bullfight. That early afternoon the Greers went to the bull ring. They were not there long before Dick observed many

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heavily armed Mexicans drifting slowly in their direction. The feeling of danger becoming most pronounced, he nudged Nat.

"Something is up," he whispered. "Signal the boys to get ready for plenty trouble. And let's mosey plumb gentle-like out of here. We're in a trap!"

Drifting unobstrusively through the crowd, Nat and Dick managed to tip off their brother Harris and the cowboys. From there on they played it warily. Nat and Dick moved into the edge of lower main street. When they reconnoitered the bull ring crowd none of the others remained in sight. They then swung on up the street.

The sides were lined with adobes and a few wooden buildings. One of them was Barth's store. Since the Greers did not crowd together they were well up the thoroughfare before enemies realized their shifting out meant they were wise to the plot against them.

An hour or so after being forced to hole up, the Greers reappraised the situation. The fight had settled into a stalemate. There seemed no move afoot except to hold them while some decision was reached. As afterwards learned this proved the case. The larger part of the mob withdrew to down more liquor. Their leaders were receiving new instructions from the man behind the scheme to kill the Greers to the last man. The first, sure-thing plan to do it by surprise had miscarried badly.

While guarding the rear adobe wall, Hi Hatch studied the immediate vista carefully. After a bit he went to Dick harboring an idea.

"There don't seem to be nobody close out back. At most, maybe a couple in hiding. Betcha we can sneak through there to our horses."

Once mounted, they could quickly escape the town and evade pursuit. Mulling over the possibility, Dick decided two men might manage to do it. So few were less likely to attract attention than if the whole crew suddenly burst into the open.

As he explained this, Hatch's riding partner, Nigger Jeff, moved close. On hearing the proposal he demanded to be in on the dangerous attempt.

The battered wooden rear door was cracked. That drawing no bullets, the two cowboys crawled out flat against the ground. The nearest patch of tall weeds grew fifty feet away. Scattered around without design behind the row of buildings facing main street were others and some small homes.

Nowhere did the cowboys discover anyone guarding the area. On reaching the weeds they moved fast. Probably shaking weed tops attracted attention from a distance for a dozen shots rang out.

Bullets whined into the weeds. Then all shooting shifted to the rear adobe wall where a covering fire raised. The cowboys inside once more forced besiegers to hunker under cover.

Meanwhile Hatch and Jeff reached the pole corral fence. Once inside, they threw saddles on bridled horses quickly. Hands clutching split leather reins, they started leading mounts out. Once the horses were within easy reach, the others could risk a charge outside.

Renovated adobe building on right is where the Greer men holed up to fight off the bands of Mexican gunmen.

Hatch got through the open gate first. He worked well away, ready to swing towards the adobe. Abruptly a band of mounted men poured straight at the audacious cowboys through open space between two buildings. Letting go bridle reins, they dropped to their knees behind hammering sixguns. Their accurate vicious fire threw the riders into confusion and they retreated.

During the short exchange, Hatch sustained wounds in his left thigh and right shoulder. The released horses had scattered on outbreak of the crashing guns. But Jeff, wounded slightly in the left arm, managed to grab the nearest one.

Recklessly he dashed through singing lead to where Hatch staggered around only half conscious, holding an empty gun. He grew alert somewhat as Jeff reached him. Realizing the rescue attempt he managed to help as his partner got him up behind the saddle.

Putting spurs to the horse Jeff dashed west, futile

(Continued on page 57)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

CACHING AND STORING--THE INDIAN WAY

Part of the Indian code of morals forbids stealing from a friend, but it was a virtue to steal from an enemy. This, plus the need for food during lean times, led to the hiding of food and equipment. This hiding place came to be called cache from the French word cacher meaning "to hide." The storing of food and other supplies seemed to have been a general practice among the Indians. Great hoards of stone axes were found in New Jersey; ceremonial implements in Florida; tobacco pipes in Ohio; and leaf-shaped blades along the greater part of the Atlantic seaboard. Undoubtedly stored against a time of need.

Many items were left behind when an Indian tribe moved out on a hunt. This was due to the weight, bulk or size of the articles. The things left behind were hidden with the intent to come back and reclaim them later. If possible these were hidden in order to prevent their being disturbed by wild beasts or being taken by some passer-by. Stones were placed over the objects to look as if placed there by nature, or sod was carefully replaced after the Cache was completed. If the land was sandy, water was poured over the surface to conceal any sign that the ground had been disturbed. When food, or clothing, was left behind, fires were often built over the hiding place, or near by, in order that the ashes would hide any surface indications and thus keep enemies from disturbing the deposit.

Of course temperature, locality, time and season all had something to do with the type of things hidden or stored. When time allowed, some of the items to be saved were sewed into skins. These were then suspended from trees or hidden in hollow tree trunks, if it was not possible to bury them under shelving rock or in carefully prepared holes.

The Indians in Oregon, Washington and the British Columbia dried fish and stored it in caches built of split cedar planks supported on the branches of trees far above the ground. Some of these tribes stored berries in reed bags, then built small log houses over the bags to protect them from the weather.

The tribes of the Northwest coast put clams on strings of cedar bark to dry and then store for future use.

The Plains Indians kept their food and valuables in buffalo hide cases. They made a food from jerked or dried meat pounded to powder and mixed with melted fat. The Cree word for this was "pimikan" however it is now more commonly spelled "pemmican." This food stored in parfleche bags and kept dry could be preserved for several years. Jerked meat was made by drying thin strips of meat on racks in the sun.

In their journey of 1804 Lewis and Clark found that the Indians at the falls of the Columbia River dried their fish, pounded them between two stones then placed them in baskets made of grass and rushes and lined with salmon skin. The fish were pressed down and covered with fishskin. Each basket weighed from 90 to 100 pounds. The two explorers also described seeing a cache on the Missouri River which was made by first removing the soil from a circle 20 inches across, then excavating a pit which was gradually enlarged to a diameter of 6 or 7 feet having the form of a kettle. The hole was lined on the bottom and sides with sticks. Skins or other articles were stored and preserved in these kettle pits. After everything had been stored in the pits and they were filled, the sod was replaced on top and the surface and made to appear as natural as possible. This was typical among the Plains Indians and the Southwest tribes.

The Hidasta made a similar type of cache. After their second harvest, which was in late September or early October, the corn would be husked and hung on a scaffold to dry. The women then deposited the corn, as well as other vegtables, in jug shaped pits. The pits were sometimes 8 or 9 feet deep, with the entrance by ladder through an opening only 2 or 3 feet wide. These caches were also used to hide valuable possessions when the tribe was going on a hunt or joining a war party.

On the Pacific coast the natives kept acorns in brush storehouses and stored pin seeds in granaries on top of their houses. The Indians of this region also made vessels of rushes, plastered inside and outside with pinon gum and pitch, for holding liquids and seeds.

The natives of Florida smoked their meat to preserve it for the winter. The Indians of West Virginia dried their fish, also walnuts, acorns and chestnuts for later use.

Some of the Southern Indians had a type of crib in which to store their corn against injury. These were erected on posts and then daubed inside and out with loam or clay, being tight enough to keep out the smallest vermin.

Oysters and clams were dried on strings before storing. Mesquite beans, pinon nuts, acorns, filberts and hickory nuts were stored in brush enclosures, which were presumably the originals of the slatted corncribs which are still in use today.

The Gulf tribes built houses upon raised poles for the purpose of storing grain.

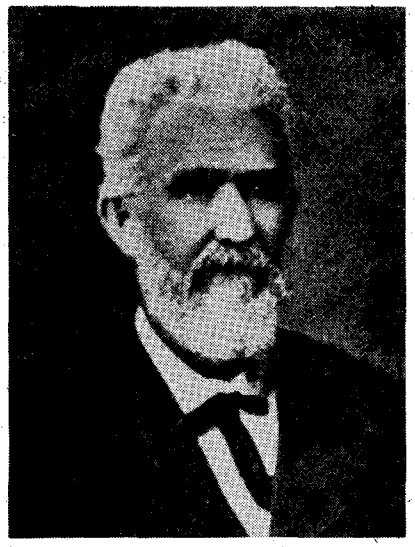
The Pima Indians buried watermelons in the sand for later use. They also made huge basketry cribs for storing grain.

The Winnebago women usually stored away part of the wild rice harvest for use when the crop was not so plentiful. They buried corn as well as rice for future need. Some tribes rather than bury their grain in the ground, made bags lined with cedar bark in which they stored their supplies of grain. These would hold from ¾ to 1 bushel. The Ottawa and the Potawatomi used this method, sometimes burying the bags if it became necessary to hide them.

The Zuni regularly made trips up into the high mountains where they rolled huge snowballs, then melted them into reservoirs to obtain water when needed later.

On long trails across the desert or during an unusually dry season, the Hopi used the cache method in another way. When crossing the desert the Hopi had a number of women, laden with water gourds, follow them. The women at certain intervals would bury their water gourds and then turn back. When the men made their return trip they dug up the gourds and had sufficient water.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Div. of Manuscripts, Univ. of Oklahoma Library

RIP FORD,

(CONCLUSION)

Once again the fiery Texan leads his men to victory in one of the wildest and bloodiest campaigns of the West.

by Henry I. Kurtz

When John Salmon Ford and his band of Texas Rangers and Tonkawa Indian allies returned to Austin in the spring of 1858, they were given a tumultuous welcome for their spectacular defeat of Iron Jacket's Comanche hostiles on the Canadian River. Ford was overwhelmingly re-elected to the State Senate, and soon afterward he bought another of the many newspapers that he was to publish during his half century as one of early Texas' leading soldiers, politicians and journalists.

But as had happened so many times before, "Rip" Ford quickly found a new challenge to divert him from the business at hand. This time the challenge came in the form of Juan Cortina and his savage army of Mexican *bandidos.*

An earlier version of Pancho Villa with an added touch of Fidel Castro, Cortina was an illiterate, Yankee-hating peasant who set out in 1859 with 500 well-armed followers and three cannons to desolate lower Texas. Aiming to undo the results of the Mexican War by driving every last American out of the southern part of the state, he hoped also to set up his own private empire. To the Mexican peasantry he was a Robin Hood battling the *gringo* imperialists; to his American victims he was a ruthless butcher. Cortina minced no words in returning the hatred. "The sight of an American makes me feel like eating little kids!" he once announced.

Throughout the summer of 1859, the red-bearded terrorist laid waste to hundreds of Texas ranches and a score of outlying settlements. While the Federal government hemmed and hawed about dispatching an expedition against him, he grew bolder. In September he raided the city of Brownsville; and in November rumors spread through the panic-stricken capital of Austin that he had burned all of Corpus Christi.

"I tell you, the limit has been reached!" thundered Ford on the Senate floor. "Even if the burning of Corpus Christi is a baseless rumor today, it might well be a horrible fact tomorrow. Cortina must be crushed, and if the Federal government won't do it, I will!"

Ford's promise was more than political oratory. Offering his services to Governor Runnels, he was commissioned a major and authorized to form another special Texas Ranger detachment. In December of 1859, Old Rip and a 53-man band arrived in the Lower Rio Grande Valley in search of Cortina. The U.S. Army had also finally decided to do something about the Mexican, and a company of regular cavalry under Major Samuel Heintzelman journeyed to the area. Ford and Heintzelman joined forces in what turned out to be one of the wildest and bloodiest campaigns of pre-Civil War Texas.

There was no problem picking up the Mexicans' trail; it was etched in mile after mile of blood and charred rubble. The first contact with the enemy was made on December 27 outside Rio Grande City. In a blazing night-long battle, the combined American force -- though outnumbered nearly two-to-one -- sent the Mexican bandit and his men fleeing in total disorder and captured two of his artillery pieces.

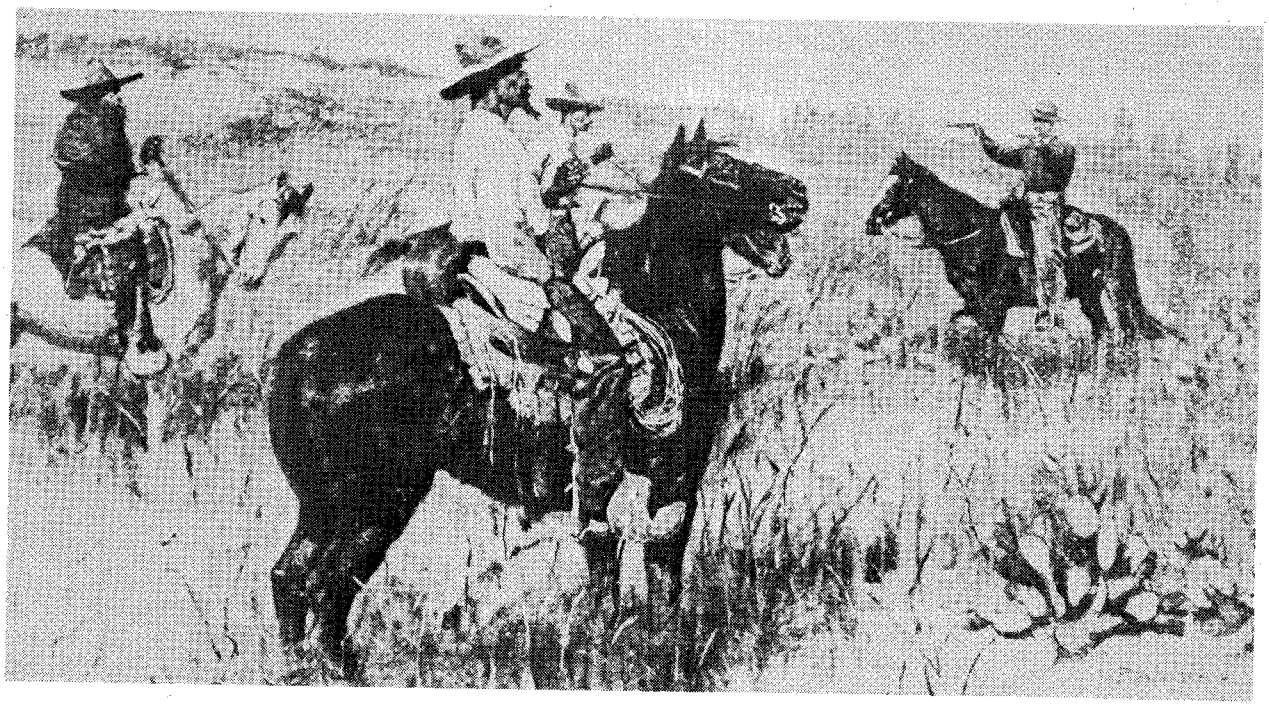
But Cortina had only begun to fight. Recruiting 300 more followers, he continued his depradations while skillfully remaining one step ahead of his pursuers. However, in the end, it was Rip Ford who proved to be the wilier of the two men.

By early February it had become clear to the ranger chief that only a well-laid trap could catch Cortina and his entire band out in the open again. The opportunity for such a snare quickly came. For several weeks an American steamer, the *Ranchero* -- whose cargo included $300,000 in coin -- had delayed sailing from Brownsville because its owners feared that Cortina would attempt to waylay it. To Ford, however, this was just the bait needed. His plan was to have the vessel sail with only a small detachment of troopers aboard as a protective escort. The rangers and the rest of Heintzelman's men would secretly follow the vessel along the Rio Grande's Texas bank. When Cortina struck, they would leap into action.

Just as Ford predicted, the Mexican fell into the trap. On the night of Febraury 4, 1860, as the *Ranchero* entered La Bolsa Bend, a sharp turn where the river was only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONE-STAR GIANT



One of the Rangers' greatest victories was the defeat of Juan Cortina's savage army of Mexican bandidos.

150 yards wide, a deafening volley of grapeshot exploded from the dense ebony groves and tangled chaparral on the Mexican side. It was followed by a hail of small-arms fire that raked the deck of the exposed vessel. The rangers and Heintzelman's troopers quickly sprang into action and began blasting back at the hidden foe.

But Cortina was too well entrenched for the American fire to have much effect. Unless the Mexicans were hit from *behind as well,* Ford saw, they would hold on as long as Cortina chose, then safely retreat. "Boys, if we're going to get anywhere, we're going to have to do some paddling," Ford yelled over the din of gunfire. With 35 of his best rangers behind him, the Texan galloped a half-mile downstream. Then, while Heintzelman increased his own fire to distract the Mexicans, Ford and his men quietly crossed the river in small rowboats.

Once on the opposite bank, Old Rip led his men on hands and knees through the thickets and maze-like undergrowth. With every yard, the rangers muttered violent oaths as their skin was torn and nicked by the needle-like thorns of the chaparral. Every rustle in the blackness ahead caused them to freeze with suspense; any enemy snipers planted nearby would have a field day.

But apparently none of Cortina's men had been positioned this far from the ambush site, and finally the rangers stumbled onto a tree-lined rise about 30 yards from the Mexicans' right rear, which was protected by 60 mounted pickets. "Open up and don't waste a shot!" Ford ordered. A volley of pistol and rifle fire exploded from the rise and some of the sombreroed horsemen pitched to the ground while the others struggled with their whinnying, rearing horses. Near the river the startled Cortina ordered his remaining cannon swung around and the big gun boomed an unfriendly salute at the Texans. Ford hugged the rocky dirt as the earth-shaking concussion was followed an instant later by a deadly slashing sound in the trees just above him. But fortunately this volley would be the first and the last fired at him by the artillery piece. A scathing fusilade from the Texas side of the river forced Cortina to turn the big gun back on the main enemy body across the water.

Changing tactics, the Mexican ordered a cavalry charge against the rangers. Bugles sounded above the fire, and out of the blackness a dense pack of horsemen pounded toward the Texans' ridge. But the crouching rangers had the advantage and the exposed Mexicans were chopped down left and right. Having failed with his cavalry, Cortina tried an infantry assault. This too ended in failure.

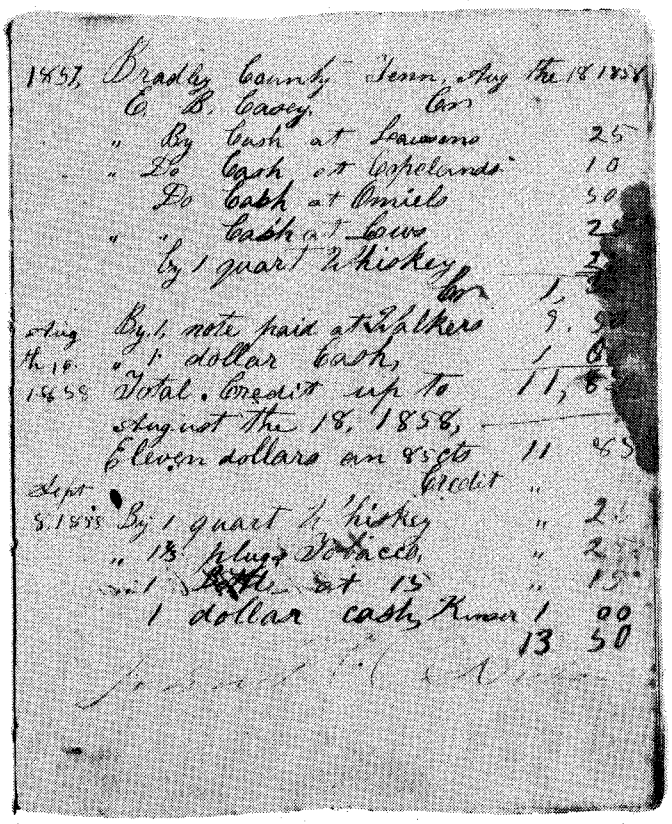
By now it was clear to the Mexicans that they were hopelessly caught in a vicious crossfire, and many panicked and began to run for it. This was just the opportunity for Ford. "Let's go -- on their tails!" he commanded, taking advantage of the enemy confusion and fear. Leaping from their cover, he and his men bolted down the ridge, six-

{Continued on page 61}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DIARY OF EXPENSES..

Maybe prices were lower in 1858 but don't yearn for those good old days unless you're willing to accept the hazards and hardships that went along with them. A trip of 77 days across the frontier was a real achievement at that time...



1858 Bradley County Tenn. May the 18 1858
E. B. Casey, Cr
" By cash at Lawrence 25
" Do Cash at Copelands 10
" Do Cash at Omies 50
" Cash at Cows 25
" By 1 quart Whiskey 1 00
By 1 note paid at Walkers 9 50
May the 19 1858 " 1 dollar Cash 1 00
" Total Credit up to 11 85
August the 18, 1858,
Eleven dollars and 85 cts 11 85
Credit
Sept. 5 1858 By 1 quart Whiskey " 2 50
" 13 plugs Tobacco " 2 75
" 1 Rifle at 13 " 15 00
1 dollar cash Rec'd 1 00
13 50

Readers have for several months, requested data on the cost of living in the old West. Here is an expense diary...the travel notes of my grandfather, the author.

These words are offered as an introduction to the reproduction of the original itemized list.

Seventy-seven days, probably less but not more, plus $47.20 in cold cash, not counting the brawn, were required for this frontiresman, John H. Carson, 21, and his wife, Elizabeth Ann, 16, and daughter, Martha Amaranth, five months, to travel in an ox wagon from Bradley County, Tennessee, to Titus County, Texas, in 1858.

Pide and Spot were the names of the oxen which pulled the wagon in which they traveled, as noted in another section of the Carson diary.

John H. made his last purchase in Bradley County, September 8, 1858, finished his business and pulled out for the frontiers of Texas. He arrived in this raw timber land, bought his first bill of goods in the Titus County settlement, December 9, 1858.

According to his diary, he earned his first Texas money by splitting 1100 rails for which he was paid $5.00; later 200 rails for $1.00, (notation entered January 29, 1859.) Splitting rails was an attractive and profitable art in the frontier timber regions.

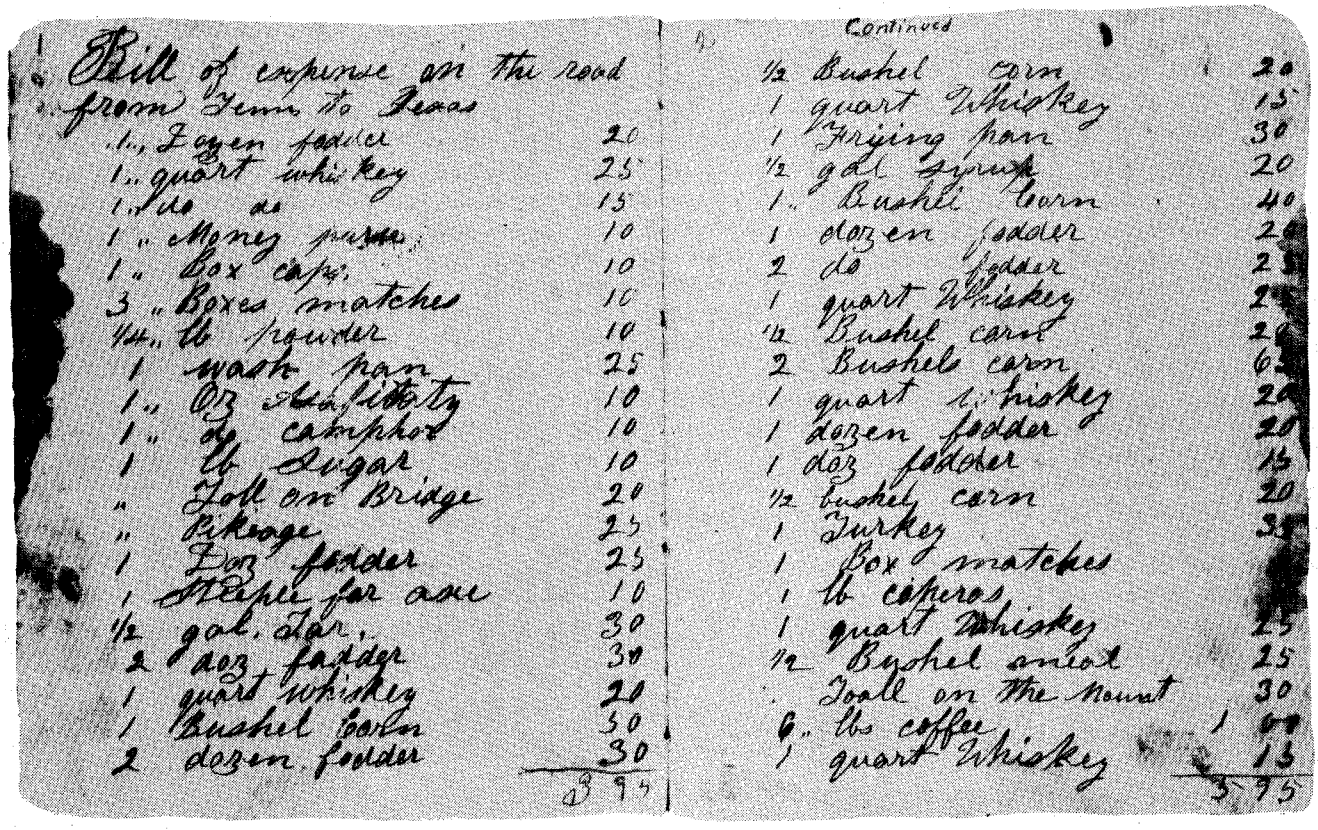
The author's records have been photostated and reproduced here to disclose the cost of travel and the itemized cost of purchases, in an overland journey of that time.

Many similar records exist, I'm sure, but this one will probably more clearly define what travel was like in an ox wagon and the expense incurred during the period.

Originals of these reproductions are on loan to the Department of Archives and Manuscripts, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge. These documents are part of a Civil War diary which John H. kept during the four years of his service in the War of the States. He served with the Texas Partisan Rangers along the Gulf Coast of Texas and Louisiana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

... on the road to TEXAS, 1858



1

Bill of expense on the road from Penn to Texas

1	Dozen fodder	20
1	quart whiskey	25
1	do do	15
1	Money purse	10
1	Box caps	10
3	Boxes matches	10
1/4	lb powder	10
1	wash pan	25
1	Oz Shoe Liberty	10
1	do camphor	10
1	lb Sugar	10
1	Toll on Bridge	20
"	Bikeage	25
1	Doz fodder	25
1	Steeple for axe	10
1/2	gal. tar	30
2	doz fodder	30
1	quart whiskey	20
1	Bushel Corn	30
2	dozen fodder	30
		3 94

4

Continued

1/2	Bushel corn	20
1	quart Whiskey	15
1	Frying pan	30
1/2	gal Syrup	20
1	Bushel Corn	40
1	dozen fodder	20
2	do fodder	2[illegible]
1	quart Whiskey	2[illegible]
1/2	Bushel corn	2[illegible]
2	Bushels corn	6[illegible]
1	quart Whiskey	20
1	dozen fodder	20
1	doz fodder	15
1/2	bushel corn	20
1	Turkey	3[illegible]
1	Box matches	
1	lb coperas	
1	quart Whiskey	25
1/2	Bushel onion	25
	Toall on the mount	30
6	lbs coffee	1 [illegible]
1	quart Whiskey	13
		3 95

3

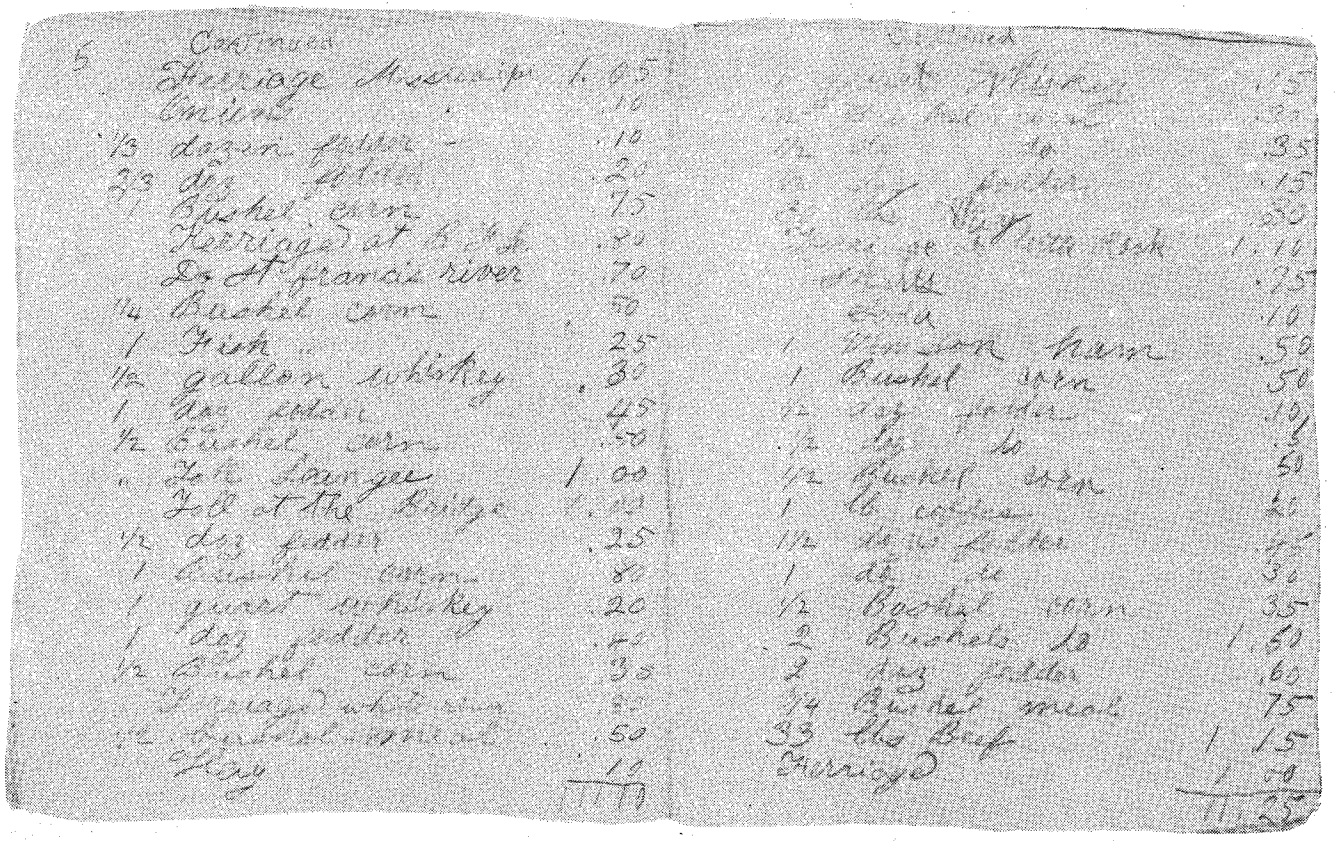
Continued

8	lb Bacon	80
1	doz fodder	25
1	chicken	10
1/2	doz Eggs	5
1/2	bushel Potatoes	20
1/2	doz fodder	12 1/2
1/2	lb Powder	25
1	Pint flask	10
1	Pint whiskey	15
1	Pocket Knife	90
1	quart whiskey	15
1	lb cheese	15
1	doz fodder	30
"	Toll at Bridge	30
1	Bushel Potatoes	25
1/4	Bushel corn	20
1/2	[illegible]	25
1	[illegible]	25
"	[illegible] creek	30
1	[illegible]	30
1	[illegible]	50
	[illegible] Butter	25
		0 32 1/2

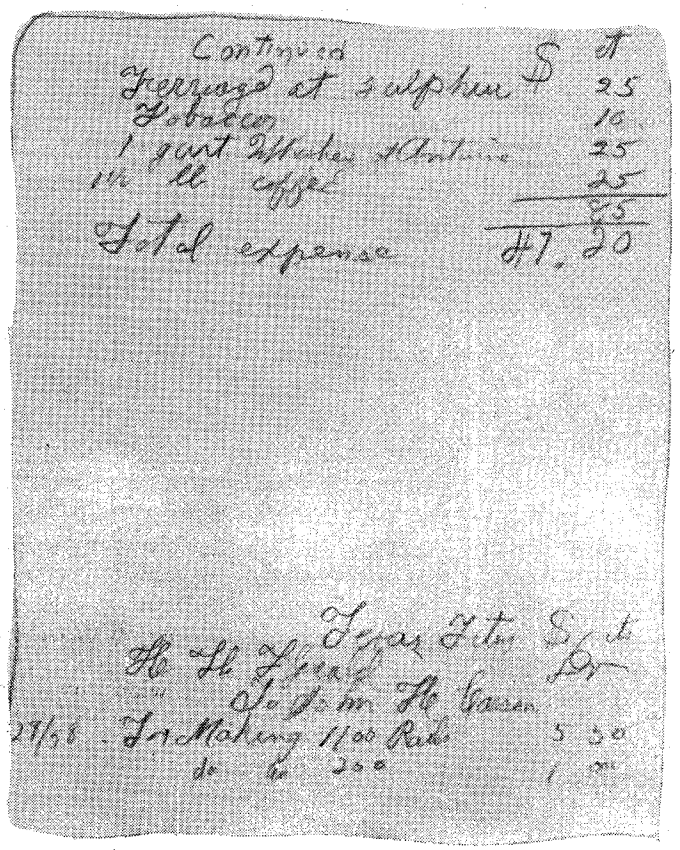
4

1	quart Honey	25
1/2	doz fodder	15
1	doz fodder	25
"	Bikeage	25
1 1/2	dozen fodder	1 2 1/2
8 1/4	lbs Bacon	93
1	dozen fodder	3[illegible]
1	do do	2[illegible]
1/2	Bushel corn	2[illegible]
1 1/4	Bushel meal	1[illegible]
1	Bushel corn	3[illegible]
1 1/2	doz fodder	15
5 1/2	lbs Bacon	90
1	[illegible]	25
2	[illegible]	30
1	quart Whiskey	20
1/2	Bushel meal	35
2	lbs cake	10
1	doz fodder	25
1	do do	25
1	do do	30
1/2	gallon Molasses	20
14	lb Bacon	1 [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

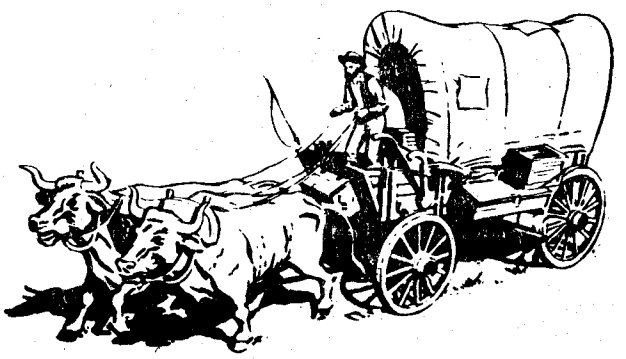


Whiskey 25¢ a quart, bushel of corn 20¢, a turkey 30¢--on those prices you can see why it only cost John Carson and his family $47 for the two months trip from Tennessee to Texas, but don't envy him. The diary doesn't reflect the dangers and hardships that were a part of any trip, even a short one, in the rugged frontier country.

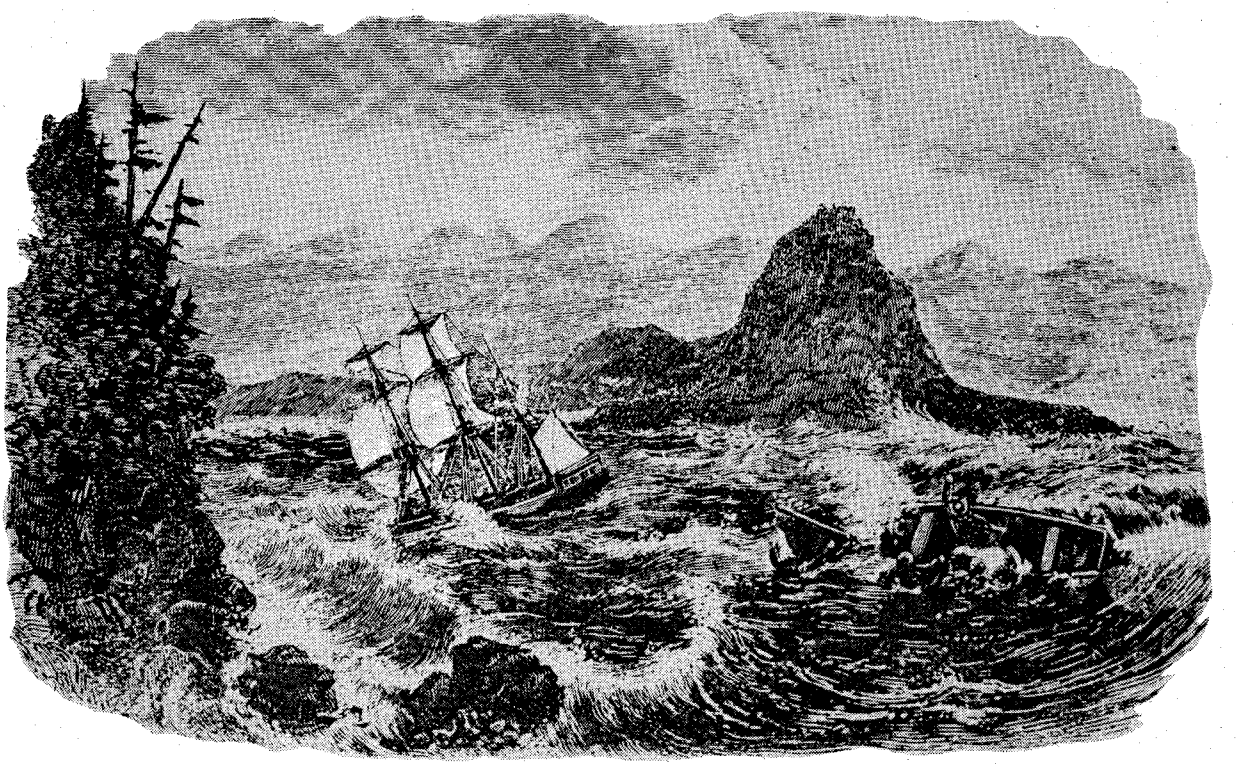


This diary has resulted as the only known document disclosing the movements of this particular regiment, "which saw service in every major theater of the war in this state west of the Mississippi." V.L. Bledsoe, Department of the Archives, said of the diary, "I am impressed by the mobility of his unit and the great number of engagements in which it participated."

---Kit Carson



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TONQUIN

At last, searchers may uncover the sunken hulk of the tragic ship and solve the mysteries that have plagued researchers for years.

by T.W. Paterson

The recent discovery of an ancient ship on the rocky Pacific sea-bed near Nootka, Vancouver Island, may solve the 150-year-old mystery of the Northwest's most unusual Indian massacre.

Historians have unsuccessfully tried pinpointing the *Tonquin* tragedy for over a century. But an Oregon-Canadian expedition, after six fruitless visits to the rugged British Columbia coast in the past decade, believe they finally have found remains of the 300-ton trading ship which vanished in a shattering explosion during a fatal attack by Nootka Indians in 1811...

Under Captain Jonathan Thorn, *Tonquin,* owned by "fur king" John Jacob Astor, began her last, fateful voyage on June 5 of that year. Clearing the Columbia River trading post of Fort Astoria, Oregon, which he had just established, Thorn headed for the distant Russian port of Sitkam, Alaska.

None of the 23 men aboard could have guessed their destination was...oblivion. Neither the ship nor any of her crew ever were seen by whitemen again.

According to her sailing schedule, the "Mayflower of the Northwest" was to visit Sitkam, return to Fort Astoria, then head for Canton, China, where her rich cargo of pelts would be sold. Finally, she was to make the stormy passage home to New York, her holds brimming with Chinese produce and gold.

In the sparsely-settled Pacific Northwest of a century-and-a-half ago, news was relayed chiefly by means of the "moccasin telegraph," and it was not until two months after *Tonquin's* Columbia River departure that the first whispers of her fate reached white ears.

An Indian known as Calpo, speaking with officials of the Pacific Fur Company, owners of the ship, mentioned the native grapevine was wild with rumors *Tonquin* had been attacked and destroyed by fierce Nootkas. Calpo's information was dismissed as unlikely, until a Wick-a-nook brave, one Kasiacall, reported it not only was ture, but that he had witnessed the battle.

His brief account included a statement which intrigues historians and writers to this day – after *Tonquin's* crew had been slaughtered, the ship blew up, killing scores of the attackers.

{Continued on page 59}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE SURVIVED THE CUSTER MASSACRE

(Continued from page 13)

with the aid of two crew members, was able to stow away amongst some cargo. His presence was discovered shortly after the departure of the boat. He stated that the skipper was quite angry but shortly thereafter the steamer was grounded on a sand bar and the big trooper was able to work along with the rest of the crew in freeing her. His efforts were rewarded with food and passage to Sioux City, Iowa.

Questioned by his second wife in an attempt to establish the name of the steamer on which he had stowed away, Finkel could not remember but recalled that it bore a girl's name. A close check of old river boat sailings and arrivals on the Missouri indicate that the "Josephine" arrived at Bismarck, eastbound from Cow Island on October 18, 1876. A week later, on October 25, 1876 the "Carroll" eastbound arrived at the same port. The last arrival of the season directly from Fort Benton was the "Peninah" on August 28. Cow Island lies east of Fort Benton and due to low water which made navigation difficult due to sand bars and snags, was used as the highest point on the Missouri for river travel as the water ebbed. Was it another amazing coincidence that any one of these last three seasonal arrivals of river boats during 1876 had names that most certainly could be construed as of the feminine gender.

For the most part, that is Frank Finkel's story. How does it stand up under analysis? First of all, Finkel's body definitely bore the scars of the three wounds. It was necessary for him to have the heel of his right boot or shoe padded inside so that he could walk. Secondly, After Mr. Finkel's first marriage but before 1916, an abcess formed on his stomach near the naval. The examining physician informed him that there was something imbedded below the skin. Poultices were applied in lieu of surgery and in a few days a lead bullet worked its way out. Mr. Finkel carried the slug for many years as a memento. Mr. Burton Olson of Great Falls, Montana as a boy, saw the slug which was then being kept in a small glass vase on the window sill of Finkel's ranch house near Carter, Montana. The forehead scar is visible in the photo of Mr. Finkel.

Actually there was a man named Finckle in Tom Custer's "C" Co. He was Sgt. August Finckle who enlisted in the army at the age of 27 in Chicago, Illinois. He was enlisted by Capt. Young who listed Finckle's birthplace as Berlin, Prussia and described the enlistee as being 6' - ½" in height and having dark hair, dark complexion and blue eyes. Sgt. August Finckle was killed in action with the Indians on June 25, 1876 at the Little Big Horn. His remains were positively identified on the field by his close friend Sgt. Daniel Kanipe also of "C" Co.

When questioned closely by his second wife regarding his experiences at the Little Big Horn, Finkel steadfastly denied that he was ever a sergeant. He maintained that he was a private but sometimes served as a corporal when the regular non-coms were sick or away. He also stated that he entered the Seventh Cavalry under the alias he had assumed upon enlistment but soon became known to his close friends in the troop as "Finkel." This is to clear up any misconceptions as to August Finckle and Frank Finkel being one and the same person. Such is not the case.

In 1947 Frazier and Robert Hunt published their excellent book, "I Fought With Custer" - the story of Sgt. Charles Windolph of "H" Co. of the 7th. Windolph lived in Lead, South Dakota with his daughter Mrs. George C. Fehliman until his death in March 1950 at the age of 98. This grand old soldier was the last known survivor of Custer's columns. He was the recipient of the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroism at the Little Big Horn.

On page 112 of the Hunt's book Sgt. Windolph tells of going to the scene of Custer's disaster on June 27 - two days after the battle:

"Slowly we left the knoll and started back to the living. I tried to find the body of my German friend Trooper Finkle, the tallest man in the regiment. But I could not identify him."

Windolph did not refer to his friend as Sergeant....only "Trooper." As previously stated, Sgt. Finckle's body had been found and positively identified by a close friend and fellow non-com in "C" troop. This brings to light another interesting observation. Although the average man in 1876 was considerably shorter in stature than men of today, was Sgt. August Finckle's 6' - ½" stature tall enough to be the "tallest man" in a regiment of over 800 men. It is definitely known that Lieut. George Wallace, later killed at the battle of Wounded Knee was taller than this. Who was the tallest man in the 7th Cavalry? Was it 6' - 2½" Frank Finkel?

The reference to Finkel mentioned in the Hunt's book was not the only referral Charles Windolph made to his missing friend. Prior to talking to Frazier and Robert Hunt, Windolph related some of his 7th Cavalry experiences to S. Goodale Price who authored "Saga of the Hills." This text also alludes to the missing Finkel.

The author received the following letter from Mrs. George Fehliman. It is quoted in part:

"November 3rd-

Dear Ege,

----------. In regards to Frank Finkel about all we know is that he was a very close friend to my father and he spoke of him so often - about their army days - and not being able to find him after the battle -- and had always wondered what had happened to him. Sorry I can not fill in a more detailed report - but be sure he was a comrade and his dear friend. ----------.

/Signed/ Mrs. G. C. Fehliman

In analyzing Frank Finkel's purported escape route from the fatal field his description of what confronted him tallies almost exactly with what lies east of the battle scene. About five miles to the east is Ash Creek which was and still is very alkaline following the spring rains. Another five miles in the same direction brings the traveller to the West Fork of Tulloch's Creek. This stream is also alkalai. So on to the middle fork of the same creek with the same result. About 15 miles east of the field is the East Fork of Tulloch's Creek. This stream lies directly below the countless knolls that form the foothills of the mountains and is the beginning of the sparse timber line. This stream is spring fed and flows perfectly drinkable water. At present, and since 1900, the land is part of the ranch of the Walborn family. Mr. John Walborn knows of two old cabin sites that have been on the edge of these hills as long as he could remember. These will be checked soon in an effort to locate the grave referred to in Mr. Finkel's narrative. Another oddity is the fact that the sandstone in this area is hard and fractures into portions that most certainly could be described as "shaped like a post."

Prior to his death, Dr. Charles Kuhlman made several trips to the Tulloch's area in an effort to prove Finkel's story and perhaps locate the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lost grave. Kuhlman was hampered by an increasing disability to scramble around as he did in earlier days while researching the "Legend" story or this writer is certain that his determination and tenacity would have led him to the missing link in Finkel's story. The following is his unpublished note on the possible location:

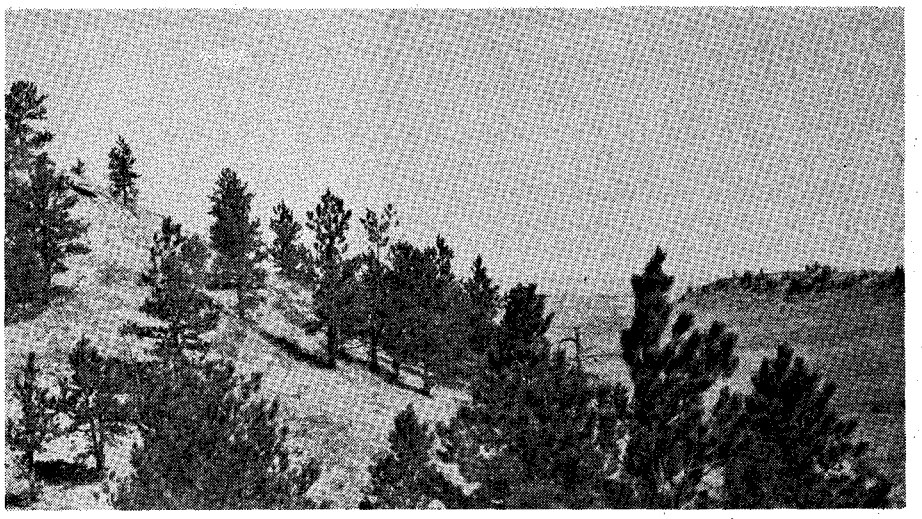
"The good water to which he finally came may well have been in a short branch (East Fork of Tulloch's) that comes right out of the bluffs here bordering the valley of Tulloch's Creek, and, from the high butte from which I viewed it, it seemed to me unlikely that it originated in an alkalai flat. This, of course, is a mere guess, but it is supported by the fact that this branch is bordered along its course as far as I could see by trees which do not spring up along watercourses heavy with alkalai. There are no trees along the upper course of Ash Creek or the middle branch of Tulloch's, as far as my vision carried; but on this east branch there is a good growth of pines along its whole course down to the valley. If Finkel's story is true, here is the place to look for the grave of Bill's pal."

What the good doctor fails to mention is that the likely stretch of real estate is about three miles in length and is dotted with countless knolls that could fit Finkel's description of the burial place. The author, accompanied by Mrs. Dorothy Ege and Mrs. Marge Olson who is very active in the historical section of the Montana Institute of the Arts, conducted a partial search in the fall of 1965. Plans are presently being formulated for an organized continuance as soon as weather permits.

Another oddity in the belated saga of Frank Finkel is the mention of him in the Pioneer History of Southeastern Washington; a portion of it reads as follows:

"----------At present Mr. Finkel is residing in Dayton, Washington, and from his home place gives attention to the oversight of his property throughout the county. He has a fine estate of four hundred and eighty acres of choice farmland, which has been improved with everything needed. The income from this property constitutes a handsome, annual dividend, and Mr. Finkel also gives attention to the handling of some stock which brings in a revenue."

His early history is mentioned and the insert was brought up to the date of the publication of the History. However, there is absolutely no mention of his activities during the years 1875-1879. His military experience is omitted. All of the people who knew Mr. Finkel, both in Montana and in Washington, held absolutely no disbelief of his story of his experiences with the 7th Cavalry. In the opinion of the persons acquainted with him, Frank Finkel was a steadfastly truthful man. According to those who knew him best, he was completely lacking in color and imagination necessary to have fabricated the story of escape from Custer's field. He read little and talked less. In other words, and this is justified by the people in Montana who knew him and worked in the fields with him, Frank Finkel just didn't have what it takes to concoct a story of this kind.



Author's photo

Looking north from "crow's nest," the grave of Bill's pal is somewhere near here.

Finkel's second wife, Mrs. Hermie C. Billmeyer of Oshkosh, Wisconsin passed away in 1954. For more than a ten year period she corresponded regularly with Dr. Kuhlman in an effort to assure Mr. Finkel his place in history. There was only one stumbling block. To this day, no one has discovered the alias used by Finkel upon enlistment. His alias name undoubtedly appears on the memorial monument as one of those killed with "C" Co. on June 25, 1876. The process of elimination is proving to be a lengthy one. Someday, like the grave on the hill, the truth will be found.

As Dr. Charles Kuhlman told the author, and only after analyzing Finkel's story regarding the movements of troops "C" and "E": (Finkel told it fully ten years before the Cheyenne version was published by Dr. Thomas B. Marquis and no historian had touched on the truth prior to that time:) *"That man was either at the Little Big Horn or he was clairvoyant."*

I am certainly not ashamed to cast my lot with Dr. Kuhlman; I prefer the former explanation.

******

In his bibliography, "Memoirs of a White Crow Indian" Thomas H. LeForge, himself a member of the Terry - Gibbon column in 1876, sheds some light on the paradox concerning missing men. The ex-scout and interpreter asserts that during his subsequent employment at Fort Custer near the juncture of the Big and Little Horn Rivers, he was party to several gruesome discoveries during the years that closely followed the battle. When duties at the fort failed to press, he often camped at the site of the huge Indian village and at times on the actual field of conflict. To while away the time he often rode eastward from the Little Big Horn and across the headwaters of the forks of Tulloch's Creek. LeForge recounts that the skeletal remains of several troopers, cavalry horses and other military equipage were found in these low, rolling, sometimes barren hills. He cites one instance wherein the remains of a 7th Cavalryman were discovered as far east (about 17 miles) as Rosebud Creek. Attention skeptics.....before branding Mr. LeForge "a liar" remember that he was seeking no notoriety nor did he have anything to gain by his disclosures. He was, in all simplicity, relating the story of his early-day experiences.

Speaking personally, the author has no reason to doubt LeForge's account. In believing his statements, one can only conjecture as to how the remains of these unfortunates came to rest so far east of the known battle lines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only plausible explanation is that they attempted to escape the carnage that was being wrought upon their outnumbered legion and fled, perhaps wounded or disoriented to the east and away from the maurauders, only to die of wounds or be run down and killed by a vengeful foe. It is an absolute certainty that the bodies were not carried or dragged this direction by the hostiles as their route of exodus following the battle was to the south and west.

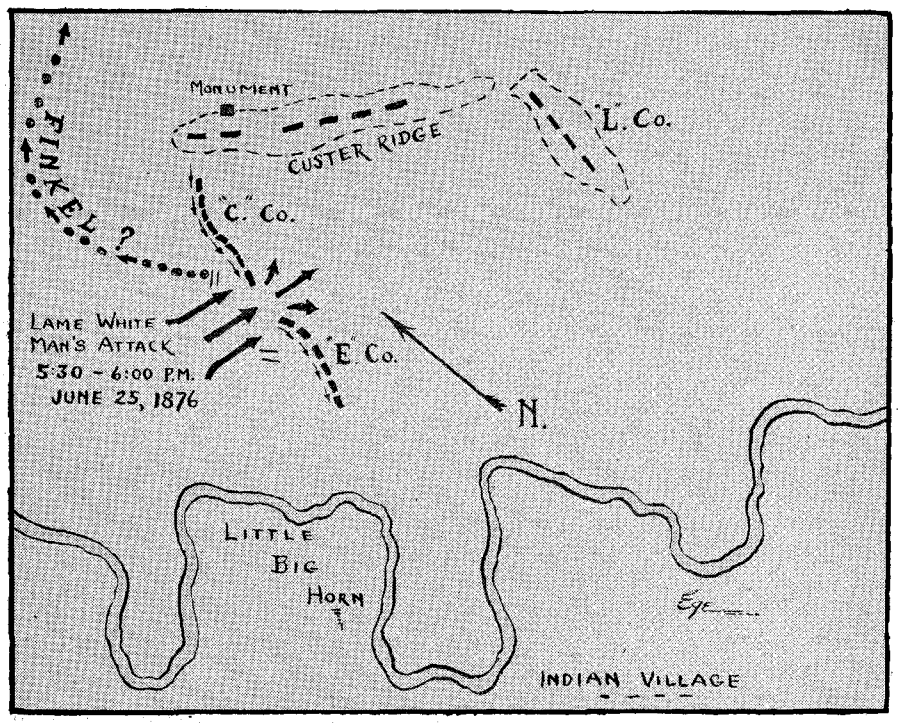
Additional and more collective analysis brings to light the narrative of Gall, the famed Sioux war chief whose followers spead so much devastation throughout Custer's rapidly diminishing ranks. In relating his experiences during the fight, the big-bellied Sioux hatchet-man readily admitted that he personally observed several soldiers riding wildly to the north and east in an attempt to escape. Gall added that these soldiers, *although out of his sight,* were overtaken and slain by Sioux warriors. ALL OF THEM? Sans the smoke and dust that was so prevalent on that historic afternoon, the very nature of the terrain defies prolonged observation if the object or objects under scrutiny is moving and keeps to the myriad of cuts and coulees east of Custer's field. Unless those attempting to flee remained in a tight group, and history fails to indicate that there was a concerted effort on the part of a few, they most assuredly didn't, Chief Gall couldn't be sure. He had to be satisfied with hearsay evidence as at the time of the purported escape attempt, Gall was busily engaged in the fight of his life. The author seriously doubts that the Sioux, prone to boast of their battle accomplishments, would return from the chase to the immediate scene of combat and boast to their chief of allowing any soldier to escape.

Wooden Leg, the Cheyenne warrior in contributions to Dr. Thomas B. Marquis that resulted in his narrative being published in 1931 under the title "A Warrior Who Fought Custer" concurs with Gall. The Cheyenne also contends that some soldiers rode away to the east and were ridden down and slain by Sioux pursuers. ALL OF THEM? For the aforementioned reasons, terrain, heat of battle, etc. like Gall, Wooden Leg couldn't be certain. It must be remembered that during this phase as in all others, these Indians were targets for the fast firing rifles of the soldiers who stood their ground. Self-preservation, a strong instinct in even an enraged warrior, caused the Indians to keep to the sanctuary afforded by the ravines. If a few soldiers attempted to flee Wooden Leg could have witnessed it. He may have witnessed the mounted Sioux starting in pursuit. To have climbed a hill to see the outcome of the race would have meant sudden death from a "soldier gun." Wooden Leg lived to be an old man.

The logical and unadorned conclusion, based on the most reliable Indian testimony, is that an indeterminate number of soldiers did attempt an escape to the east and that the majority of them were ridden down and killed within a mile or two of the battlefield. This assumption gives strong credence to Tom LeForge's alleged discoveries that superseded the battle by two to five years.

The student of the Indian Wars has an incomplete education until he has read and digested Dr. Charles Kuhlman's masterpiece of logic and reasoning, "Legend Into History." This saga of Custer's last day on earth was written by a true and dedicated historian and only after years of intensive and "on the scene" research into the subject matter. It can be truthfully stated that Kuhlman left no stone unturned. Both before and after "Legend" was published by the Stackpole Co. in 1951, there were those stiff and unbending historians who could not fully agree with all of his conclusions but few if any, challenged his logic. In Appendix 1., Note 56 on page 229 of that book, Dr. Kuhlman makes it perfectly clear that he believed *one man* escaped from "The battle that no man survived."

We believe *that man* was Finkel.



Map denotes the probable route taken by Finkel in his hazy retreat. The landmarks and topography along the way are similar to those recalled by the survivor as he unintentionally plunged to safety.

★ ★ ★

EPILOGUE

The late Col. W.A. Graham, Custer student, author-historian and researcher of no little reknow, after years of intensive study in military archives, factually determined that no less than 225 men composed General Custer's column of five troops on the march of glory. Col. Graham was convinced that there were probably more. Spontaneous personnel re-assignments at noon on the day of the battle left historians without an accurate figure upon which to base their assumptions.

For the reader, the following statistics might be of interest. There were presumably 39 officers and men killed with the Reno-Benteen battalions. In addition, there were six civilians and Indian scouts, one Acting Assistant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Surgeon (Dr. James M. DeWolf), six wounded men who died later, that can also be listed as fatalities in the Reno contingent. Add to this total, the number four to represent the missing officers with the Custer column. This re-cap clearly indicates that there were 56 men whose bodies were not found on Custer's field.

While we are dealing with clear indications, it must be noted that all official reports indicate that no less than 268 individuals were killed in the battle of the Little Big Horn. In subtracting 56 from 268, we arrive at a total of 212, or the exact number of graves recorded by Lieut. Godfrey. Col. Graham's analysis, based on factual data, shows that no less than 225 men accompanied Custer's five troops. Using Godfrey's high figure of 212 graves on the field and Graham's low figure of known participants, we are faced with no less than 13 missing men in addition to the four officers!

This is a nominal figure but far too great to categorically substantiate the statement that "NO MAN ESCAPED."

(Author's note of explanation ... It may appear strange and somewhat out-of-line to the reader that a more accurate record of survivors and fatalities in the West's most publicized battle is non-existent. Shortly before noon on June 25, 1876 when Custer divided his command into three battalions and a pack-train escort several men of each troop were quickly assigned to reinforce Capt. Thomas McDougall's "B" Co. in guarding the precious ammunition and food supply being borne by the mules. Other re-assignments are evidenced in history. For example; Trumpeter John Martin or Giovanni Martini, as you may, normally of Capt. Benteen's "H" Co. accompanied Custer's immediate command of Troops "C", "L", "I", "E", and "F" and was the courier who carried the general's famous last message back to Benteen. Many field records were lost, strayed or stolen by the plundering hostiles as they ravaged the bodies of 13 officers, the sergeant-major and 5 first sergeants on Custer's bloody field. Add to this the fact that as in all post-Civil War regiments, many of the enlisted men, deserters from other service organizations, and many for reasons purely personal were serving in the Seventh Cavalry under assumed names. Kenneth Hammer, author of "Little Big Horn Biographies" has discovered more than thirty enlisted men in this "alias" category. While attempting to set the record straight, I have worked closely with Historian Robert Bruce MacLaine, author of many fine historical articles and a keen researcher. Together, we have found the alias problem to be a constant stumbling block in our search for the truth.)

RW

NEW SEARCH FOR LAFITTE'S TREASURE

(Continued from page 18)

rainy season had just started and the swollen waters of the Sabine River had already raised the lake level six feet and spread it out beyond its normal limits. All traces of the six wagons and their rich cargo of silver bars had disappeared, obliterated. Disheartened and frustrated, the soldiers mounted their horses and returned to San Antonio lootless.

This occurrence was at that period in Texas history when Texas was leading up to its fight for freedom and independence from Mexican rule. The people's efforts to secure their Declaration of Independence soon resulted in the establishment of a republic — during which time treasure hunting was forgotten. Later, the Civil War followed and engaged the new republic in matters more serious than treasure expeditions, and the episode was forgotten.

It was not until seventy-nine years later, in 1895, that another attempt was made to recover the sunken silver cache in Hendricks Lake. Then, three well-equipped Spaniards from Mexico arrived in East Texas to try their luck. Upon inspection of the lake, they decided to try draining it. However, they were doomed to disappointment, for the lake was tricky, full of springs, and apparently seeped water around its entire perimeter. Soundings disclosed that the lake's bottom was covered with mire to a depth of nearly ten feet; in fact, in some sections, there were quicksand deposits on the bottom. After many weeks of hard and difficult work had produced nothing but wasted effort, the Spaniards finally packed up their outfit and returned to Mexico. Too, at the time, Mexicans in Texas became decidedly unpopular due to the Spanish-American War, and others were prevented from entering that far north.

Nothing further was done in the search for this vast fortune until the late 1920's. Then, in that year, three bars of silver were accidentally hauled to the surface of the lake by a group of our fishermen — *and the search was on again!* And again the treasure hunters failed to locate the exact spot where the four fishermen had brought up the silver bars, which was the spot where the wagon train had cut out the six wagons of treasure.

Then, once more, in 1959, the treasure lure had them digging for the huge wealth, and the entire area was experiencing frenzied searching, this time with huge holes being dug and dredged big enough to create a new lake. Tons of heavy machinery, tractors, bull-dozers, dragline power scoops, and other like equipment were brought in the Hendricks Lake area in what some thought was a race to be the first to locate and recover the sunken silver cache. Texas and Louisiana newspapers began carrying reports and columnists' descriptions of the progress in digging and dredging operations. Three Houston oil men, A. C. SoRelle and sons, Henry and A.C. Jr., began working the west end of the lake with a dragline and their electronic instruments, which can distinguish between different kinds of metal. These devices produced some favorable indications near the southern shore on the western end, but turned out to be some debris metal only. However, when their boom on the dragline proved to be too small, they brought in a barge-rig weighing about 100 tons, which they used to sink a casing into the mud and ooze so they could pump out the water and allow them to dig on the lake bottom itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another treasure seeker who engaged in the mad race for the submerged loot, was Barney Waldrop, a radio and TV serviceman from Carthage nearby, who, with an electronic device of his own design, hoped to locate the buried cache. When Waldrop had brought up one of the wagon train wagon's wheel rims his enthusiasm turned to blood-heat and he brought in several partners to assist him, and to protect the area in which he was working from trespassers and the many johnny-come-lately treasure seekers, who, hearing of the activity, had crowded into the area with hopes of taking a part in the search, perhaps too, to claimjump some of the sites.

The stampede was on, and the search became heated when a number of other oil men arrived and took up operations on a smaller scale in various sections of the lake area. But it wasn't long before the rains came and handicapped the progress of the work, prohibiting further digging operations – and once again the treasure hunters were forced to give up and return to their regular occupations – *lootless!*

Since then the mad race for the long-sunk loot of Lafitte's plundering has faded somewhat in its enticement by the discouragement and frustrations of these previous treasure seekers. The silver bars still rest within their watery resting place in what is believed to be at a depth of thirty feet of water, buried under tons of muck and ooze – tantalizingly, seemingly inaccessible – with the exception of those three silver bars which had been recovered by the four fishermen forty years before.

The lake is privately owned and used as a popular fishing and recreation spot. The local residents, living in the neighborhood of its waters, know of the legend about *"treasure or money"* being sunk there so many years ago, but they do not know just where to look in the depths.

However, during the summer of 1965, the lure of the freebooter's loot had again brought a new search into the area. This time a group of Iowa treasure hunters, headed by C. A. Stotler, Sr., of LeClaire, Iowa, flew by plane to Hendricks Lake, where they made an extensive exploratory survey covering some three weeks of active search, during which time leases from the owners of the land bordering along the shore were contracted for. However, it wasn't long before a horde of inquisitive vulturous treasure-seekers descended on the properties bordering on the lake's shores, with hopes of taking a part in the activities

Lafitte's stronghold at Barataria Bay had connecting waterways to the whole area.

themselves. They interrupted the normal activities of the property-owners, literally stirred up a miniature dust-bowl with their cars, constant telephone calls and interruptions at the motel where the group were staying; even when in town, they dogged the party at lunch rooms, and in some instances becoming almost hostile, and even causing one of the property-owners, the necessity of barricading the road into his own property. What was to be a mere exploratory investigation of the lake waters before further underwater actual salvage operations soon became a nightmare for both the adventurers and property-owners.

The treasure-hunters soon decided to call off their operations for the time being, and depart until early Spring before new slavage and digging operations could be further carried out under a more pleasant situation and climate. Thus the 1965 attempt, the latest of many, to search for the submerged fortune, came to an end.

The searchers comprised, in addition to C. A. Stotlar, Sr., and engineer of LeClaire, Iowa, Jakie Thorington, of Davenport, Les Koberg of Walcott, and Stotlar's son, Mike. The group is financed by Karl Dahlstrom and Robert Molid, both of Davenport, Iowa.

The silver cache still rests within its watery tomb in an estimated thirty feet of water – a tantalizing, seemingly inaccessible spot beneath the surface waters of Hendricks Lake. However, with the proposed use of new, ultra-modern electronic metal-locating devices, scuba apparatus, together with other underwater locating devices which the group is now using, there is probably a most excellent chance for a successful location and the possibility to hit the jack-pot of some of this $2,000,000 in Jean Lafitte's silver haul!

If the fortune is located, you'll read the exciting climax in a future issue of Real West. Watch for it.

RW

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Author may be contacted for reference sources.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN HATCHER'S DEADLY BLUFF

(Continued from page 19)

they'd given previously. They would lead no attacks on the Santa Fe Trail caravans. The old Mountain Man knew that was false. Feelings of the young warriors, who were anxious to earn themselves additional eagle feathers in raids along the border settlements and upon the small wagon trains traveling over the Missouri-Santa Fe route, was at a furious pitch.

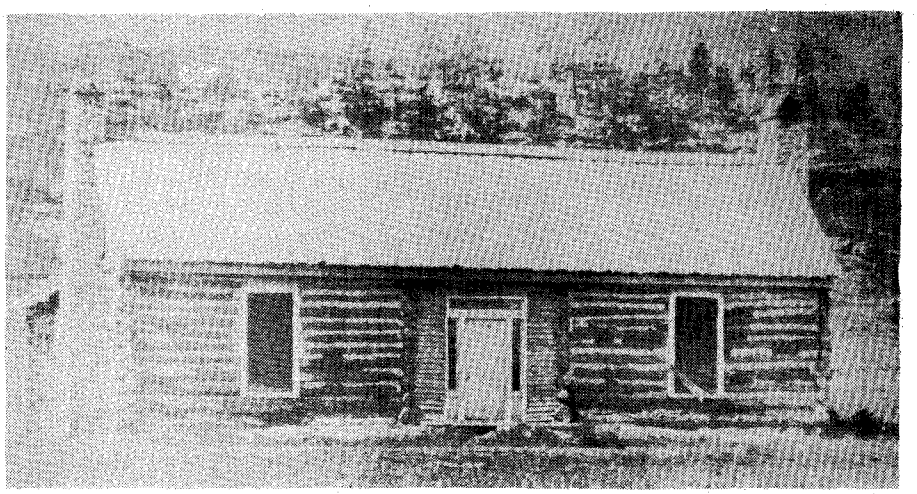
The larger caravans had already traversed the savage-infested regions, and, at this time of the year, were approaching the safer zones of the main army installations, farther east. Straggling trains were easy prey for the ferocious Plains tribes who roamed the Trail in search of the lesser numbers.

Despite the formidable dangers, Hatcher and his men were forced to make the trip. The party was depleted of supplies, and a dire need for provisions existed. And the fifteen men wished to have a rub with the Eastern population and lick their chops after a feast on civilized contacts, following many long, lonely months in the frontier trapping regions.

The trappers approached Wagon Mound in a single column, as helpless as a wagon train could possibly be.

Suddenly, over the hill came three hundred war-bedecked Indians, headed hell-bent for the Hatcher caravan. Their leader, Old Wolf, gave the sign of peace; but Hatcher knew this was a deceitful move. There was nothing much he could do as he looked for an opportunity to oppose the "peaceful" attack. The savages were described by Colonel Inman as being painted in the "highest style of Indian art," and possessed with evil, cunning facial features, displaying a confidence that they had the white men outnumbered, with nothing to do except "cat and mouse" them until the helpless party fell victims to their chosen massacre and the materials of the train would be their possession.

The wagon train halted. Hatcher offered the leaders of the tribe some refreshments, as Colonel Inman noted, "a practice in those days." In this case it gave the men of the trapped wagon train time to think.



National Park Service

One of the first buildings at Fort Union, established to guard the Santa Fe Trail.

A large blanket was thrown upon the ground, near one of the wagons. Sugar was brought from the wagon supplies, and the leaders gathered around and sank teeth into the liberal offerings, gloating. Delicacies now, bloodshed later.

It looked on the surface as if no blood would be spilt.

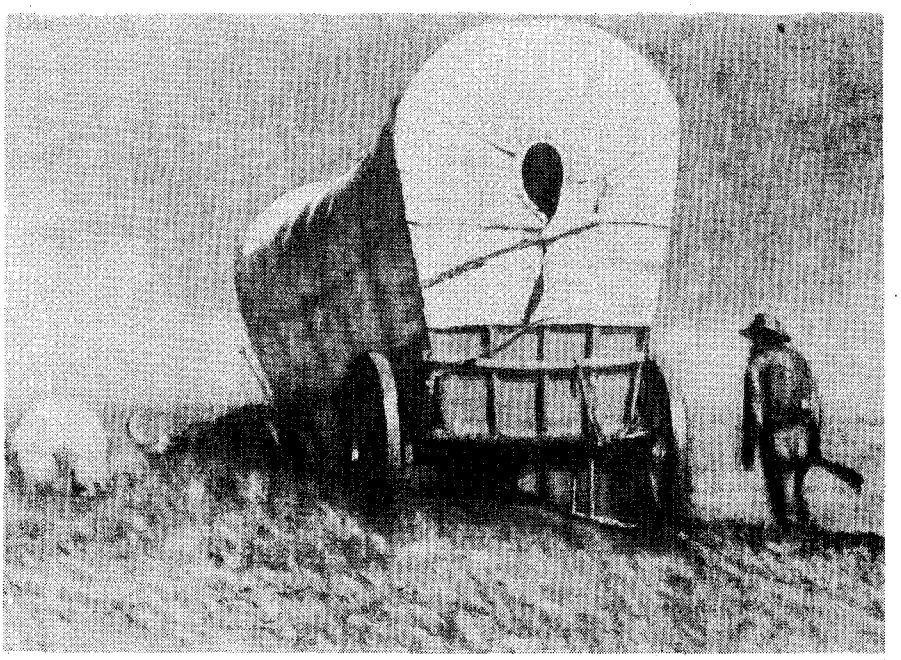
But Hatcher, as well as his companions, knew this would not be the case, and "was firm in the belief that they came for no other purpose then to rob the caravan and kill him and his men."

Hatcher acted cool and collected under the strain of the dangerous situation, but struggled inwardly with plans to outfox the Indians.

As the savages feasted, the Mountain Man had his men form the wagons into a "corral" fashion. Even with the wagons in such a position, he didn't have much chance for survival against an attack by three hundred raiding red men.

Weeks later, in the East, while describing the blood-curdling episode, Hatcher remarked "that he had no idea that either he or any of his men would escape; only fifteen men against three hundred merciless savages, and those, the worst on the continent. The chances were totally hopeless. Nothing but a desperate action could prevail, and maybe not even that."

BUT this "desperate action" did prevail, and in the most daring manner.



Facing danger every mile, the wagon trains rolled on through seas of grass and barren plains.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Indian head men had completed the sugar feast, and were standing around the blanket. Hatcher and Old Wolf were leaning against a wheel of the front wagon. While they talked, the Mountain Man was heaping demands upon the chief to send his warriors over the hill–"away over the hill." Hatcher occupied the position to the right of Old Wolf. They were very near each other.

Demands that the warriors leave the wagon train reached angry tones, to such an extent that the head Indians positioned themselves ready for battle.

Hatcher knew that he must play his game of threats to the end. He suddenly reached out with his left hand and grabbed Old Wolf by his scalp-lock. At the same time he yanked a knife from the scabbard at his side, and held it at the throat of Old Wolf, not piercing the skin, but with a firm indication of what would happen if the warriors didn't go over the hill.

This daring move of the Mountain Man had taken place quickly. Seconds before, the band of threatening savages seemed to hold the whip hand. The daring move of the Sangre de Cristo Mountain trapper had changed the whole pattern of events. The train members as well as the Indians were flabbergasted.

Old Wolf's braves were helpless. Their chief had a knife dangerously touching his life vein. Even if the braves pounced upon the Mountain Man, their chief would die under the sudden thrust of Hatcher's sharp knife.

The warriors didn't want this to happen.

Every man of the train and all the Indians stood breathless. Hatcher again came out with the firm command that Old Wolf send his men over the hill, saying, "Send your young men over the hill at once, or I'll kill you right where you are." The sharp point of the knife was held at firm contact, unwaveringly, on the Indian's throat.

Old Wolf, stubborn to the very last, wiggled his head cautiously in the negative to the demand of the wagon train leader.

Hatcher repeated the order, this time in furious tones, "Send your young men over the hill, I tell you, or I'll scalp you alive as you are."

Again the old Indian warrior, a ruthless man of many successful forays over the Plains Country, shook his head.

Hatcher had reached the point where he could not afford to back down. He had nothing to lose, actually. Three hundred warriors stood ready to attack the fifteen men. He moved the knife to another position, and commenced the gruesome work of ringing the old Indian's scalp. As warm blood trickled down his forehead, Old Wolf at last ordered his next in command to send the young men over the hill. And out of sight!

THE WARRIORS were astonished at the sudden weakening of their fearless leader, but they hurriedly mounted their horses and rode away, "as fast as they could thump their animals' sides with their legs, leaving only five or six chiefs with Old Wolf and Hatcher."

Hatcher held firmly to the old chief's head. He turned to his men and ordered them to throw the hides from the wagons as fast as they could, and mount the wagons themselves, ready to depart.

The daring Mountain Man jerked himself to a standing position, and yanked the chief after him. He gave him a good, swift kick in the pants, and told him and his friends they could leave.

"They went off, and did not return." The small caravan of trappers gathered up the unloaded furs and pelts and continued on the dangerous trail to the East, to Westport Landing, St. Louis, and civilization.

RW

BIBLIOGRAPHY:
The Old Santa Fe Trail, by Col. Henry Inman.
New Mexico State Historical Society Santa Fe, New Mexico.
The State Historical Society of Colorado Denver, Colo.

"OLD 97": BADMAN'S NEMESIS

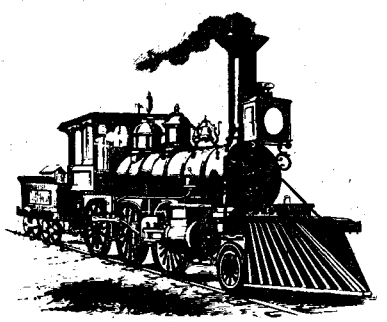
by
T.W. Paterson

Like the famous locomotive "Old 97" of American folklore, Canada had its "97," also. Unlike the former's claim to fame, a wreck, British Columbia's counterpart is remembered for her jinx – a hoodoo that affected only outlaws!

Part of the westbound transcontinental, 97 was victim of the first two train robberies in Canadian history.

The first – May 8, 1906 – was masterminded by the notorious American bandit, Bill Miner. But the longtime outlaw had erred; the holdup resulted in $15.50! The train had been sectioned, the money was following later...

Within days Miner and his men were behind bars.



Ninety-seven's next encounter with a desperado occurred in May, 1907, when Paul Mannarino boarded her in handcuffs with an escort of provincial police officers. Charged with the attempted murder of his uncle, the little criminal slumped dejectedly in his seat.

Suddenly, before the guards could move, Paul leaped through an open window. Ninety-seven came to a screeching halt. Running back to where Paul had jumped, the officers found his bleeding, battered body in the snow. It obviously had been his intention to land in the lake skirting the railway bed. But he had landed at 40 miles per hour – two feet short of the lifesaving water. Minutes later, in 97's baggage car, he died – precisely one year since the night of Bill Miner's ill-fated robbery.

"Old 97" worked quietly for another two years when, again, daring robbers boarded her. But the Haney brothers were cursed too. They chose almost the same spot as Miner for the holdup and escaped with less – nothing! The train had been sectioned, the silver bullion they were after was on the other train.

Later, one brother was killed when shooting it out with the law. The other was never seen again.

"Old 97" is gone now. But pioneer railwaymen still shake their heads when they recall the train that was the nemesis of pioneer desperadoes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

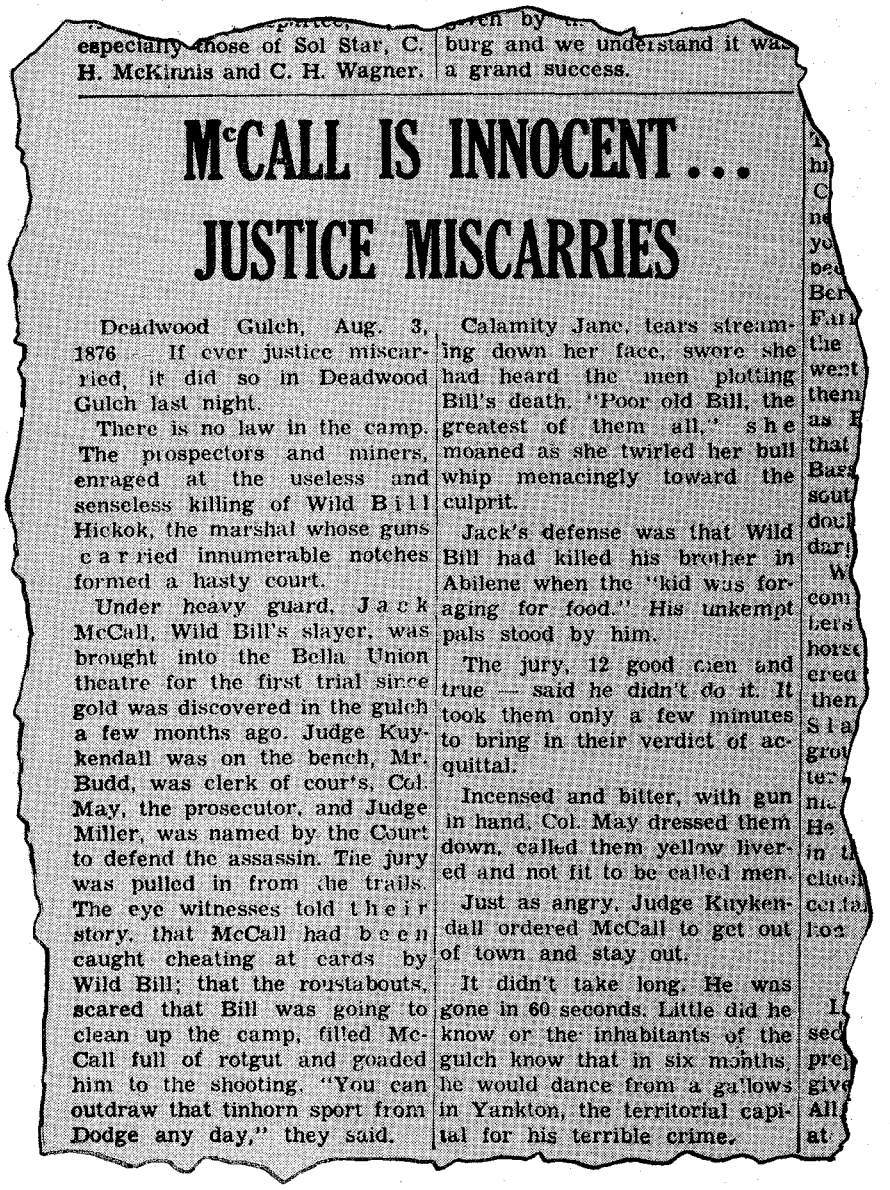
TRIAL OF JACK McCALL

(Continued from page 23)

Bill. I was there at the time this man shot him. I did not see him die and **do not know that he died immediately.** We were seated at a round table playing cards. The house fronted south. I was sitting with my back partly towards the wall. Bill was seated opposite me....I saw the defendant first on that occasion. When the pistol report came I was looking down at the table and looked up and saw the defendant backing as if to get out the back door. My left arm was resting on the table when the pistol was fired. I felt a shock and numbness in my left wrist. I heard the report of the pistol and looked up to see where it came from and saw the defendant with a pistol in his right hand. He was moving it about apparently to keep the crowd from coming upon him and was backing towards the back door. He was **saying, 'Come on ye sons-of-bitches.'** He intimidated the crowd with the pistol and everyone got out of the front door except Mr. Mann. I got out quick as I could and did not see Wild Bill fall. I looked up at the pistol and my eyes passed him. The ball was not found on examining my arm. It is there yet I suppose. I saw the defendant come into the same room a day or two before and walk around behind Bill and pull his pistol about two-thirds out. There was a young man with him who put his arm around the defendant and walked him towards the back door."

At five p.m., December fifth, the prosecution rested its case.

The defense then gave notice that it had no witnesses. However, a motion was made by the attorney for the defense that the prisoner be discharged on the ground that a true copy of the Indictment had never been served by the prosecuting attorney. After argument, the defense admitted that a copy of the indictment had been served previous to the one upon which its motion was based, which the defense had forgotten about. Then the case was turned over to the jury which promptly found McCall guilty of murder in the first degree. Judge Shannon sentenced the murderer to die on the scaffold, "on the first day of March, 1877."



especially those of Sol Star, C. H. McKinnis and C. H. Wagner.

burg and we understand it was a grand success.

McCALL IS INNOCENT... JUSTICE MISCARRIES

Deadwood Gulch, Aug. 3, 1876 — If ever justice miscarried, it did so in Deadwood Gulch last night.

There is no law in the camp. The prospectors and miners, enraged at the useless and senseless killing of Wild Bill Hickok, the marshal whose guns carried innumerable notches formed a hasty court.

Under heavy guard, Jack McCall, Wild Bill's slayer, was brought into the Bella Union theatre for the first trial since gold was discovered in the gulch a few months ago. Judge Kuykendall was on the bench, Mr. Budd, was clerk of court's, Col. May, the prosecutor, and Judge Miller, was named by the Court to defend the assassin. The jury was pulled in from the trails. The eye witnesses told their story, that McCall had been caught cheating at cards by Wild Bill; that the roustabouts, scared that Bill was going to clean up the camp, filled McCall full of rotgut and goaded him to the shooting. "You can outdraw that tinhorn sport from Dodge any day," they said.

Calamity Jane, tears streaming down her face, swore she had heard the men plotting Bill's death. "Poor old Bill, the greatest of them all," she moaned as she twirled her bull whip menacingly toward the culprit.

Jack's defense was that Wild Bill had killed his brother in Abilene when the "kid was foraging for food." His unkempt pals stood by him.

The jury, 12 good men and true — said he didn't do it. It took them only a few minutes to bring in their verdict of acquittal.

Incensed and bitter, with gun in hand, Col. May dressed them down, called them yellow livered and not fit to be called men.

Just as angry, Judge Kuykendall ordered McCall to get out of town and stay out.

It didn't take long. He was gone in 60 seconds. Little did he know or the inhabitants of the gulch know that in six months, he would dance from a gallows in Yankton, the territorial capital for his terrible crime.

Newspapers of the day reflected the feelings of the people after McCall was acquitted at his first trial. The Black Hills Pioneer carried this headline.

Immediately, McCall's lawyers began a desperate legal battle in an attempt to save their client's life. The court's decision was appealed to the supreme court on a writ of error. The high court carefully reviewed the case - their decision: McCall had gotten a fair and impartial trial; the death sentence should stand.

Then, in desperation, an effort was made to gain a Presidential commutation of the death sentence to imprisonment for life. Both the President and the United States Attorney General reviewed the case - and refused to interfere. McCall's last hope was gone. He had exhausted every legal consideration that justice allows. Nowhere could there be found the slightest reason for clemency. The killer must die.

"The morning of the execution dawned cloudily, with a drizzling rain," reported the P-D, "The heavens were seemingly draped in sombre coloring for some specially dreadful occasion...

"At nine o'clock Marshal Burdick read to the doomed man the death warrant. An air of gloom pervaded the interior of the jail. Outside of the jail yard, in the drizzling rain, was a crowd of curious lookers-on, anxious apparently to catch a fleeting glance of the unfortunate man who so soon was to pay for his crime on the gibbet.

"McCall had prepared a written statemen which he designed should be published in our columns after his death. But, for some reason unknown to us, he last evening destroyed the same. Evidently he wished to hide, if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Above: Hickok's grave at Mt. Moriah, Deadwood, S. D. Left: the last photo made of Wild Bill in 1876.

Div. of Mss. Library, Univ. of Oklahoma

possible, all trace of his past life.

"At half past nine, everything being in readiness, the condemned man bade farewell to his fellow prisoners and left his prison house for the last time.....

"Upon leaving the jail, Marshal Burdick, with Deputy Marshal Ash, occupied a light carriage and led the way. They were followed by a carriage containing McCall...This mournful train bearing its living victim to the grave was preceded and followed by a long line of vehicles of every description with hundreds on horseback and on foot, all leading north, out through Broadway. The rain which was falling had moistened the earth and deadened the sound of the carriage wheels. Not a word was spoken during the ride of two miles to the school section north of the Catholic cemetery. McCall still continued to bear up bravely, even after the gallows loomed in full view. At ten o'clock precisely, the place of execution was reached. Sheriff Baker and Marshal Leeper had charge of police regulations at the ground, and had so efficiently discharged their duties in this respect that there was no crowding or other unseemly conduct at the scaffold. As soon as possible after reaching the ground, the prisoner mounted the platform of the gallows, accompanied by Deputy Marshal Ash. Here he evinced the same firmness and nerve that have always characterized him since his arrest and trial. He placed himself in the center of the platform facing east and gazed out over the throng without exhibiting the least faltering; not even a quiver of the lip. **Immediately the limbs of the unfortunate culprit were pinioned, when he knelt with his spiritual counsel.** Turning his face toward heaven, his lips were seen to move in prayer. Upon **rising, he kissed the crucifix and after** the black cap had been placed over his face, the U.S. Marshal placed the noose around his neck. He then said: 'Wait one moment, Marshal, until I pray.' Burdick waited until he had uttered a prayer and then adjusted the noose, when he said, 'Draw it tighter, Marshal.' All was now in readiness, **and the assemblage of nearly** one thousand persons seemed to hold their breath. It was an awful moment - the single step between life and death. At precisely 15 minutes after ten o'clock, the trap was sprung, and with the single choking expression, 'Oh, God,' uttered while the drop fell, the body of John McCall was dangling between heaven and earth. The drop was four feet and everything having been carefully arranged, there was but a brief struggle with the King of Terrors.

....."Upon the scaffold, McCall, neatly **attired in black, cleanly-shaven and of** slight build, looked indeed boyish, but met his death with the most unshrinking courage. Of all upon that fatal scaffold, he seemed least affected. Poor boy! The way of the transgressor is hard.

...."The last chapter is ended, and John McCall and William Hickok are in eternity. Truly, life is a dream, fitted with exciting shadows and sometimes ending suddenly in deeper shadow, like the frightful awakening from a horrid nightmare."

And so, one of the most infamous crimes in frontier history was officially marked "closed." However, one tantalizing thread still dangles. Why was Wild Bill killed? Was McCall merely a glory-hunter? Did he have a deep-seated grudge against Wild Bill? Or was he a hired killer? To this day, no one knows for sure.

But out of the maze of contradictory evidence shines one proud fact. Never was American justice at a finer hour. In the face of infuriated public opinion, McCall's guilt or innocence was pondered without prejudice; carefully reviewed by the supreme court; and re-reviewed by the President himself. There is no doubt about it. McCall got a much better run for his life than Wild Bill did.

RW

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Doane Robinson, History of South Dakota, 1904, B.F. Brown & Co., publishers.

Joseph G. Rosa, They Called Him Wild Bill, The Life and Adventures of James Butler Hickok, University of Oklahoma Press: Norman, Copyright 1964.

Albert N. Williams, The Black Hills-Mid Continent Resort, American Resort Series No. 4, Southern Methodist University Press, 1952.

South Dakota, A Guide to the State, American Guide Series, Sponsored by the State of South Dakota, Hastings House, New York.

The Press and Dakotaian, Nov. 23, Nov. 28, Dec. 6, 1876; March 2, 1877., Yankton, Dakota Territory.

The Daily Leader, Sept. 1, 1876, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RAWHIDE RAILROAD

(Continued from page 25)

of feet into the air and the roar of the cascading water could be heard for miles.

The spot was called Celilo Falls and around it was a large Indian encampment. Many battles among the tribes had been fought for possession of this place, for not only was it a good place for protection from invaders, but the concentration of fish, trying to make their way up-stream, made for an easy food supply.

For some time this desirable site on the Columbia had been in the possession of a fierce tribe called the Wishams. This tribe had worried Doc because they demanded a heavy tribute from every boat that passed through their domain. Having a monopoly, the toll they claimed had been raised to a prohibitive amount. So Doc snapped his fingers in glee for he was certain, as he laughed at his Indian pal's capers, that he had solved not only the problem of getting his engines past Celilo Falls, but he would not have to pay one cent of tribute.

A few months later, when word was relayed that the locomotives had arrived in Portland, Oregon, Mr. Baker took his boats to pick them up with perfect confidence that no problem would be encountered when they had to pass through the restricted district.

It worked out exactly as he had anticipated, for when the Wishams stopped him for the usual contribution the shrewd Doc broke out a box of the plug hats he had ordered and began passing them out. The Indian's eyes opened in astonishment at the wonder of a shiny, black top-hat that could collapse into a flat circle. Mr. Baker's cunning not only assured free passage for the two locomotives and the 100 sets of car wheels, but gave him the combined power of 1000 naked, but high-hatted warriors to pull the load through the rapids.

When the heavy cargo arrived at Wallula, Bill Green had prepared an incline from the river to the new roadway. He also had 40 oxen waiting to do the job of hauling the engines up to the new track. It was not too hard a job to put the 100 sets of wheels under the already-built box-cars and the train was ready to go.

As neither Doc nor Bill had ever run an engine the train did not take off immediately. There was a great deal of pencil chewing as the two, assisted by a huge gallery of both Whites and Indians, studied the instruction manual which had accompanied the cargo. Since neither man doubted his ability to do anything he set out to do, their confidence paid off and in a few days the train was ready to roll.

Just before they were ready to start, Doc remarked, "What's the book say that thing on the front of the engine, down next to the track is for?"

"That's a cow-catcher," Bill answered.

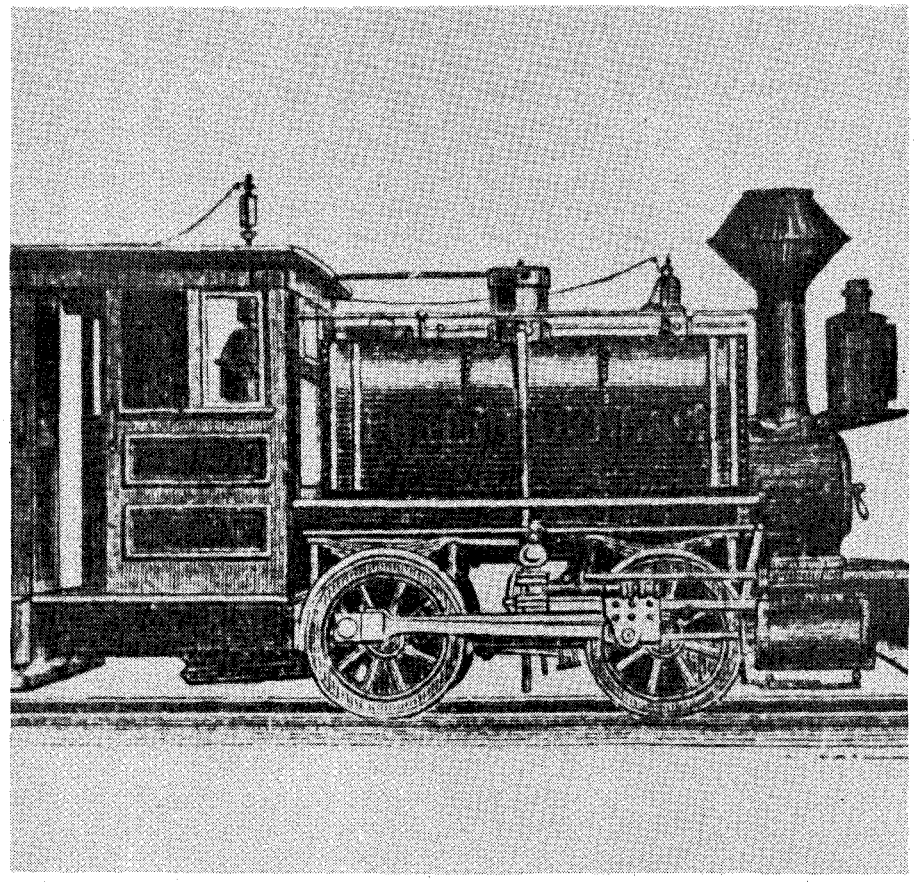
"That thing couldn't catch a cow. It would kill it."

"I got a better idea. Tear that thing off and build a low platform about 3 feet wide across the front. I'll put O1' Shep on there and when cattle get on the track he can jump off and run 'em out of the way."

This is exactly what was done and as long as the railroad ran Ol' Shep performed his duties as faithfully as any other of the train crew.

The first trip was exciting but slow. The crew had to go ahead to spike down the ties at the correct gauge but still, Doc Baker felt his worries were over. This did not prove to be true, for after two trips it was found the wooden rails were being chewed into splinters by the iron wheels. Again the resourcefulness of the pioneer came to the rescue. It wad decided to cover their entire length with rawhide. This was done and it proved most effective. In the summer the hot sun baked the hides as hard as iron and little replacement was required. Winter, however, was another matter, for the rains and snow made the rawhide so soft and slick it was impossible to put any rolling stock on them. But, since Mr. Baker had very little to ship during the winter the road was put in moth-balls, so to speak, until the following spring.

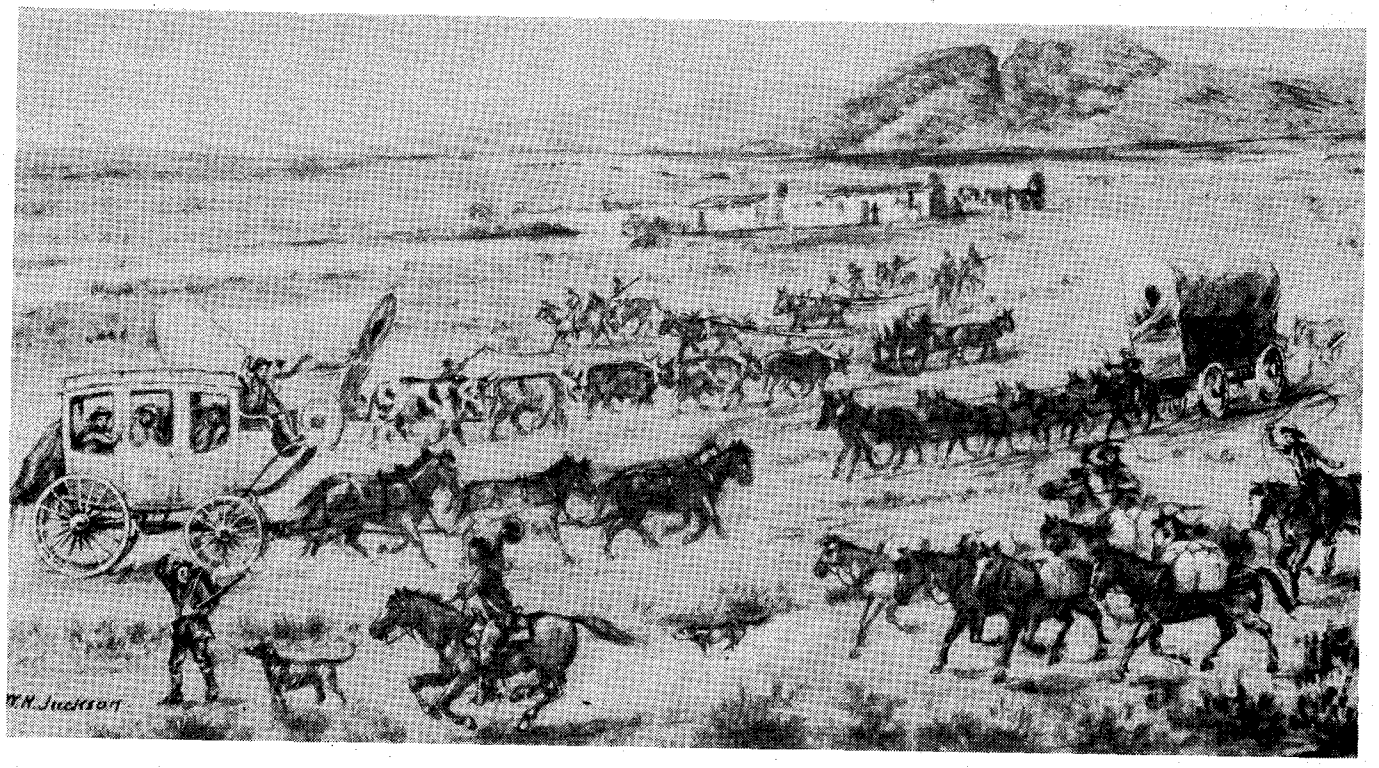
For quite a few years Doc Baker ran his railroad with success. Then came a winter of such magnitude that both the Whites and Indians wondered if spring would ever come again. The thermometer plummeted to the bottom and stayed there for weeks. The winds howled and the snow piled up to a unprecedented depth. Rain fell, forming an icy crust that neither



Author's photo

Some doubt that Doc Baker's wood burning steam engine was the first in Oregon Territory, but his rails were surely the only ones ever eaten by wolves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Union Pacific Railroad Photo

Before the railroads, merchants and travelers had to depend on these early modes of transportation: wagon train, stagecoach, conestoga, mule train, all of which were prey for bandits and marauding Indians.

man nor beast could negotiate. All communication was severed and each family became an island unto itself.

The loss of stock was nearly 100% for the storm hit so suddenly there had been no time to gather them in from the range. Many froze to death while standing, and where small bands gathered together for protection, they slowly starved to death.

That terrible winter was also called "The Winter of the Wolves," for the starving animals surrounded the villages and homesteads and in their desperation attacked anything which moved.

Spring was late that year and as the snows slowly receded the devastation was terrible to see. Thousands of animals, both wild and domestic, lay everywhere and the stench was unbearable.

Doc Baker was hit hardest of all for he could count on his hands the stock that had survived. He did not even know if his Indian friend was alive for he had started across the prairie to visit his current girl-friend the day the storm had hit.

Then came a sunny day and Mr. Baker decided to ride out a short way to look over the damage. He had just shrugged into his great-coat when the door slammed open and there stood his friend. He was so excited that Doc could not, at first, make sense out of his mixture of English and Indian.

"Bad! Bad!" he yelled, "Railroad all gone to hell! Railroad all gone to hell!"

Doc had visions of a fire in the stored boxcars but when he rushed outside all seemed serene.

He turned angrily and grabbing his friend shook him until his head flopped.

"What do you mean? Railroad all gone to Hell!"

Railroad all gone to Hell," he said softly, shaking his head, "Wolves eat' em. Eat'em all track. Tracks all gone to Hell."

So ended the Rawhide Railroad. Dr. Dorsey S. Baker sold his rolling stock to the Oregon Steam Navigation Co. They rebuilt, changed the gauge to standard, and used iron instead of rawhide to cover the rails.

RW

KITTY SPARKS GEM THEATRE

The Gem Theatre was one of the most popular in Deadwood gulch Dakota Terr. in 1877. One reason was the nightly appearance of a tall, graceful, beautiful professional dancer, Kitty LeRoy. She had a great swarm of admirers but one among them, Sam Curley, won her favor. The courtship ended in their marriage, by Justice Barker, believed the first in Deadwood. Kitty retained her popularity which soon caused trouble between the two. Curley was very jealous and after a violent quarrel, he left. But in the fall, he returned at night, quietly, and searched fruitlessly for the man he believed had supplanted him in Kitty's affections. He went to the boarding house where Kitty stayed and soon the neighbors heard several pistol shots. when they investigated, Kitty, dressed in all her finery, was dead. Beside her lay her husband. He had saved a bullet for himself.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:
Oregon Historical Quarterly Vol. 4 1903
The Rawhide Railroad by George Estes 1916

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BLOODY CHINESE MASSACRE

(Continued from page 28)

hibited in this State, and all contracts for coolie labor shall be void. The Legislature shall delegate all necessary power to cities and towns of this State for the removal of Chinese without the limits of such cities and towns. It also shall provide the necessary legislation to prohibit the introduction into this State of Chinese after the adoption of this Constitution."

Unwanted aliens. "All necessary power...for the removal of Chinese" was a legal actuality. Unwittingly, the Legislature had created a monster, a monster that was formed of intolerance and seemingly condoned the use of violence, if necessary, to rid California of Orientals.

A Chinese cook at the Pico House was the first victim. He ran into the street crying, "Me good man! Me good man!" But the mob disbelieved his woeful chant and searched him, finding a knife beneath his flowing clothes.

He was promptly lynched.

"Hang! Hang! Hang!" the mob went mad. A shot was fired at Sam Yung's store. Then a fusillade. Terrified Chinese raced from buildings and alleys toward the safety of the Coronel adobe, Chinese headquarters.

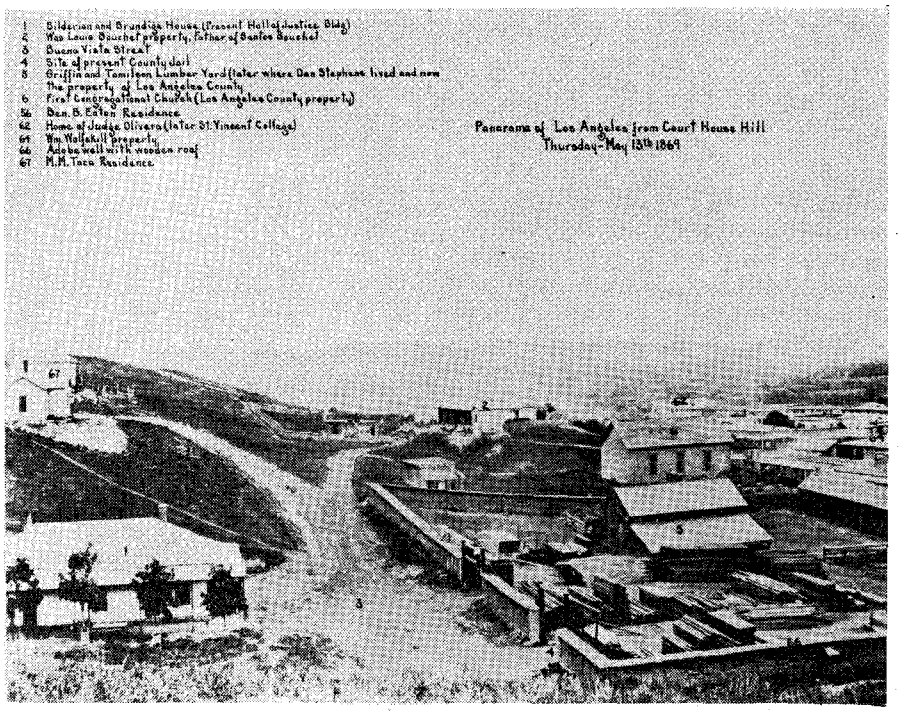
Inoffensive, peaceful Chinese citizens who had not participated in the Tong war were dragged from their homes and business places. A gentle old, physician, revered by his people, pleaded for his life.

"How much money you got, old man?" jeered a leader. The physician offered $2,000 to be spared. Gleefully the sum was accepted.

Then the old man was brutally slaughtered.

Stores were sprinkled with coal-oil and set afire. Fragile Chinese women found in buildings were brutally cuffed and raped. One Chinawomen was shot and killed.

Men, women and children. No mercy was shown. Pursuing yellow persons seemed the goal of all white men. Eight Chinamen were dragged from a building at the upper end of Los Angeles Street. "One was killed by dragging him through the streets by a rope fastend to his neck, on the way to the place of execution; three were hung on a wagon at Los Angeles Street; four on the western gate of the Tomlinson corral..."



Los Angeles County Museum

It's easy to see how moods and tempers could be contagious in the close quarters of old Los Angeles.

Looting was widespread. Money and jewelry were taken then proudly exhibited to others. A basement beer parlor known as Gambrinus Hall became a sight of terror for fleeing Chinese. Three of their countrymen were grabbed and hanged from the iron rail that protected passersbys from the stairway.

Prominent white merchants "dealt out rope to be used for hanging Chinamen..."

A witness at the Coroner's inquest, Major Horace Bell, wrote: "...the Chief of Police of Los Angeles stationed his men and deputies he had mustered in for the occasion, at all strategic point with orders to shoot to death any Chinese that might stick a head out..."

However, county Sheriff J. Frank Burns and court constable Emil Harris arrived in Negro Alley shortly after the Coronel adobe was surrounded by 3,000 screaming whites, and ordered the mob to desist and disband.

"Go to hell; Sheriff!" screamed a voice from the rear. "You too, Harris!" came another. "We intend to kill all them dirty chinks!"

Burns hastily beat a retreat for the courthouse to assemble a posse, leaving Harris in charge at the riot scene.

About 8:30 p.m. Burns returned with a small force, a newly organized group known as the Law and Order party. Excitement intensified but the small posse fought its way into the midst of the violent mob, tearing intended lynch victims from the rabble and chastising with billy clubs and pistol butts their assailants.

Title Insurance & Trust Co. Los Angeles

At the risk of his own life, Sheriff Burns waded through the lynch-crazy mobs to save the lives of terrified Chinese.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By midnight the rioting had stopped.

But the screams of the dying continued till dawn.

And slinking murderers crept into hiding, as the sobs of heartsick Chinese seeking the bodies of loved ones filled the night. Bodies were carried off, never to be seen again.

An accurate count of victims never was possible.

An editorial, partly written after Thompson's death and policeman Bilderrain's wounding, but *before* the Chinese massacre, was printed in the Los Angles Star the next day, Oct. 25, 1871:

"The horrible assassination...perpetrated in our city last night by the brutal, uncivilized barbarians that infest the country, is an indication of what the consequence would be were their race trans-migrated in large numbers upon this coast. Upon all the earth there does not exist a people who value life so lightly, who practice so many horrors, or who are so unmerciful in their outrages. From their very mode of existence they have little regard for their own lives and none whatever for the lives of others. The shooting of...our citizens upon the streets yesterday, ere daylight had gone, and the frequency of their horrible acts of a similar nature, has now, at last set our citizens to thinking, as to the best mode of riding ourselves of such a living curse. Little doubt exists but that such measures will be immediately taken as well entirely rid the city of their accursed presence. In this matter we should little heed the opinions of those aboard, who are not familiar with the Chinese nature and our circumstances. Have we not seen--have we not sadly realized? During the excitement ...several methods were proposed, among which was one, that a brief period of time be allowed for every Chinaman to leave the county. The most moderate course which could be pursued would be to withhold from them all business and all employment."

After the rioting and massacre, the editor continued:

"After the above was written, last night, eighteen Chinamen were hanged and shot to death. The friends of the killed and wounded Americans were exasperated to such a degree that all attempts to quell the hanging and shooting were without avail, until the very horror of the scenes became sickening to the participants themselves. Comment is useless."

It was estimated by the subsequent Grand Jury that, in addition to the tremendous loss of life, more than forty thousand dollars were taken from the Chinese by the mob.

None was recovered.

Property damage was enormous.

Although it was common knowledge that certain persons in high city positions--a city councilman, for one -- had participated in the carnage, they were not indicted by the Grand Jury.

City policemen who participated in the massacre were mildly censured, but left on duty; white merchants that had freely furnished rope to hang Chinamen were unmolested. However, in order to still those who spoke in forceful terms against the barbarism, a dozen or so uninfluential Mexicans and Irishmen were brought before the Grand Jury.

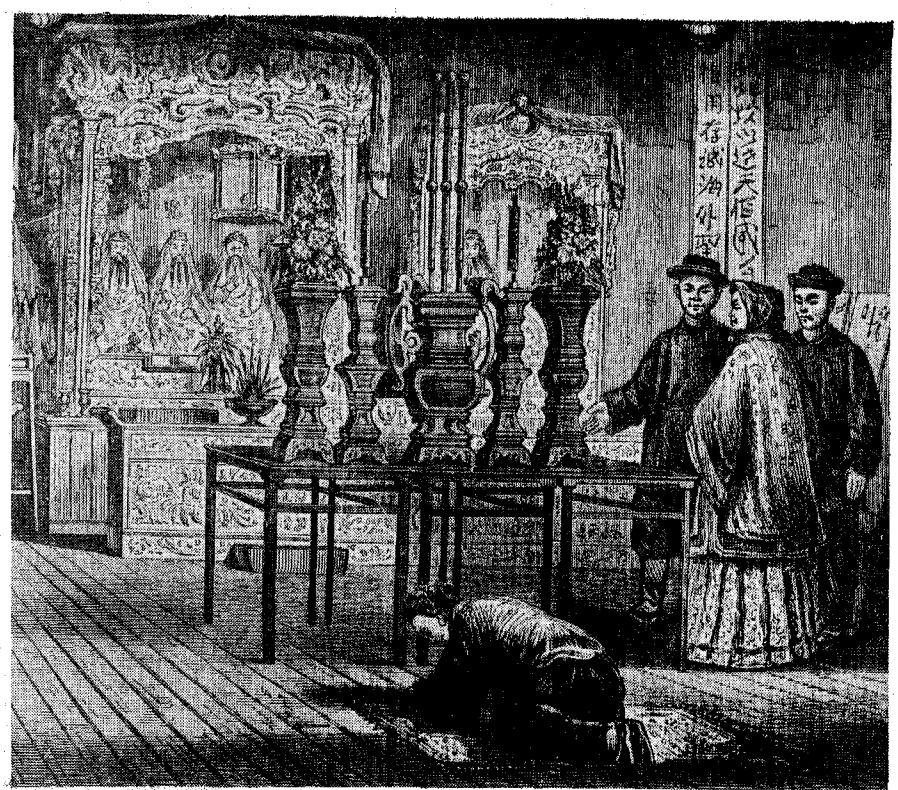
Seven were convicted of manslaughter and received short term sentences. But even this punishment was not to be. Attorneys appealed the cases on writ of error; the state Supreme Court reversed the decisions of the lower court and they returned, free, to the pueblo.

Worldwide repercussions ensued when the Chinese government made protest to the U.S. authorities, demanding and forcing them to pay a large indemnity for the wild slaughter of their people.

From throughout the United States, ministers thundered from the pulpit their horror at the Los Angeles proceedings: "Uncivilized! Missionaries should be sent! Perhaps the citizens can be converted to Christianity..."

But the ministers did not believe their sermons. Los Angeles was beyond redemption, they felt.

RW



Though they suffered physical outrages and were showered with condemnations and called Godless, the Chinese were devout and had their own brand of worship, sometimes more meaningful than that of the Christian settlers.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

{1} Bell, Horace. On The Old West Coast, 1930, Morrow and Co., N.Y.

{2} California State Constitution, Robert Desty, 1871

{3} Carr, Harry. Los Angeles, 1935, D. Appleton--Century Co, Inc. N.Y.

{4} Illustrated Weekly, Jan. 24, 1914. Article: LIGHT ON DARK DAYS, by Farnell--Bond, Genevieve.

{5} McWilliams, Carey. California: The Great Exception

{6} The Los Angeles Star, Oct. 25, 1871.

{7} Workman, Boyle. The City that Grew, 1935, Southland Publishing Co., Los Angeles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INSTANT JUSTICE

(Continued from page 29)

Ike Clanton grunted in the affirmative.

Revivalist Tuttle sang a hymn and then, by unpopular demand, he sang another. In fact, he sang *a cappella* for an hour or so before the outlaws would let him go.

On the following morning, Curley Bill slumped down in an easy chair in front of the Charleston hotel. Soon he fell to snoring until he snorted himself awake. He peered unbelievingly into the business ends of a double-barreled shotgun that was held in the steady hands of Justice Jim Burnett.

"What's all this?" Curley Bill asked.

"You know as well as I do," Justice Burnett said. "Court's now in session."

According to his *modus operandi,* Justice Burnett called his court into session wherever he found a need for it. And thus he tried and convicted Curley Bill "of illegally, unlawfully, and without warrant of law, breaking up the church service in the schoolhouse.

He fined the outlaw $25 and ordered him to pay it "forthwith, immediately, and at once."

Curley Bill shook his head.

"Why, you old--" he began and then clammed up.

The justice still had the drop on him.

Curley Bill carefully reached into his pocket and hauled out a cow-choking bank-roll. He peeled off enough bills to pay his fine and handed them to Burnett. The justice pocketed the money and closed the case.

Burnett's official position wasn't always respected as such, but his gun was. He could use it "with speed and precision." He could undo a man if necessary but he was not a confirmed killer. He wasn't like his *segundo,* Constable Jerry Barton.

Barton ran a saloon in Charleston when he wasn't running down some fleeing miscreant. He was a man of enormous strength, with fists like pile-drivers. His tongue stuttered but his trigger-finger had no impediment.

"How many men have you killed, Jerry?" somebody asked him.

He pondered a moment and then stammered, "D-do you c-count Mexicans?"

It was said that he'd "killed 17 men--three of them in handkerchief duels and two with his fists."

But whatever his mortuary record, Jerry Barton was more respected in his town than some of the former lawmen who'd prowled around there. They'd found it necessary to light a shuck, without leaving a forwarding address, in order to preserve their health. Barton was never compelled to climb over the border and get lost in Mexico.

Jerry once took part in a Charleston revival service.

When Revivalist Josiah Brown planned to take on the town, a fellow called Bill Jones printed a sign and nailed it to the centrally-located, bullet-splintered flagpole.

Bill claimed he'd been a deacon "back East before the wah," but that actually hadn't improved his spelling. Anyhow, he got his message across, thus:

preachin' notice
The Rev. Josiah Brown will preach at the Dans-haul at 10 o'clock, a. m.
TXT
"The wicked flea, when no man pursuith,
but the rychus is as bold as a lion."

Constable Barton read the sign and then reckoned he'd better drop over to the meeting to forestall any profane sidewinders from breaking it up.

He listened attentively to the preacher's fire-and-brimstone homily. He also joined the congregation in singing *Greenland's Icy Mountains,* gustily if not melodiously.

Time came for taking up the collection. Preacher Brown held out his battered hat and asked for a volunteer to pass it around. Constable Barton volunteered.

The headgear, it was reported, "was a revelation to the frontier. It was the first plug hat seen in the district. The winds of many a Boston winter had whistled through it."

"N-nothing less than a d-dollar goes," Jerry stammered out, passing the hat around.

American cartwheels and 'dobe'dollars of Mexican mintage were tossed into the collection. The hat held an unwonted weight. When the last dollar had been tossed into it, Barton headed back to the preacher. But he was slightly interrupted.

Suddenly the overburdened crown of the plug hat ripped apart and the coins, dropping to the floor, hopped off in every direction. When they were finally brought together again and delivered in a borrowed hat, they totaled $103.

Burnett and Barton worked well together. They exemplified their smoothness when, one night, somebody called them to the saloon and gambling-hell run by Jaw Bone Clark. He'd poured himself too much red-eye and became offensively loud-mouthed.

The constable arrested Jaw Bone for disturbing the peace. The justice instantly convened court, found him guilty, and fined him $50. Jaw Bone paid the fine, Burnett pocketed it, thrust himself into a poker game, and lost.

The alert constable then edged up to the tipsy proprietor and prodded him into an argument. Jaw Bone soon upped his voice and the constable was constrained to arrest him again.

Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

Justice Burnett preferred his own brand of law to that which emanated from the old courthouse in Tombstone, the county seat at the time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Burnett's instant court assessed the offender another $50. Once more the justice sat at the gaming table. And once more he lost.

The constable, observing how depressed his friend looked over losing twice, reckoned that the generous-hearted proprietor would again come to the aid of the justice.

Jaw Bone stood behind the bar, wiping his sudsy hands on his apron. Constable Barton sauntered over to the bar and bellied up to it. Jaw Bone couldn't see him for sawdust.

Jaw Bone had done some reckoning on his own. He now walked about his place, blowing out light after light, as he came to it. It was not necessary for him to open his mouth in explanation of his conduct. It was obvious that he was closing up his joint for the night....

Once a drunken rancher named Jack Haarer flourished a leadspitting gun whilst galloping his horse up and down Main street. Fearless Burnett walked out into the street, stopped the horse, yanked the inebriate from it, convened court, found him guilty, and fined him 20 head of three-year-old steers. Shortly afterward the steers were delivered to Burnett who sold them and pocketed the money.

In another espisode, a Mexican drive into town with a stolen horse hitched to a wagon loaded with cordwood. He hunted up Justice Burnett.

The horse was returned immediately to its owner, the thief was instantly fined nine cords of wood and ordered to make delivery *pronto* to the Gird stamping-mill. Burnett sold the wood to Gird and pocketed the money....

The emolument of the justice, set by the Board of Supervisors at Tombstone, Cochise county seat, was no more than a fixed percentage of the revenue he derived from fines.

For awhile, at the beginning of his judicial career, Burnett handed over his fines *in toto* to the Supervisors and then they remitted his percentage quarterly to him. One time he was sent $190 when, he claimed, he had $380 due him. Not so, said the Board.

"Hereafter, then," Burnett wrote to the Supervisors, "the justice court of the Charleston precinct will look after itself."

For a time the Board let the matter ride. And then one day county officials appeared in Charleston to audit Burnett's books.

"Gentlemen," Burnett said sternly, "as aforementioned, my office is self-sustaining. I ask nothing of Cochise county and I never give a thing to said county."

Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

W. C. Greene ended Burnett's career.

Burnett was aptly called "the erratic czar of Charleston."

Sometime after his autocratic reign was over--and Jerry Barton's blood-stained career as well-Justice Burnett came to a violent end.

He was then a rancher near Hereford, Arizona, southeast of Charleston. His land neighbored the spread owned by W. C. Greene, a man who'd made multi-millions as principal owner of the Cananea copper mines in old Mexico.

Burnett and Greene were not good neighbors.

Both ranchers were dependent on the San Pedro river for their water supply. Greene built a dam in the river to facilitate his irrigation but it apparently lessened Burnett's supply of water.

One day the dam was blown up and in the resultant flood, Greene's little daughter and her little girl friend were drowned.

Greene blamed the dynamiting of the dam on Burnett.

One time when Greene was enroute to Tombstone, he stopped to visit a friend. The friend had a six-shooter with a broken handle and he asked Greene to take it for repairs to a Tombstone gunsmith. Greene observed, after he'd gone on, that the gun was loaded. Reaching town, he stabled his horses in the O.K. corral.

Quite unexpectedly, Greene met Burnett at the Allen street entrance to the corral. They exchanged a few hot words. The altercation was suddenly ended when Greene reached into his pocket, whipped out his friend's gun, and killed the unarmed Burnett.

Sheriff Scott White arrested Greene but did not jail him.

A long, costly legal battle ensued. The Cochise county prosecutor, District Attorney Land, could find only one able lawyer to help him--Colonel William Herring.

Other able lawyers in Arizona territory had been bought up by Greene, and in court they proved to be a forminable battery of legal talent. The accused sure enough wanted to save his neck from a hempen rope. And he saved it, too. He went scot-free, according to the verdict of the jury.

But it was commonly known even long after Greene's acquittal, that any member of the jury could ask him for $50 or $100--and never be turned down.

There's no record of just how much it cost Greene to fire that one bullet.

Furthermore, it was commonly believed that Burnett did not blow up the dam. At least, no evidence of his having done so, was ever produced.

"It is a singular," one historian wrote, "that his killing was for one crime that in all probability he did not commit."

RW

THE EAGLE

The tail feathers of the eagle are highly prized by all Indians and are, of course, the main decoration of the war bonnet. They are used as decorations in all manner but were more than adornment when used in the scalp lock. Most tribes allowed a man to wear feathers in his scalp lock *only* when he had killed an enemy, and then only one feather for each one killed. Others allowed a feather for each "coup," which wasn't necessarily an enemy killed.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Burns, Walter Noble. Tombstone. Grosset and Dunlap, N.Y. 1929.

Franke, Paul. They Plowed up Hell in Old Cochise! Douglas Climate Club, Douglas, Arizona. 1950.

Wolle, Muriel S. The Bonanza Trail. Indiana University Press, Bloomington. 1955.

MSS. on Charleston days by Edith Johnson Darsey. In Arizona Pioneer's Historical library. Undated.

Tombstone Prospector, March 27, 1892.

Phoenix Daily Tribune, June 18, 1889.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARIZONA'S
FIGHTING GREERS
(Continued from page 34)

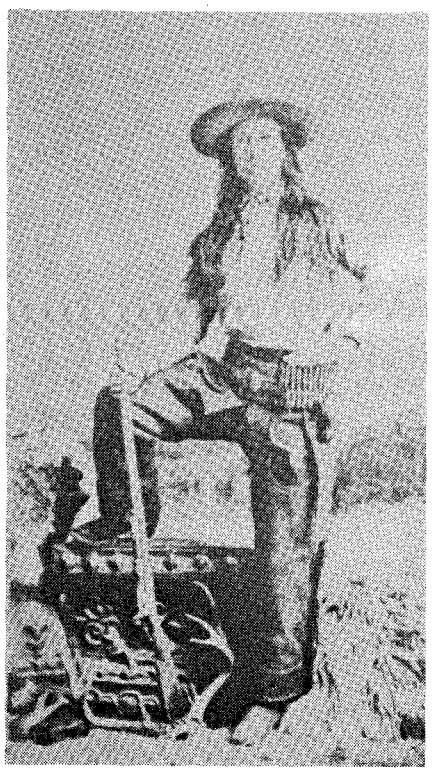
gun blast echoes fading in their ears.

The cowboys fled northwest. Despite overburdening the horse with their weight, they made it into the Dry Lakes country by sundown. That night they walked into the ranch near Concho leading the worn down horse.

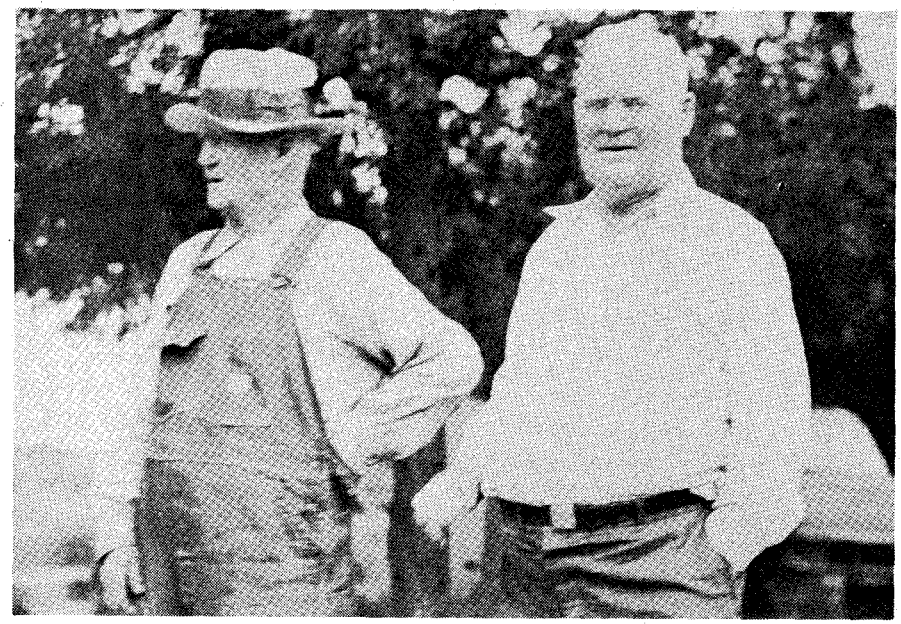
As the afternoon deepened in St. Johns, one more full scale attack was mounted. But as had happened several times that afternoon, the six remaining cowboys managed to beat it off. In this sortie at least one more man was killed, with a number wounded. The rest fell away in retreat before gaining close.

Following this deadly little fight, the actual number of dead and wounded was concealed. The estimated casualty list was nowhere near correct. It was indeed a bloody fight in which many died.

Nat declared afterwards, "We couldn't miss unless shutting both eyes and aiming at the sky. They was that close and numerous around us."



C.P. Owens, a controversial figure in the West, helped free Dick Greer and two of his cowboys from the mob of self-appointed enforcers.



Years later, Nat and Dick Greer recalled the fierce battle that claimed so many lives.

A little before five o'clock he stood sideways at the small window square. Abruptly he ejaculated in surprise, "Here comes Sol Barth!"

The porcine body of the huge Solomon Barth appeared across the street. He carried a white rag tied on a stick and held above his bare head. Gunfire ceased as he came into view. Opposite the adobe he placed his back against a building front.

"You had better surrender while you're still alive!" he warned in a yell. "These people are going to wipe you out to the last man!"

"What's the difference?" Nat jeered back. "From here we can kill a few more Mexicans. Out there we'll get shot in the back!"

"No, your lives will be spared if I take your surrender. You will receive a fair trail. I give you my word on it."

"We're to be tried for what, refusing to be shot down in ambush?"

"You have killed several men and that's not right," Barth whined back. "I'm offering to get you out of there, so you'd better surrender."

Frank Drew called to Nat, "Don't fall for his dirty trick. That distant batch of shooting we heard means that Hi or Jeff got away, and maybe both!"

Dick joined them. "Nat, we can hold them off for a long time yet. If we surrender our necks will fill nooses in minutes."

"Yeah, and we're also running out of cartridges."

"When we do, we'll use our knives!"

The older brother then informed Barth, "We're killing a lot more before going under!"

By turns Barth threatened and made elaborate promises. He seemed most anxious to get them to his power. Men about to die pay little attention to mealy mouths. Finally he withdrew and the fight continued.

Around the town were many Mormon settlers deploring violence who were friendly towards the Greers. They also had encountered frequent trouble with Barth and his Mexican cohorts. Concluding the Greers were going to be murdered to revenge old scores, they began collecting near the scene of desperate fighting.

Led by church elder Nathan C. Tenney, a determined committee confronted Barth and several Mexicans behind their lines. Demanding and finally receiving justifiable terms, Tenney proposed submitting them to the Greers. He walked directly out towards the adobe.

However, there were diehard Greer enemies, who were determined to finish off the cowboys. Tenney gained half way across the street under a flag of truce when a distant rifle cracked. Seeming to stumble in the air he hesitated before crumpling downward from the knees, dead in the dirt, near two other bodies.

An observer on the side lines, Jim Vaughn, became enraged at this wanton act, for which no one was ever arrested. Incautiously mad about it, he rushed out into the open street.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No one was ever certain whether he intended aiding the fallen Tenney, or joining the Greers. A hundred guns literally sieved his body. Killed instantly, he fell face down within two steps of where Tenney lay.

The few Mormons in town withdrew briefly before returning with many more. Embittered over Tenney's killing they delivered an ultimatum. The Mexicans and Barth must withdraw immediately. All attempts to murder the Greers were to be abandoned forthwith under penalty of summary action.

A very few fighting cowboys had stood off many times their numbers. The Mormons were in greater force, and dangerous. Their warning posed no idle threat. The leaders gave in, agreeing to a regular court trial for the Greers. Their reason for doing so was that a Mexican jury would soon hang the cowboys. The shrewd Mormons had other ideas.

Under their protection the Greers surrendered but kept their guns. Brought out of the adobe under guard they were held in the small hotel overnight. The next morning a saloon was cleared for a court room trial. It was promptly filled with Mexicans who expected to compose the jury.

At this juncture the father of the Greers and twleve heavily armed men rode in. Fortunately they listened to reason. However, should the cowboys be held to account, an even bloodier battle than the previous day was in prospect.

Armed Mormons stood against the saloon walls inside. Selection of the jury took a little time while the Mexicans were disqualified to serve. They either couldn't speak English or were not citizens of the territory as the law required. A jury of settlers promptly found the Greers not guilty.

Infuriated, their enemies now swore to kill or drive them from Arizona. More sheep were sneaked into their range. By constant vigilance they managed to keep them shoved out peacefully, except for one obnoxious flock guard.

Dick, Jeff and Woods found the sheep deep in their territory. In an argument about moving one boastful New Mexican brought his rifle to firing position. Dick shot him dead before the trigger could be pulled.

He knew a killer's posse would be after him from St. Johns. In their custody he would never reach jail alive but be killed while, "trying to escape." He rode north to Holbrook on the railroad with Jeff and Woods as his witnesses. Early in the morning he called on Judge Frank Wattron. He was a druggist who also served periodically as justice of the peace, constable or deputy sheriff when such an official needed. A tough old codger, he maintained law and order in the cowtown with a sawed off shotgun.

Wattron promptly opened a hearing on Dick. Sixteen deputies arrived from St. Johns, having trailed their quarry there from the ranch. Somehow they managed to sneak in on Jeff and Woods, capturing them while enroute to testify for Dick.

That day few rangemen were in town. The deputies bragged in the saloons that their prisoners would be executed on the trail to St. Johns. They were leaving as soon as Dick Greer fell into their hands.

One of the few present was C.P. Owens. Understanding Spanish he overheard their plotting. Later he would be elected county sheriff in place of Lorenzo Hubbell, a New Mexican supporting his own kind in their evil doings.

Hastening to Dick and Judge Wattron, Owens informed them of the situation. Picking up his shotgun the judge inclined his head sombrely.

"They're a pack of cowards. We'll buy chips in their little game!"

Enroute south to whiskey row across the railroad tracks they managed to gather in three friends. From the saloons the deputies saw their approach. Guessing their purpose they rushed the prisoners into a small hotel, intending to make a stand. Only a few could squeeze into the lobby so the others, and eighty local Mexicans who volunteered to help them remained on the street vowing to fight.

Unconcernedly, the five men walked through them to the hotel front entrance. Dick and two friends posted themselves at the door while Owens and another man took the rear exit. The warning was given that in case of resistance none would leave the hotel alive.

The nervy Wattron sauntered casually inside the hotel. His shotgun was hung over one arm, carelessly held with muzzle forward. Not one alleged deputy chose to stop him.

Walking on through, Wattron found Jeff and Woods detained in a side room under guard.

"What are you cowboys doing here?" he demanded severely. "There are no warrants for your arrest. Get gone!"

Grinning, the cowboys demanded return of their guns and cartridge belts, and received them. Wattron walked out of the hotel behind them on guard.

The host of deputies rode back to St. Johns reaping only saddle sores for their trouble. The Greers returned to range work.

In the years ahead the Greer brothers prospered, married and raised large families. In the later period of their lives they disposed of their ranches and retired to Holbrook. It was then the seat of Navajo County, where they spent the rest of their days in peace.

RW

SOURCES:

Most of this account comes from Nat and Dick Greer, known to the author for forty years.

From court records at St. Johns for the years 1880-1884.

Part of Nat and Dick Greer's statements to the author can also be found in Dane Coolidge's Fighting Men Of The West, E.P. Dutton & Company, Inc., 1932.

CAREER BRIEF FOR MADAME

Though she was known in the frontier towns of Kansas and Missouri for her prowess at the poker table, her luxurious dress and her beauty, the career of Madame Vestal in the Deadwood gold camp was vivid and brief.

The name of this brilliant woman, former society belle, Southern spy, lobbyist, and gambler's wife "back in the States" was Belle Siddons.

Left a gambler's widow, she turned to his business and found it good. In Deadwood, while indulging in wild excesses, she fell in love with Archie Cummings, leader of a well ordered band of stage robbers. When he and another of his gang were wounded, and still another killed, she went into the woods where they were hiding and treated their wounds. But a reckless law agent flattered her and finally found out enough to put him on the trail of the robbers. They were captured, but on the return to Deadwood, according to the legend, they were stopped by a party of vigilantes who hanged them. When Madame heard of it, she attempted suicide and though she recovered she never seemed to regain the spirit of her former self.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TONQUIN

(Continued from page 41)

As more time passed and *Tonquin* did not make her scheduled appearance, officials conceded that something had indeed happened to her. But two years passed before details of her grim fate were uncovered...

The vivid account of the *Tonquin* massacre comes from the sole survivor, an Indian' interpreter known as Lamanse or Ramsy, who had joined Capt. Thorn at Astoria. His story is verified by tribal legends.

According to him, the tragedy occurred "where the Clayoquots lived," (today believed to be Clayoquot Sound), days after *Tonquin* cleared what is now Baker's Bay, near Ilwaco, Washington. The entire incident resulted from Thorn's arrogant, bullying nature.

Noted B.C. author and historian, George Nicholseon, has written hundreds of authenticated articles on Vancouver Island history. He reports that Thorn, "a lieutenant in the American navy on furlough for this voyage of the *Tonquin,* had the reputation of being a hard taskmaster. During the voyage out, via The Horn, two crew members were lost under suspicious circumstances--with suspicion pointed to the Captain.

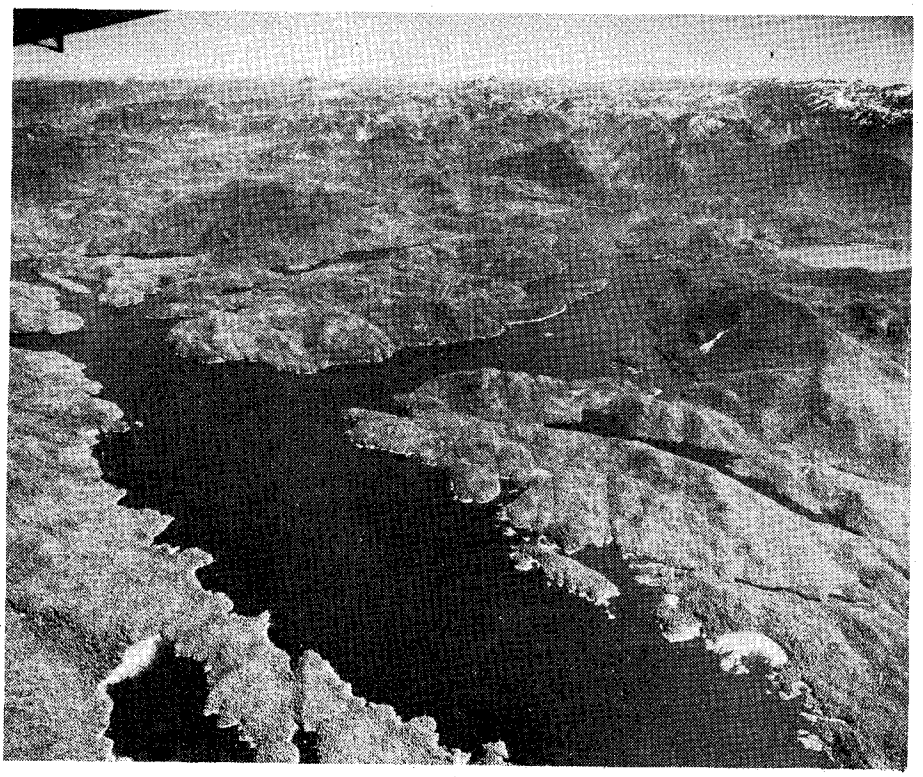
"Then, when he arrived at the Columbia River in adverse weather and with heavy seas running, instead of standing off-shore, he insisted--against advice of his officers--on two four-man boat crews taking soundings of the bar. Both boats, one when it had scarcely cleared the ship, capsized and the men drowned...."

Thorn's treatment of the proud coastal Indians could have been no better. Ignoring the advice of Alexander McKay, his supercargo, he regarded the natives with contempt.

A veteran at dealing with the tribes, McKay had been a member of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's famous party which hiked across Canada in 1793, and was respected and liked by the Indians. Vainly, he cautioned Thorn.

"Dammit, mon, if ye want t' trade with these people, ye've got t' show 'em respect. Treat 'em fairly an' they'll do ye the same. Insult 'em an' it'll take more'n our cannon t' save--"

"That's quite enough, Mr. McKay," countered Thorn. "I'll not be told how to run *my* ship by you, sir!" And I'll bloody well treat these ignorant, thievin' savages any way I please!"



B.C. Lands & Forests Dept.

Aerial photo of isolated Sydney Inlet on the west coast of Vancouver Island, B.C. where divers found the "Mystery Wreck" while searching for the Tonquin. These lonely waters hold some fearful secrets.

The trouble finally erupted when McKay was ashore, trading. Thorn was aboard *Tonquin,* haggling with natives who had paddled out in their canoes, when he argued with an old chieftain over the price of a trinket. Not content with insulting the old man, Thorn went too far. Seizing him, he roughly forced him over the side.

Another Indian legend reports the massacre to have been triggered by several of *Tonquin's* crew having raped a native woman.

Whatever the cause, there was only one course for the proud tribe--revenge.

Thorn continued bartering, probably sure the natives would not dare face his 10 cannon. But, at that very moment, Chief Wickaninnish and his braves were holding council. Finally they decided upon their plan of attack. They would continue on friendly terms with the ship, allaying any suspicion and await an opportune moment to overpower the whitemen. Only then would the mighty Nootkas' honor be satisfied.

Interpreter Lamanse overheard the plot and immediately informed McKay, who hurried back to *Tonquin.* Scrambling over the side, he found Thorn on deck and told him of the plan. Thorn laughed.

"McKay, you're a fool if you believe anything these savages tell you. Why, the lazy barbarians won't attack if only not to stir off their backsides!"

Despite McKay's continued protests, Thorn dismissed the subject with the remark, "My cannon will settle any emergency."

He was wrong.

The attack came the following morning. Several canoes approached the ship, the occupants holding furs over their heads and shouting "Makoke!" to indicate they wished to trade, and were motioned alongside. As the braves clambered aboard, more canoes appeared. Within minutes, the natives outnumbered *Tonquin's* little crew.

Clustering about the unsuspecting seamen, they made a great show of bartering. The first mate noticed yet more canoes circling the ship. Apprehensive, he rushed below and informed Capt. Thorn, who alarmed McKay.

"Cap'n, ayr only chance is t' raise sail and git outa here!" replied the worried Scotsman as both ran to the deck.

Finally realizing the gravity of the situation, Thorn bellowed orders to raise anchor and sail, telling the Indians to head for shore as he had to leave unexpectedly.

Thorn's frantic command was the signal to strike. With terrifying

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

screams, the Nootkas whipped out knives and razor-edged clubs they had hidden in their bundles of pelts, and hacked at the nearest crewmen. The sailors fought back desperately, but courage and determination alone could not defeat such heavy odds. Most of the seamen were unarmed, and in minutes the fighting was ended, the decks slippery with gore.

Thorn, McKay and most of the crew had been quickly butchered. Only five escaped immediate death, four managing to slip over the side and flee in one of the ship's boats. They later were caught, tortured and slain.

The fifth, believed to have been the vessel clerk, a man named Lewis, was wounded and crawled below to hide.

Perhaps they did not notice him and the triumphant warriors began an orgy

B.C. provincial Archives

Chief Maquinna led the Nootkas in butcherous attacks on trade ships.

of looting; they stripped decks and holds of everything they could carry.

Suddenly, *Tonquin* vanished in an awesome ball of flames, smoke and noise! When the smoke cleared, *Tonquin* was a blazing, gutted hulk. Debris and dying Indians littered the sea about her.

What had happened?

According to Lamanse, spared because he was Indian, Lewis had touched off the ship's powder magazine, containing 9,000 pounds of explosives, blowing the killers and himself to oblivion. It has been estimated that as many as 200 Nootka braves died in the enormous blast.

Lamanse told his story to the Astoria fur traders two years later:

"The ship was afire from stem to stern, with her masts and rigging a twisted mass hanging over her sides. The bay was strewn with wreckage, dead bodies and dying, screaming Indians. Those who managed to find a canoe and so escape, fled from the scene leaving their fathers and brothers to drown. Scores lost their lives. Among those who managed to reach shore, many were maimed or badly burned. The ship soon burned to waterline and appeared to be sinking. The next day she had disappeared."

Another version by investigators is more colorful: five seamen not immediately killed barred themselves in a cabin, procured muskets and held off the Nootkas until dark, when the braves abandoned *Tonquin* for their village.

That night, the small band slipped away in a longboat, leaving mortally wounded Lewis on board. According to legend, even then he had planned the blast which would avenge his dead shipmates...and make history.

Lewis tortuously crawled about the empty decks, spreading a thin trail of gunpowder from the magazine. Finished at last, he barred himself in a cabin to feverishly await morning -- and the Indians' return.

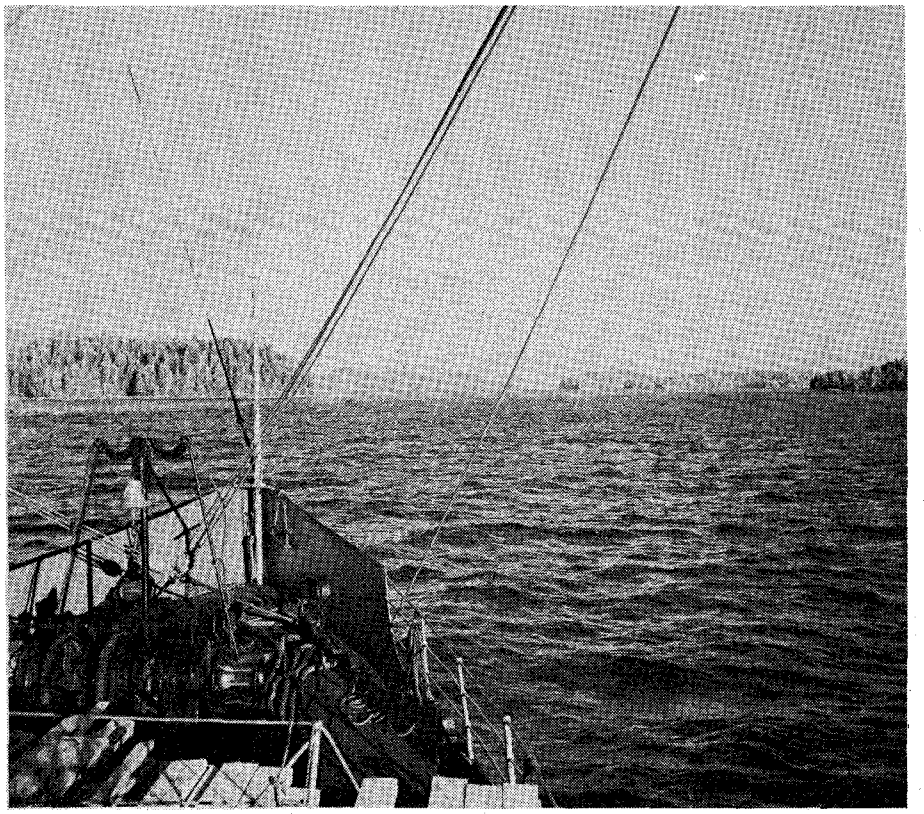
With dawn, the Indians looked seaward -- to spot Lewis standing on *Tonquin's* deck, waving to them!

The tribe paddled out to the anchored death ship, swarming over its bloodied decks in search of the lone crewman. He was not to be seen. They soon forgot him when they noticed all the plunder which was theirs for the taking.

It was then, so this tale goes, that *Tonquin* disintegrated in the horrendous explosion which scattered dead and dying all over the sea. Those who reached shore, buried themselves in the sand to relieve their pain...

Mementoes of the *Tonquin,* particularly her trade blankets, were cherished possessions of Vancouver Island natives for years afterward. These particular blankets were known as "Clao-kwah-itske," or "belonging to the Clayoquots." At least one is known to have survived until the late 1930's.

But *Tonquin* herself was not to be found. Two years after the tragedy, the sailing ship *Albatross* dropped anchor near the village where it was thought *Tonquin* had been sunk. The vessel's Capt. Smith did see a wreck, but could not determine its identity. And so the situation remained until more than 150 years later...



B.C. Gov't Photo

These murky, brooding waters were once crimson with the blood of the Tonquin's mutilated crew whose bones even now lie scattered under the waves along with the fragments of a once proud ship.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Interest in the ill-fated *Tonquin* has been revived by the annual searchers of a persistent Portland, Oregon, doctor. In his converted U.S. Navy crash-boat *Summarlee,* Dr. George W. Cottrell's party, comprising writers and other doctors, made seven trips to the isolated western coast of Vancouver Island in search of the wreck.

The excited hunters thought their quest was ended in 1957, when they discovered the rotted, barnacle-encrusted bones of an old sailing ship in lonely Sydney Inlet, about 125 miles northwest of the provincial capital, Victoria. Among the many items retrieved was an eight-foot cannon.

But further examination disclosed the wreck was not that of *Tonquin.* In trying to solve one mystery, the skin-divers had uncovered another puzzle.

Named the "Mystery Wreck," this hulk has at least one grim similarity with *Tonquin* -- both were burned. Several items brought to the surface of brooding Sydney Inlet showed signs of having been in a fire. Newspaper articles on the "mystery wreck" turned up legends of Indian tribes living in that region containing reference to their ancestors having attacked and torched a sailing ship in the distant past...

Undaunted, Dr. Cottrell continued his hunt, aided by former curator of the B.C. Maritime Museum, Edward MacFayden. In 1964 his party located the site of three ancient Indian villages -- but not *Tonquin.*

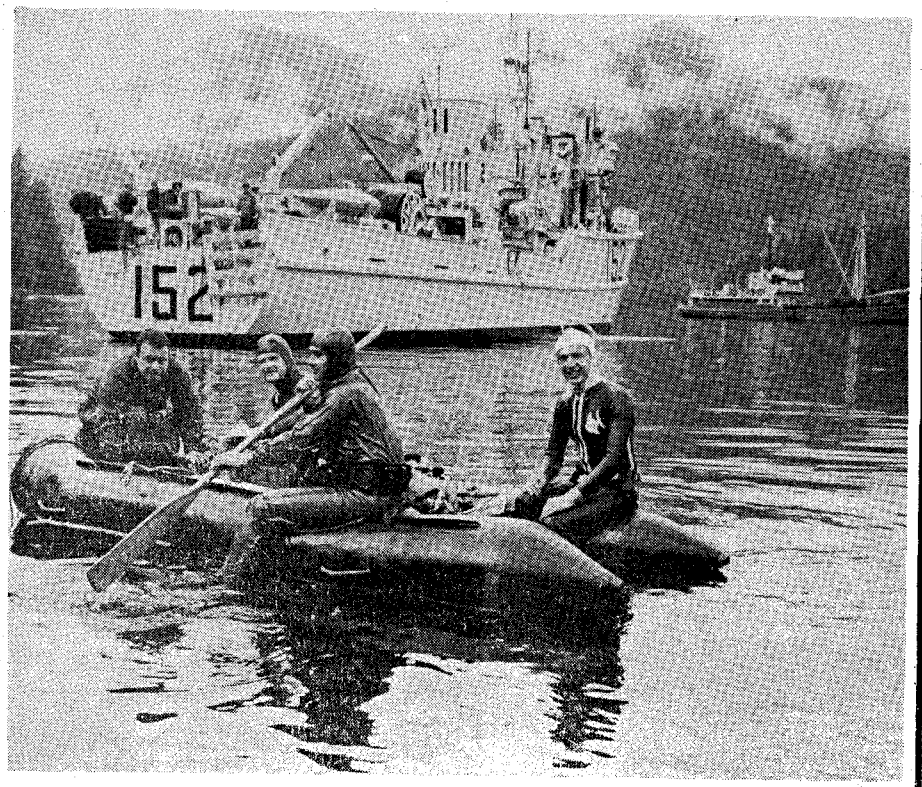
This summer, a brief article in a Victoria newspaper titled, "*Tonquin* Remains Found at Nootka?" reported, "The discovery was made at the bottom of a sea-bed near Nootka, on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

"The group found large rotted timbers that in shape and size resemble the structure of the *Tonquin....*"

Has the long search finally ended? Is the tragic *Tonquin* found? We won't know for some time, when arrangements are completed to dredge up relics that may identify the hulk and answer one of the Pacific Northwest's biggest mysteries.

RW

BIBLIOGRAPHY:
Royal Canadian Navy
Vancouver Island's West Coast, by George Nicholson
Victoria Daily Times
The Daily Colonist
British Columbia Archives
Philadelphia Aurora, June 24, 1813
The Oregonian, July 15, 1957



Royal Canadian Navy photo

Instead of solving one mystery, divers uncovered another one when they found the rotted, barnacle-encrusted bones of an old sailing ship, but it had probably suffered a fate similar to the tragedy of the Tonquin.

RIP FORD
LONE STAR GIANT
(Continued from page 37)

shooters blazing, and agonized screams and Spanish curses joined the cacophony as the Mexican lines completely fell apart.

Suddenly, Ford spotted a heavily bearded figure desperately trying to rally the enemy. It was Cortina himself! His revolver empty, Ford ordered the three men closest to him to pour all their fire at the bandit leader. "Don't let him get away, get that murdering butcher!" But Cortina was too nimble. Jumping onto a large mount, he galloped off into the shadows, miraculously untouched by the rain of bullets zinging his way -- although legend has it that a lock of his red hair was clipped by a ranger bullet.

Despite his close shave and the severe battering inflicted on his force (the Mexicans suffered 70 casualties at La Bolsa Bend to the rangers' five), Cortina wasn't through. In the next few weeks he tried once more to rebuild his army, but throughout this period he was mercilessly pursued by Ford and Heintzelman, with several skirmishes fought between the Americans and remnants of the bandit force. Cortina himself continued to elude his trackers, however, and at this point Colonel Robert E. Lee and a regular-army contingent arrived in the area to take charge of the operations against the Mexican.

By this time the campaign had been reduced to nothing more than mopping up operations, with the back of Cortina's army having been broken at La Bolsa Bend -- and yet in the end it would be Lee, the future Confederate hero, who would be given credit by some historians as "the man who drove Cortina out of Texas!"

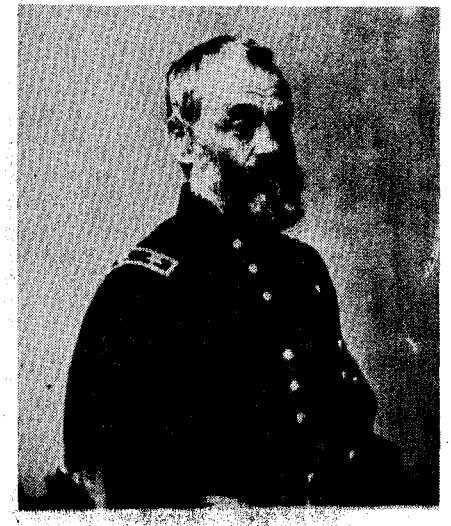
Once again Rip Ford was too busy facing up to another battle to worry about lost glory. Returning to his State Senate seat in the spring of 1860, he immediately plunged into the controversy over secession. Most Texans supported the slaveholding South and favored joining with the other Dixie states to form the Confederacy. But a vocal minority, led by Governor Sam Houston, was determined to keep Texas in.

When Houston called on Ford for the kind of support he'd given during the annexation crisis, Old Rip had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to regretfully decline. Times had changed, and while he'd been a Union man in 1845, he was above all else a Texan and a Southerner. "Our values and way of life are being threatened, and I am determined to fight for and with my people!" he declared in one of his many ringing secession speeches.

A short time later, on January 28, 1861, at a special convention that met over Houston's veto, John Ford -- the man who had authored the resolution to bring Texas into the Union -- helped draft the ordinance of secession.

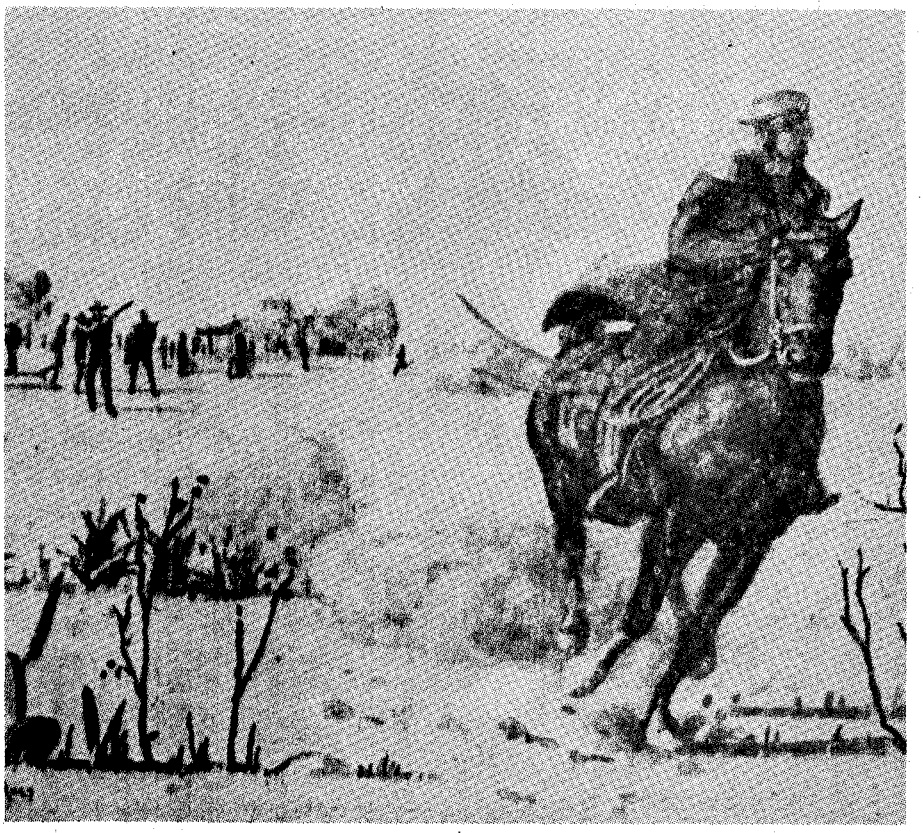


Library of Congress

Major Samuel Heintzelman was in command of operations against Cortina.

With his experience as a cavalry leader, the 45-year-old Ford was immediately commissioned a colonel in the state militia and authorized to form his own regiment, the 2nd Texas Cavalry. Recruiting was no problem once the word went out that Old Rip was back in the saddle itching for a fight. Ranger veterans and peach-fuzz recruits flocked in, and by February of 1861 Ford had 500 men under arms. Whipping them into shape, he put men and horses on a commandeered schooner and set out to take possession of all the Union forts in the Rio Grande Valley.

Following successful completion of this project, Ford's cavalry policed the valley. Then, in early 1862, Old Rip was made chief of conscription in Texas, a desk job that he hated. Not until late 1863 did he again get the type of command he was restless for. A body of cavalry raiders was to be organized to harass the Union forces that had invaded Texas and Ford was chosen to lead it. In short order, he raised 1,000 men for his colorful "Cavalry of the West," which set out at once to wreak havoc on Union outposts and supply lines.



Univ. of Texas Press

At La Bolsa, 'The red-bearded Cortina was the last to go...he spurred his horse from the field without injury.'

Ford's troopers whipped much larger Yankee forces in bitter fights at Laredo and Brownsville; and at Ranchos Las Rucias he won an even more stunning victory. With 250 wildly yelping Texans behind him, he chewed up three times as many bluecoats in a battle that degenerated into a footrace through the thick chaparral and palmetto groves.

In July of 1864, Ford's command recaptured Brownsville after a bloody five-day siege, and in August, he once again cleared the Rio Grande Valley of federal troops, forcing them to fall back to Brazos Santiago Island, the site of his first triumph.

The same month, when Napoleon III's French troops occupied Mexico in their campaign to conquer that country, Ford turned diplomat. He played a leading role in the sensitive negotiations with the French to keep guns and supplies flowing across the Rio Grande, while at the same time skillfully avoiding Confederate entanglement in the Mexican conflict.

Unfortunately, these successes were not part of the mainstream of the Civil War. Had Ford served in the

SAM HOUSTON'S GREAT MISTAKE
By
Louise Cheney

Sam Houston made no mistake when he calculated that he could whip Santa Anna at San Jacinto but as president of the New Republic of Texas he made one error in 1836 that would have made the Lone Star State tax free even to this day.

It was in that year that Samuel F. Morse offered to give, scott free, to the Republic of Texas, his invention of the telegraph. Houston did not even acknowledge Morse's offer. After twenty years, Morse assuming that Texas was in no way interested in his offer, withdrew same, writing, "I am induced to believe that the gift was of no value to the state."

Statisticians have estimated that the telegraph, had it been accepted, would have paid enough in royalties to have covered the entire cost of state government and to have earned millions besides. It all boils down to the fact that had Houston accepted Morse's gift, Texas would not have to levy any tax whatever.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East, where the major campaigns and battles were taking place, there's no doubt that his ability would have catapulted him to the top ranks of Confederate cavalry leaders, along with men like Jeb Stuart and Bedford Forrest. In the opinion of Oran Roberts, Texas political leader and historian, "Ford was unquestionably the best military man we had in Texas at the time of the war. He should have been where he would have made his mark."

Actually, Ford did make his mark in a rather offbeat way -- as the leader of Confederate forces in the rousing last battle of the Civil War.

According to textbook accounts, the Civil War ended on April 9, 1865, when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. But history books have a way of simplifying things. Texas was a long way from Virginia, and with Confederate communications virtually non-existent at this stage of the war, news traveled slowly, if at all. April gave way to May, and although Ford and his men were not doing much fighting, they still believed themselves at war.

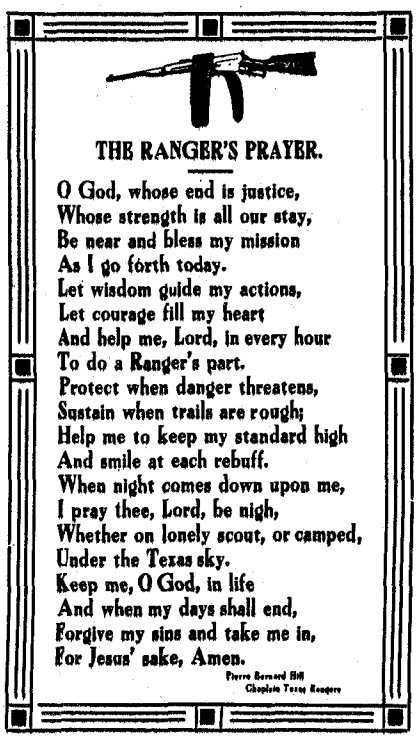
But the Federals on Brazos Santiago Island were fully informed of events and assumed the Rebels had also gotten the word. On May 11, 1865, a force of 300 Union cavalry and infantry -- mostly men of the 62nd Colored Infantry -- moved toward Brownsville to corral stray bands of Confederates who hadn't formally laid down their arms. It was a routine patrol with no resistance expected. As a result, the Federals were shocked out of their bluebonnets the next morning when they ran into a hornets' nest in the form of Captain Willy Robinson and his battalion of Ford's cavalry at Palmetto Ranch, 12 miles from Brownsville.

Instead of laying down their arms, the Texans opened up a heavy fire and drove the Northerners back four miles. Meanwhile, Robinson sent couriers scurrying to Ford for help.

The colonel was at his Brownsville home with his second wife (whom he'd married between battles) and their two babies when the breathless messengers burst in. Although badly weakened by a recent bout with malaria, Ford raced out and literally scraped together a relief force of 200 troopers and an artillery battery.

Early on the morning of the 13th, in a scene straight out of a grade B western, Rip Ford led his motley command in a mad dash to the rescue. They arrived at the scene of battle to find Robinson barely holding his own against a strongly reinforced Union outfit. During the night, 250 Indiana troops had joined the fighting and now the Yankees were again on the attack.

Spotting Ford and his band, Robinson's hard-pressed Texans let loose with jubilant cheers. Ford replied with a characteristic flourish of his hat and, standing in his stirrups, exuberantly



THE RANGER'S PRAYER.

O God, whose end is justice,
Whose strength is all our stay,
Be near and bless my mission
As I go forth today.
Let wisdom guide my actions,
Let courage fill my heart
And help me, Lord, in every hour
To do a Ranger's part.
Protect when danger threatens,
Sustain when trails are rough;
Help me to keep my standard high
And smile at each rebuff.
When night comes down upon me,
I pray thee, Lord, be nigh,
Whether on lonely scout, or camped,
Under the Texas sky.
Keep me, O God, in life
And when my days shall end,
Forgive my sins and take me in,
For Jesus' sake, Amen.

Pierre Bernard Bill
Chaplain Texas Rangers

declared, "Boys, we've always beaten the enemy before, and I can't think of one damn reason why this time should be an exception!" Rapidly sizing up the situation, he ordered Robinson to flank the enemy right with two companies of horsemen. He himself would hit the bluecoats head on with the main force.

Allowing time for the flanking, the colonel had his artillery open up with double loads of canister. Shrieking shells plummeted into the enemy lines while Robinson's column roared down on the Union right. Now completely enfiladed, the advance line of Yankee skirmishers wavered, then broke. As they fell back, they made it impossible for the rest of the Union troops to fire for fear of hitting their own men.

Ford saw that the moment was right for his full-scale charge. Spurring his horse, he signaled his men forward and the entire Texas line lurched into action. Down a ridge and across the washboard desert it surged, hurling the Yankee infantry back, then smashing into its rear lines with the force of a Texas twister.

Fifty Union soldiers flung up their hands in surrender and many others were cut down before they had the chance. Every Federal soldier might have been hauled in, but fortunately for the Northerners a company of the 62nd Colored had been posted in reserve at an abandoned ranch. As the Rebels charged past, the Negro troops blasted their ranks with a steady fire -- which may well have been the last shots of the Civil War. At this point Ford wisely decided to call off the chase.

While Old Rip was regrouping his men, Captain Robinson rushed up with a captured enemy officer. "Colonel, this Yankee claims *the war's over!*" Robinson announced disbelievingly. Ford's face hardened in stunned silence as the dust-coated Northerner shook his head in support. Robinson slapped his hat to his thigh in disgust. "Dammit to hell, colonel, the blasted Yankees beat us!"

Ford stiffened to his full height. "No sir," he snapped. They whupped the *South.* But *Texas* has just won another battle!"

Nevertheless, even Ford had to bow to the inevitable, and a few days later he and his men laid down their arms and were paroled. But for diehard Southerners and unreconstructed Rebels, there would always be a measure of consolation in knowing that the South -- or rather Texas -- won the last battle of the Civil War.

Palmetto Ranch was the grand finale of Rip Ford's military career, but his restless spirit continued to haunt the Lone Star State. In 1869 he founded the influential Brownsville *Sentinel,* and a few months later he once more strapped on his Colts to help a U.S. Cavalry unit track down a gang of rustlers. In 1872 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore (and was enraged when the convention decided to back liberal Republican Horace Greeley rather than nominate a Democrat for President) and shortly after he played a leading role in Texas' most explosive crisis of the Reconstruction era.

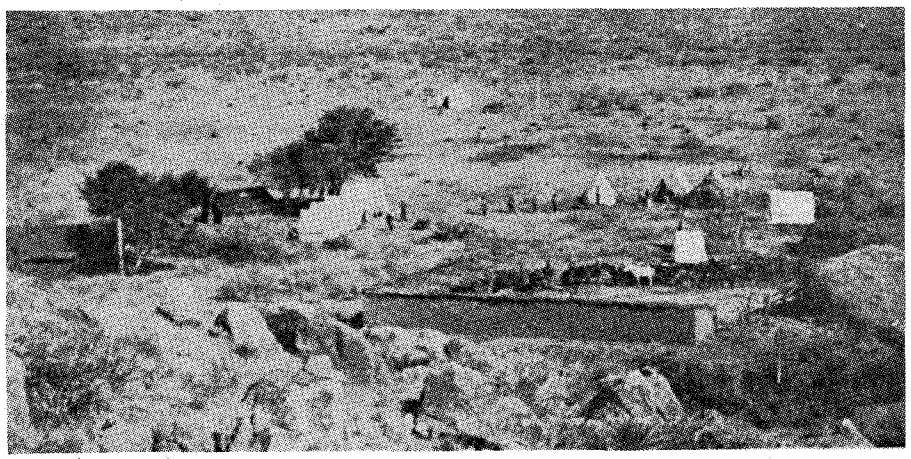
In November of '73 carpetbag Republican Governor Edmund Davis -- whose corrupt, iron-fisted administration had milked the state dry -- was voted out of office by the re-enfranchised Texans. The despised Davis promptly declared the balloting a fraud and entrenched himself in the Statehouse, which he ringed with Negro militia.

Supporters of victorious Democrat Richard Coke were all for dragging

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Davis out at gunpoint. But Ford, his beard graying and his spirit just a bit mellower with his nearly 60 years, acted as a moderating influence. "I want to see that Yankee bootlicker kicked out just the same as you do," he told Coke's backers after rushing to Austin from Brownsville. "But I think we can get rid of the sidewinder without spilling any more good Texas blood."

Ford's idea was to negotiate from a position of overwhelming strength. At his request, more than a thousand of his former cavalrymen and Texas Rangers -- including the Travis Rifles, a group of the state's top sharpshooters -- swarmed into Austin in early January, 1874. With the colonel in the lead, they marched resolutely toward Capitol Hill on a spring-like afternoon, a Confederate flag fluttering defiantly at their head and a squeaky fife and drum corps playing "The Yellow Rose of Texas."



Out for action, Company E, Texas Rangers, camp out near Bishop's Mitre Peak.

As the heavily armed throng reached the large, sloping Statehouse lawn, Ford squinted at the waiting militia ranks, whose bayonets flashed like heliographs in the bright sunlight. At the top of the hill the Negro soldiers gazed at the oncoming Texans with narrowed eyes, no emotion showing in their stoical ebony features.

When Ford and his followers came within 15 yards, the white officer heading the militia bawled, "Company, *charge bayonets!*" Rifle stocks crashed against calloused hands as the Negros brought their weapons up smartly, extending them to present a solid front of cold steel.

Abruptly, the crowd halted.

"Get outta the way, you scalawag, and take them colored boys with you," one of the Texans shouted.

"We're gonna kick Davis outta office," another yelled.

"Kick him out, hell -- *hang* the sonofabitch!"

"Hang him!" The cry swept through the crowd.

The militia officer remained firm. "Any of you Rebels take another step and you'll be chewin' on minie balls and bayonets."

Rage and hatred showed in the Texans' sun-baked faces. Pistols were jerked from holsters, and the Negro militiamen tightened the grip on their own weapons. Standing in the middle of the crowd, Ford sensed that the faintest spark would touch off a bloodbath and race riot.

"Hold on, boys," he shouted, and his trumpeting voice stilled the mob. Stepping to where he could be seen by all, he addressed the militia officer. "Captain, we've come here to evict Davis and that's just what we aim to do. Now if any shooting starts, there'll be a massacre -- and you know damn well who will be swimming in their own blood. You go in there and tell Davis that if he doesn't pack up and move out, me and my boys will tear this place apart brick by brick."

For a long moment the militia officer stared into Ford's cold blue eyes, and there was no doubt that Old Rip meant every word he said. "All right, colonel, I'll give Davis your message," he replied, disappearing into the Statehouse. Apparently Davis also knew that Ford meant every word, for after a few tense minutes the officer returned to announce that the ex-governor would move out by sundown.

An ear-splitting roar of triumph burst from the Texans, and with Old Rip leading the way they moved peaceably back down the hill while the fifes and drums struck up "Dixie." Reconstruction in Texas was over -- and thanks to John Ford, the carpetbaggers had been evicted without a single drop of blood being spilled in the process.

Having helped make Texas safe for the Texans, Ford served several terms as mayor of Brownsville. Still seeking new pastures to roam, he left politics in 1879 to become superintendent of Austin's Deaf and Dumb Institute. Under his guidance, the institute became a productive trade school instead of the bleak asylum it had been when he took on the challenge of reforming it. The tough old ranger chief later confided that his accomplishments at the school were among the most gratifying of his life.

Finally, during his twilight years in the 1880's, Ford turned historian, writing numerous books and magazine articles about the turbulent early history of Texas, including *Origin and Fall of the Alamo: March 6, 1836.* These literary efforts prompted him to look back over his own role in this history, and he sometimes wondered whether his wanderlust and spirit of adventure had really been his undoing. "I suppose I might have been another John Calhoun or a Stonewall Jackson," he once wistfully remarked to a friend. "But I never could really decide if I wanted to be one or the other -- or something else entirely."

Still, Old Rip had a lot of vivid memories in 1896 -- a year before his quiet death at the age of 82 -- when the famed Western painter and author Frederic Remington came to interview him for *Harper's Monthly.* Remington described Ford as "a very old man with a wealth of snow-white hair and beard -- bent but not withered." While the artist sat captivated, Ford spun lengthy yarns about the Texas frontier and his own battles with Indians, Mexicans and Yankees. Afterward, Remington wrote glowingly, "John Ford can tell you stories that will make your eyes stand out on your shirt front."

If Remington had said that about any other man it would have been a cute exaggeration. In the case of John Salmon Ford, however, it was a gross understatement.

RW

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Rip Ford's Texas, by John S. Ford {Ford's memoirs, ed. by Stephen Oates}.

Rebellious Ranger: Rip Ford and the Southwest, By W. J. Hughes.

"Rip Ford's Indian Fight on the Canadian," by W. J. Hughes, in Pandhandle-Plains Historical Review {Vol. 30, 1957}.

"Col. John S. Ford: Prudent Cavalryman, C.S.A.," by Stephen Oates, in Southwest Historical Quarterly, January 1961.

The Texas Rangers, by Walter Prescott Webb.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONING WITH THE INDIANS

A GUIDE TO CAMPGROUNDS AND TOURIST ATTRACTIONS ON INDIAN RESERVATIONS. DIFFERENT STATES EACH ISSUE.

CALIFORNIA

COLORADO RIVER INDIAN RESERVATION (Colorado River Agency, Parker, Arizona, 85344) Pop, None in California; 38,336 acres in California only. This reservation is situated along the Colorado River in SW Arizona and SE California, about 5 miles N of Parker, Arizona. (See Arizona section for description).

LOST LAKE RESORT. Alt. 320'. Open all year. 30 miles N of Blythe, California. Mailing address, Box 246, Blythe. Visits unlimited. Supervised.

SERVICES: Fees charged for 50 campsites, 200 trailersites, laundry. PHS approved drinking water. Toilets, electrical and water outlets, water hookup for trailers, firewood, showers, bathhouses, cafe, stores, fishing supplies, picnic tables, garbage disposal. Playground. Attendants. 30 miles to medical facilities. Alcohol permitted. Pets not restricted.

RECREATION: Swimming. Fees charged for hunting, fishing and boating.

RIVERVIEW TRAILER COURT. Alt. 420'. Open all year. 1 mile N of Earp, California. Mailing address, Box 529, Earp. Unlimited visits. Supervised.

SERVICES: Fees charged for 80 trailersites. PHS approved drinking water. Toilets, electrical and water outlets; electrical hookup for trailers; showers, bathhouses, telephone; garbage disposal; playground; paid attendants. 2 miles to medical facilities. Pets restricted to leash. Alcohol permitted.

RECREATION: Swimming. Fee charged for hunting, fishing and boating.

HOOPA VALLEY RESERVATION (Hoopa Area Field Office, 95546, California) Pop. Hoopa; 86,042 acres. The Hoopa reservation is located in NW California, along the Trinity River, 35 miles NE of Eureka. This is the site of a former military post at which General Ylysses Grant was stationed prior to the Civil War.

MILLCREEK PUBLIC CAMPGROUND. Alt. 350'. Season June-November. In the Hoopa Valley of NW California at the junction of Mill Creek and the Trinty River. Visits limited to 2 weeks. Supervised.

SERVICES: No fees for service. 10 trailersites. 2 pit toilets, 2 cafes, 2 stores, laundry and fishing supplies. 3 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. No attendants. No alcohol permitted.

RECREATION: Fishing, swimming, hiking. Indian ceremonials held at times during the year.

COLORADO

SOUTHERN UTE RESERVATION (Consolidated Ute Agency, Ignacio, Colorado, 81137) Pop. 679 Utes; 304,655 acres. This reservation is situated in SW Colorado, along the New Mexico state line, 43 miles S of Durango, Colorado.

Among the tourist attractions in the reservation area are cliff dwellings, mound builders' ruins, including famous Chimney Rock, Mesa Verde National Park, San Juan National Forest in the San Juan Mountains, and old mining towns around Durango.

Activities for visitors include rides on a narrow gauge passenger train from Durango to Silverton, Colorado, along Animas Canyon; the Annual Ute Indian Fair on the reservation in September; Indian dances at Ignacio in May and July; Spanish Trails Fiesta in Durango in July; and the Annual Round-ups at Pagosa Spring and Cortez.

LAKE CAPOTE RECREATION AREA. Alt. 6,600'. Located on U.S. 160, 14 miles W of Pagosa Springs, Colorado. Mailing address, c/o Southern Ute Tribe, Ignacio, Colorado 81137. Season May-October. Visits unlimited. Supervised.

SERVICES: 19 campsites available for $1.50 per day. 6 pit toilets, 19 picnic tables, 19 fireplaces, 2 water outlets, firewood, garbage disposal, shower, bathhouse, store, laundry, telephone. Three paid attendants. 43 miles to medical facilities. Unapproved water from wells. Pets restricted. No alcohol permitted.

RECREATION: Hunting fee of $20 for big game, $5 for small game. Fishing fee, 85¢ per day; boating, $1 per hour. Hiking. Indian guides for big game hunting $20 per day.

MICHIGAN

L'ANSE RESERVATION (Great Lakes Agency, Ashland, Wisconsin, 54806) Pop. 508 Chippewas; 13,862 acres. This reservation is located in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan at the Head of Keweenaw Bay on Lake Superior. The area is a highly developed vacation land, close to Baraga State Park, with its excellent hunting and fishing.

OJIBWA TRAILER PARK-CAMPGROUND. Alt. 625'. Located one-half mile N. of Baraga, Michigan on U.S. 41. Mailing address, c/o William Jondreau, Baraga, Michigan. Season May-September. Visits unlimited. Supervised.

SERVICES: 44 campsites available from $1.50 to $2 per day. 42 trailersites, 44 stoves, 42 electrical outlets and hookups for trailers, 44 picnic tables. Garbage disposal. Cafe, laundry and stores in adjacent areas. Paid attendants. PHS approved drinking water from well. 6 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.

RECREATION: Hunting, fishing, boating, swimming and hiking.

RW NOTEBOOK No. 2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACKFEET RESERVATION (Blackfeet Agency, Browning, Montana, 59417) Pop. 5,804 Blackfeet; 955,241 acres. This reservation is in NW Montana just S of the Canadian border and adjoining Glacier National Park on the west. There are hotels, motels, and restaurants at Browning, Montana, nearby towns and in Glacier National Park. Attractions are the Museum of the Plains Indians at Browning; the annual Blackfeet Medicine Lodge Ceremonial and Sun Dance at Browning in July; and scenic Glacier National Park.

CHEWING BLACKBONE. Alt. 4,980'. Season June-October. 4 miles N of St. Mary, Montana on U.S. Highway No. 89. Mailing address, Browning, Montana. Visits unlimited. Unsupervised.

SERVICES: No fees charged for services. 50 campsites, 2 toilets, 10 picnic tables. Unapproved drinking water from well. 24 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. No attendants. Alcohol permitted.

RECREATION: Boating, swimming and hiking. $3 fee charged for fishing. Scenic mountain and lake area.

CROW INDIAN RESERVATION (Crow Agency, Montana 59022) Pop. 3,526 Crows; 1,575,326 acres. The reservation is situated in south-central Montana, about 15 miles SE of Hardin, Montana.

Features of the area are Custer Battlefield National Monument, and Museum. At Hardin, tourists may visit the ruins of *Fort C.F. Smith, established in 1866 to protect Bozeman Trail travelers from the Sioux; Cuter National Forest; the Bear Tooth* Wilderness Area.

There is a modern motel at Custer Battlefield and numerous motels, restaurants, and other tourist facilities in nearby towns.

Annual activities in the area are the Crow Indian Fair at the Crow Agency; the All American Indian Days Pageant, at Sheridan, Wyoming, in August; the Crow Sun Dance on the reservation during June.

CROW FAIR CAMP GROUND. Alt. 3,500'. Season July-September. 13 miles S of Hardin, Montana. Mailing address, Crow Agency, Montana. Unlimited visits. Supervised.

SERVICES: 500 campsites available for $1 fee. 4 campsite shelters, 2 fireplaces, 8 picnic tables, garbage disposal, pit toilets, water outlets, cafe, laundry, stores, fishing supplies. PHS approved drinking water from wells. PHS hospital nearby. Pets not restricted. No alcohol permitted.

RECREATION: Crow Tribal Fair is held in August and reenactment of Custer's Last Stand held in September. $2 fee is charged.

FORT BELKNAP RESERVATION (Fort Belknap Consolidated Agency, Harlem, Montana 59526) Pop. 2,050 Gros Ventre and Assiniboines; 622,644 acres. In north-central Montana, the reservation is about 50 miles E. of Harve.

There are overnight lodging, restaurants, and other tourist facilities at Harlem, Montana, in addition to the picnic and camping grounds listed below.

Annual dances are held on the reservation in summer and at Christmas, at Lodge Pole. St. Paul Jesuit Mission is situated on the reservation. Nearby are Monument Peak, one of the highest peaks in the Little Rocky Mountains; scenic rock formations in Mission Canyon, including Limestone Natural Bridge; and old gold mining towns of Landusky and Zortman.

FORT PECK RESERVATION (Fort Peck Agency, Poplar, Montana, 59255) Pop. 3,071 Assiniboine and Sioux; 981,144 acres. Fort Peck is in NE Montana, 20 miles S of the Canadian border, and about 75 miles E of Glasgow, Montana.

Modern hotels, motels, and restaurants are found in Culberston, Poplar, Wolf Point, and Glasgow. Nearby is Fort Peck Dam and Reservoir, one of the world's largest earth-filled dams. The Wolf Point Wild Horse Stampede is held in July and the Oil Discovery Day celebration is held every August.

LEWIS AND CLARK. Alt. 1,900'. On U.S. Route 13 beside the Missouri River, 5 miles SE of Wolf Point, Montana. Mailing address, Wolf Point. Season May 1-September 30. Visits unlimited. Unsupervised.

SERVICES: No fees charged for services. 30 campsites, with fireplaces and tables. 12 pit toilets, 2 water outlets, garbage disposal, firewood, playground. Trailers permitted. No attendants. PHS approved drinking water from wells. 4 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted in Wolf Point and Poplar only.

RECREATION: Hiking. No fee charged for hunting, fishing, boating. The Wolf Point rodeo is an annual summer event.

FLATHEAD RESERVATION (Flathead Agency, Dixon, Montana, 59831) Pop. 2,881 Salish and Kootenai; 624,837 acres. The reservation is in NW Montana, between Missoula and Kalispell. Cama Hot Springs resort, a tribal operated enterprise is situated near Hot Springs, Montana. For reservations and information, write to the Flathead Agency, at Dixon, Montana. There are numerous overnight lodging, restaurant and other facilities in nearby towns, parks and resort areas.

Attractions of the area include Indian villages at Arlee, St. Ignatius and Elmo; scenic Flathead Lake, one of the largest natural fresh water lakes in the West; Flathead Lake State Park; National Bison Range, where buffalo roam the range; Flathead National Forest; Old Fort Coonah, an early Hudson Bay Co. trading post.

BLUE BAY. Alt. 2,900'. Season April 15-September 15. Mailing address, Polson, Montana. On Highway 35, 16 miles NE of Polson. Visits unlimited. Supervised.

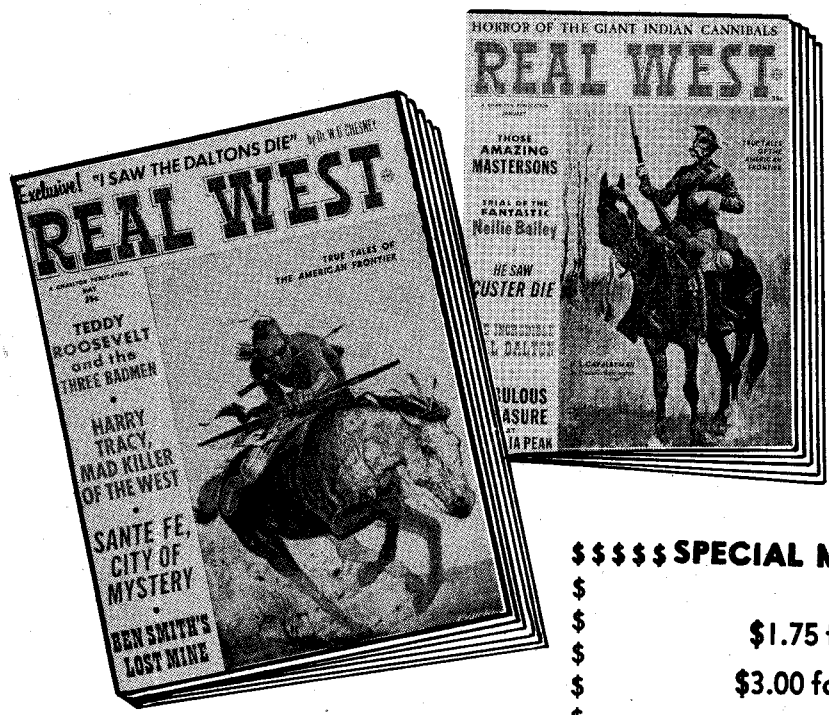
SERVICES: 10 campsites, 6 trailersites, available for $1.50 fee. 20 picnic tables and 20 fireplaces. 8 toilets; garbage disposal; 6 electrical outlets and 3 water outlets for campsites (6 hookups of each for trailers); 8 showers; 2 bathhouses; cafe; telephone. One attendant. PHS approved drinking water from pumped spring. 16 miles to medical facilities. Pets not restricted. Alcohol permitted.

RECREATION: No fees charged for activities. Hunting for waterfowl and pheasant only; fishing, boating, swimming and hiking. Indian ceremonials held in the area. This campground is on the shores of beautiful Flathead Lake.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Money-Saving Subscription Offer

REAL WEST MAGAZINE



Featuring:

- ★ **Authentic Stories of the Old West**
- ★ **Exclusive Rare Photographs**
- ★ **The Truth About the Famous Men and Women Who Built the West**
- ★ **True Accounts of Famous Indians, Outlaws, Lawmen, Soldiers, Places and Events**
- ★ **Factual Data and Maps of the Fabulous Lost Gold and Silver Mines of the Frontier**
- ★ **84 Exciting, Action-Packed Pages**

Give REAL WEST as a gift... or pass on coupon to a friend!

$$$$$ SPECIAL MONEY-SAVING RATES $$$$$

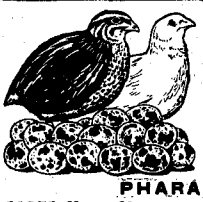
$1.75 for one year (6 issues)

$3.00 for two years (12 issues)

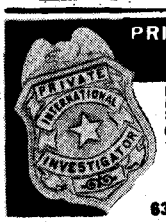
$7.50 for five years-PLUS EXTRA BONUS SIXTH YEAR FREE!! (36 issues)

$ $ $ $

READ THE
Tombstone Epitaph
The West's Most Famous Newspaper
Material from the old files as well as present-day information from the old mining camp.
NAME .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....
Weekly by Mail $4.00 per year
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA 85638


Laying Quail
FOR PROFIT AND PLEASURE
Pharaoh and Lotus White Quail. Start laying at 6 weeks age. Lay 250 to 300 eggs without rest, winter or summer. Keep in city or on farm in small sanitary cages. No permits required. Grow for eggs, meat and game stock. Send for Free Book, today.
PHARAOH - LOTUS FARMS
12252 Haga St. Garden Grove, Calif. 92641

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO Dp.6A
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California


PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
BADGE $3.98
Professional Badge used by thousands of private investigators and detectives. Made of HEAVY SOLID BRONZE for lifetime wear. $3.98 postpaid.
Genuine leather Badge Case with I.D. Card. $2.50
C.O.D.'s require $1.00 deposit.
FREE WITH ORDER ONLY... Complete catalog of Police, Detective Equipment
POLICE EQUIPMENT CO. Dp. 4004
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

SEAGOIN' ADVENTURE
FOR THE "BAREFOOT" VACATIONER
EXPLORE EXOTIC CARIBBEAN ISLANDS
VIRGIN ISLANDS • NASSAU • INDIES

No plush resorts . . . just darn good fishing . . . skindiving . . . sailing. Comfortable cabins. Good "Grub 'n Grog".
10 DAYS UNDER SAIL from $200
WRITE CAP'N MIKE FOR ADVENTURE BOOKLET
P.O. BOX 120, DEPT. MIAMI BEACH 39, FLA.
WINDJAMMER CRUISES

YOU CAN
Write stories for TV! AND MOVIES
NO SPECIAL TALENT NEEDED!
. . . says Leslie Goodwins, Hollywood TV Director of
● MY FAVORITE MARTIAN
● GILLIGAN'S ISLAND
● F TROOP *and many more!*
Use our services: send us your story; we do the rest! Simply send story or idea (1 to 20 pages; not over 20) for free examination.
ACT NOW: This is your opportunity for free examination, *in Hollywood!* Send story to:
LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS, Dept. 4004
7551 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif. 90046

MEMOIRS OF A TOP HAND

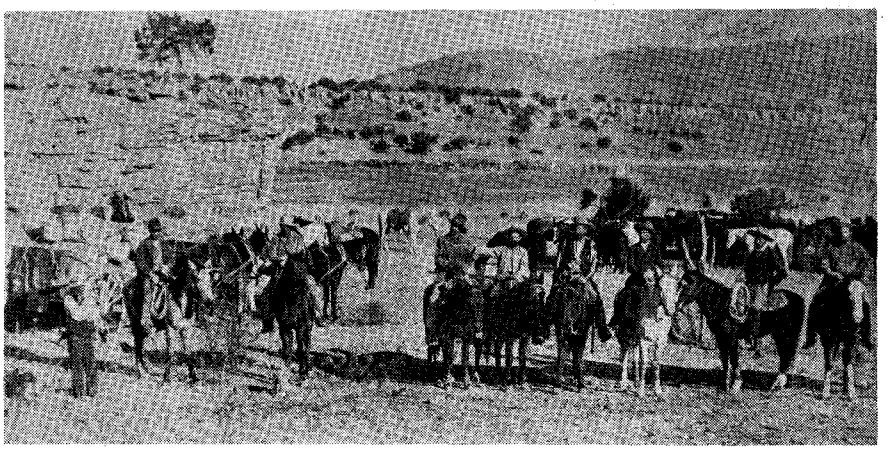
(Continued from page 15)

Brands were hard to read when you were out of your territory and would be read incorrectly by most all cowmen; like the time a group of vaqueros came out of old Mexico with a herd of steers, carrying the ↄ brand. One of the American cowhands asked one of the Mexican vaqueros how the brand was read. The reply was, "Quien Sabe," meaning I don't know, but he was right, for that was the way the brand was read, and in Old Mexico it was registered as "Quien Sabe."

The "Quien Sabe" brand is registered in almost every south-western state, like the ⊥. In Texas, it is read as Bar L. In California it is read as Cross L, although both brands are identical and both registered in their states.

I have worked on some outfits that branded as many as 20,000 calves and more each year and this was work. I did love to go down the rope to the head of the big, wild calves, throw my arms over in their flanks, catching the flank and dropping down on one knee, throwing the calf on its side, very hard. I was young and strong and the bigger the calf, the better I liked it. I usually enjoyed eating the 'mountain oysters' as they were taken from the male calves. I would drop them over the hot cow-chip fire and when they burst open and browned, they were really good eating.

After 'branding time,' which sometimes took three or four weeks an was usually over by the middle of July, we started breaking horses, or digging for water, they called it 'tanking' or 'windmilling'; then came dipping time and with Fall came the time to round up together the fat, dry, spayed cows and the big, fat, steers to be shipped to market. Yes, that was real cowboying in those wonderful days gone by.



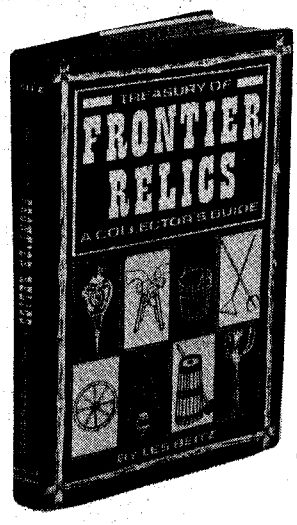
Some of the boys out on the range look as if they're about ready to shoot the cook. Actually, we ate more than just "beans 'n bacon, bacon 'n beans..."

I was taught to read brands by honest cowmen, but once in awhile, by some who were on the other side of the fence. Reading brands has a few basic rules to guide you such as: Brands are read from left to right, as you face the animal, and from the top, down, and from the outside, in. If a letter 'F' for instance is turned around, it is read as "reverse F." If it is lying on its side, it is read, "Lazy F" and if the bottom of the letter touches the inside of a curve, it is read, "The Rocking F." The brand ⅃ would be read "Lazy T." J.B. Slaughter's brand was ∪∩ which was called U Lazy S. The brand run by A.P. Hall of Marfa, Texas was the rangelands most humorous of all brands, branded with the symbol 2LP, and read, "Too Lazy To Pee."

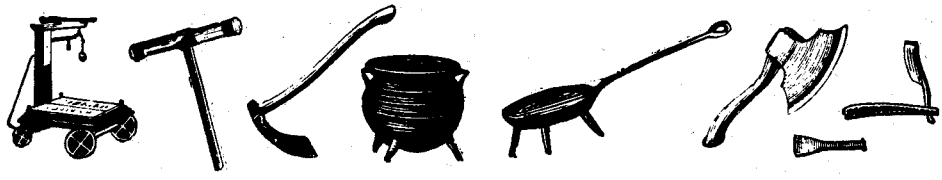
After the shipping was finished, then came the laying off of most of the hands and sending the top hands to the 'line camps' for the winter. The latch string was always left on the outside and you were always welcome to chuck, and to roll your bed out on the dirt floor in those days. All you were asked to do was to wash out the tin plates. This was the way lots of the old cowboys wintered, riding from one camp to another. They were called 'line riders.' The cowboys who stayed in the winter camps rode the fences, fixed the windmills, did tank work or plowed fire guards and looked out for prairie fires. They trapped coyotes and ran lobo wolves. Some broke horses and would do the 'freighting' in winter. They all kept pretty busy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR BACKYARD JUNK MAY BE WORTH BIG MONEY!



Old Pots and Pans, Picks and Shovels, Boots and Blankets, Newspapers, Magazines and Hundreds of other Frontier Relics Now Bring Top Prices from Museums and Private Collectors!



You Are Richer Than You Think

Publication of Treasury Of Frontier Relics: A Collector's Guide by noted authority Les Beitz gathers together for the very first time a complete, fully authenticated source for establishing values of Western objects much in demand by collectors both here and abroad. (Recently, in Germany, a producer of Western movies paid $375. for a vintage Colt pistol.)

Museums And Collectors Keep Prices Going Up

The current surge of interest in Western Americana art and objects means that without even knowing it, you may already be owner of one or more Frontier treasures.

Those lucky enough to recognize value will reap rich rewards. Others, unknowingly, will lose the chance to cash-in on a Western relic worth real money. You would never forgive yourself if you threw away, or sold for pennies, a prize valued at many hundreds of dollars.

Would you know how much old branding irons are worth? (see page 15)
Would you know what an angle lamp is and what it will bring? (see page 61)
Would you know a Sibley stove if you saw one and realize how much it is worth? (see page 73)
Would you know the value of a grub box (page 15) or of a Confederate cap (page 93)?
Would you know what old newspapers, pictures and pulp magazines are worth to collectors? (see page 135)

**Check Your Garage,
Basement, Attic, Backyard
Today!**

Do You Own Or Know Where Any Of The Following Can Be Found?

- * Branding Irons
- * Spurs, Bits & Stirrups
- * Ox Yokes
- * Pistols & Rifles
- * Hinder's Knives & Scales
- * Jugs & Jars
- * Miner's Gear
- * Lamps & Lanterns
- * Barbed Wire
- * Chuck Wagon Boxes
- * Western Art
- * Dehorning Saws
- * Wells Fargo Items
- * Bootjacks
- * Oddments of Fort & Trail

If you own any of these Frontier Relics – or run the slighest chance of finding one – you will want to establish their true value and then decide whether to sell now or hold out for higher prices as values go up year after year.

You may even decide to become a dealer or collector yourself. Whatever your decision, you will need Treasury Of Frontier Relics to check and confirm each new find. Once having discovered and established the value of that first Frontier Relic, you will be started on a fascinating, life-long treasure hunt -- one as exciting as the Gold Rush Days of the Old West.

High Praise For Book And Author

Famed Western expert Fred Gipson, author of Old Yella, says: "I read his book and learned that Les Beitz likely knows more about the value of western gear and relics than nearly any man in the country. Most important, I learned that the stuff I've been piling up outside my yard fence is more like a treasure than a junk heap. Some will sell for actual cash!"

The Information In A Single Sentence Of This Unique Volume Can Be Worth Many Times The Price Of The Book Itself

(An Edwin House - Crown Book)

--------Order Valuable First-Edition Copy Today---------

VICTOR SPECIALITIES, Dept. RW-1166 (No C.O.D.)
Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn.

Please send me___copies @ $6.95, postage included, of "Treasury Of Frontier Relics" by Les Beitz. I understand first-edition copies will be shipped strictly on a first-come, first-served basis.
Amt. Enclosed: $

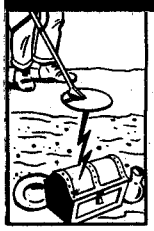
Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNDISCOVERED WEALTH!



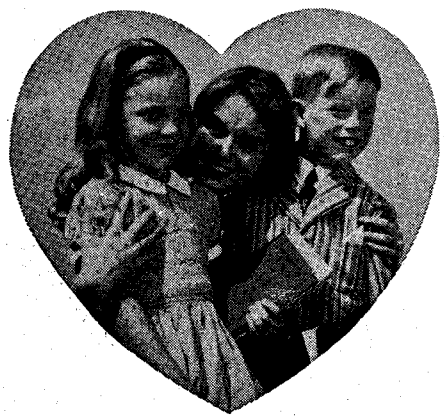
FUN & PROFIT finding buried treasure, mineral deposits, metal with transistor Explorer M-SCOPE. Known worldwide since 1932 for supersensitivity and dependability. Guaranteed. Easy terms.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG AND USER RESULTS

Fisher
RESEARCH LAB., INC.
Dept. 13 Palo Alto, Calif.

BILL TROUBLES?
NOBODY REFUSED UP TO $15,000.00
Bad Credit ■ No Problem ■ Not a Loan Co.
Send your name and address for FREE application to nearest office for faster service
ATLANTIC ASSOCIATES, Dept. 33
146 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
3312 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Arizona

Now She Can Save Them from Rheumatic Fever



Rheumatic fever and the heart disease it can cause once were childhood's greatest health enemies. Today they can be prevented by controlling "strep" infection.

This is another life-saving victory that your Heart Fund dollars helped to achieve.

For information about preventing rheumatic fever . . . ask your local Heart Association. For more such medical victories against the heart and blood vessel diseases . . .

GIVE... so more will live
HEART FUND

I remember, I took time to make a trip to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to try out as a bucking horse rider and steer roper, because all of the boys wanted me to enter in the big Cheyenne Round-up that would be held in July. The calf branding was finished, so I sacked my kak, saddled my horse and headed for the railroad and the trip to Cheyenne. This was in 1902. The first horse that I drew was a big bay horse, and the minute I stepped my foot over his back, he jerked loose from the 'ear down men' and got away with a sack tied over his head. He ran away with me still on his back, so I got nowhere in the bucking horse contest. Elton Perry won the 1902 championship in bucking horse riding and Joe Jackson, the name I was using, won the steer roping. Charley Irwin let me use his horse to rope steers and old "Custer" was really a good roping horse. I averaged 41/5 seconds on each steer. Charley Irwin won the steer roping in 1900 and again in 1906. He was a good roper even though he weighed over 300 pounds, and fast, too, because in those days the steers got a head start of from 60 to 90 feet.

After the Cheyenne Frontier Days, where I had used the name of Joe Jackson and had won the title of World's Champion Steer Roper, I went back to the ranch.

Back on the open range once more in New Mexico, working for the Red River Cattle Company, known as the V+T Ranch that was run by Cole Railston. Here I could get plenty of practice roping the big, wild steers, and I had just learned that a fellow by the name of Clay McGonigal had roped and tied a steer in the fast time of only 23 seconds the year before. I knew that I, or anyone else, would have to move fast to ever beat this feat.

I heard that the Cattlemens Association had made a deal with Tom Greer, to hold a big roping at El Paso, Texas, at Washington Park, later to be known as Cowboy Park. This was in 1903 and I heard, too, from the talk of the cowboys, about the fast time Clay had made in Tucson. You could hear it on the cattle drives or around the chuck wagons. It was the favorite topic of conversation with everyone wondering who could beat Clay's fast time, all of which irritated me, so while practicing my roping, I left many a steer with a broken leg or broken horns trying to beat 23 seconds because I intended entering the steer roping contest in El Paso. And then it happened. I almost tore three fingers of my right hand completely off and pulled my right shoulder out of socket when I threw the 'trip' over the steer's rear end when I was practicing.

However, I had managed to see the contest and meet the ropers. All of the top ropers were there, including Clay McGonigal, J. Ellison Carroll, Billy Connell, Joe Gardner, Tom Vest, Ace Draper, Lee Nation, Tom Crow, Raleigh Conley, a Mexican named Borjorques, and others. I just can't remember the names of all of them, and Lucille Mulhall was there too. She was the daughter of Col. Zack Mulhall from Indian Territory; and she was there to compete in the steer roping event. She was a real good roper.

It was a three-day elimination contest. The first two days' winners competing on the third day for the finals. First money was $1,000; second money was $500 and third money was $250. Pardner, that was big money back in those days, because a cowboy was paid from $25 to $30 per month and a top hand drew only $40 working on a ranch.

But I'll tell you more about this next time.

RW

From the authors personal experiences.

THE DAY TEXAS HANGED A WOMAN
(Continued from page 9)

the Nueces River ten miles from the present town of Mathis.

The woman to be hanged was Chipeta Rodriquez, of uncertain age but no longer young. She had lived in the small house by the Arkansas River on the road from Refugio to San Patricio and made a meager living by housing overnight the passers-by when traveling through the country on horseback.

One evening John Savage asked the woman for food and lodging. He was on his way to Mexico via Brownsville. Having sold a herd of horses he was carrying the money of the sale, over six hundred dollars in gold, in his saddle bags.

When the horsetrader did not arrive at the time that he was scheduled to return, foul play was suspected and queries were made along the route he was supposed to travel. No one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had seen him pass through San Patricio. Two of Savage's friends got Sheriff William Means to go with them up the trail to look for him.

Knowing that it was Savage's custom to stay overnight at Chipeta's, they stopped to question her. She came out of her door and looked up at the men on horseback without greeting them. When asked if she had seen Savage, she denied that he had been at her house. The three men were unable to pinpoint their suspicions of the woman and rode on.

Days passed before a clue to Savage's disappearance was found. Two negro slaves at the Welder Ranch were washing clothes in the river not far from Chipeta's house when they saw a long object which appeared to be wrapped in corn sacks, floating in the water. With a tree branch they tried to pull the object toward the bank of the stream. The faint, fetid odor and the sudden idea that it might be a body sent the two negroes screaming toward the ranch house leaving the wash floating down the river.

Three Welder ranch hands unwrapped the body of John Savage. Apparently he had been killed with one blow of an ax on his head.

When Chipeta was arrested her eyes kept darting to a certain spot toward the river. There, most of the gold was found, still in the saddle bags.

"I am not guilty," she said when she was arrested.

She was taken the ten miles to San Patricio where she was put in the jail, a mere shed attached to the back of the crudely constructed court house. Because there were no bars on the window of the jail prisoners were chained. The chain was fastened to Chipeta's ankle. It was long enough for her to reach the pile of quilts in a corner where she could sleep. During the day she sat on a wooden drygoods box saying nothing.

Curious townfolk came to stare at her through the window but she did not look at them nor answer their questions. From the school across the street the children came at their recess and tried to talk with her. They brought her tobacco and from their lunch boxes they gave her their cookies. She only nodded her thanks.

Other than to say "not guilty" at the trail, she uttered no other words. (Nearly all of the transcript of the trial was burned when the court house was destroyed by fire in 1889).

Chipeta was tried jointly with Juan Silvera who was named her accomplice. Judge Benjamin F. Neal of the 14th District Court presided and District Attorney J.S. Givens had as assistant counsel T.H. O'Callaghan. The defending counsel was Will O'Docharty and Foreman of the jury was Owen Gaffney. Others on the jury panel were Thomas Haley, M.J. Terry, E.S. Nash, John Henderson, James H. Toomey, James Gallagher, Cornelius

$$ TREASURE $$

New revolutionary **selective** transistor metal detector distinguishes ferrous from non-ferrous metals. Will tell the difference between a tin can and a gold bar, etc. No more unnecessary digging for tin cans, nails, bottle caps, etc. Also six other models including a selective underwater model. Free catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept. 47, 4729 N. 7th Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

Send for your free copy of:
"WESTERN AMERICANA"

Latest catalog of much-wanted out-of-print books at reasonable prices. Also send your list of books wanted for free search.
No obligation. We also buy books.

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003 RW, Beverly Hills, California

SELL BOOK MATCHES

MAKE EXTRA MONEY

FULL OR PART TIME

Write us today; we put you in business handling complete line of Ad Book Matches in demand by every business right in your home town. No experience needed, No investment, everything furnished FREE! Top commissions daily, even in your Spare Hours.

SUPERIOR MATCH CO.
Dp. Y-1166, 7528 S. Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

WE'LL PUT YOU IN THE MATCH BUSINESS BY RETURN MAIL

FREE FACTS mail coupon

on how to become
GOVERNMENT HUNTER
Game Warden, Forester
or
Aid or Assistant Type Positions that Require Less Formal Education

Don't be chained to office, desk, store counter, or factory machine. Prepare *now*, in spare time, for outdoor man's *dream job* in Forestry & Wildlife Conservation. *Get the facts.* Plan to live the life you love. Mail coupon today!

THRILLS AND ADVENTURE Many Forestry & Wildlife men hunt mountain lions – parachute from planes to help marooned animals or save life of injured campers–protect forests–arrest game violators. Adventure, public service, good pay. Rush coupon today.

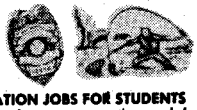
SECURITY–RETIREMENT–LOW LIVING COSTS–GOOD PAY Most conservation careers are *permanent*–No layoffs. No worry about your paycheck. Living costs are low, too–and a pension may assure you a good income *for life* when you retire.

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIFE. Hard muscles, bronzed skin and vibrant good health are *extra* rewards of outdoor living. Sleep under the pines. Catch breakfast from icy streams. *Feel and look like a million!*

OPPORTUNITIES IN YOUR STATE? We show you how to seek out job openings in your own state and other states Coast to Coast. Age limits 17 to 45, sometimes older on *private* game farms and hunt clubs. We are not connected with the Government.

DIPLOMA AUTHORIZED We are proud to be authorized by the Calif. Department of Education to grant diplomas.

FREE! 3 GUIDES! Each jam packed with exciting Conservation Career Facts! Rush coupon today!



FREE MAIL COUPON

VACATION JOBS FOR STUDENTS *No experience or preparation needed* for vacation jobs in Parks, Forests, Vacation Resorts. Many accepting Applications *now*. Rush coupon today!

North American School Of Conservation
University Plaza, Campus Drive, Dept. 327-B
Newport, Calif. 92660
Rush 16-page Fact Book on exciting, Conservation Career–also self-scoring Aptitude Quiz & 3-month subscription to Conservation Magazine–ALL FREE!

NAME _____ AGE _____
STREET _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Accredited member National Home Study Council ©NASC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROSPECTORS Put your grubstake on the . . .

GOLD-MASTER Model S63

Mineral, Metal, and Treasure Finder.

It can detect gold and silver nuggets, Rings, Coins, Veins, and treasures.

● No cumbersome Earphones, a powerful speaker is used ● Two highly sensitive loops—one for detecting small nuggets, one for treasures and veins ● Simple to Operate ● Complete instructions . . . and fresh batteries ● A small natural gold nugget which it will detect is included.

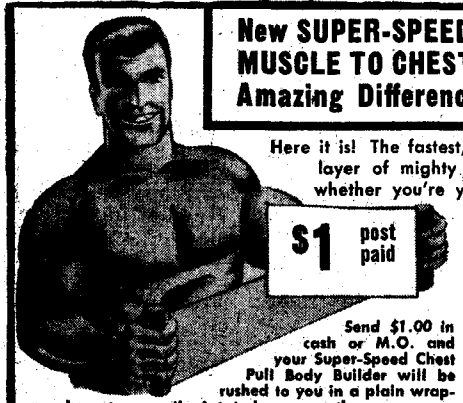
Easy terms available Send today for FREE literature

5% Discount For Cash

NOW ONLY $169.50 COMPLETE

$29.50 Down
Bal. $10.57 Per Mo.

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
1101 Pleasant Valley Rd. Room 171
Sweet Home, Oregon



New SUPER-SPEED Way to ADD POUNDS OF SOLID MUSCLE TO CHEST, BACK, ARMS, WRISTS! See the Amazing Differences in 10 days or Money Back!

Here it is! The fastest, easiest, cheapest way to build up layer upon layer of mighty muscle right where you want it most! Now whether you're young, old, tall, short, skinny or fat . . . the new Super-Speed CHEST PULL BODY BUILDER can give you a body that will command respect and attention wherever you go. Imagine your back alive with rock-hard bands of rippling muscle. Your chest a mighty triangle from power-packed shoulder to steel-smooth stomach. Your biceps and forearms bulging with muscle that puts dynamite in your fists! Your wrists and hands powerful enough to answer your every command!

$1 post paid

Send $1.00 in cash or M.O. and your Super-Speed Chest Pull Body Builder will be rushed to you in a plain wrapper by return mail. Act today . . . the sooner you start, the sooner you'll have the muscles you want.

MEDFORD PRODUCTS, INC., Dp. RW, **P.O. Box 39, Bethpage, N.Y.**

SAVE HUNDREDS OF $ $.... BUY

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

Fantastic BARGAINS

Many items go at 2 to 3c per dollar of original cost.

The government is one of the largest buyers in the world. And one of the largest sellers too, often at prices so low as to stagger your imagination. Government needs change, specifications change, improvements make items obsolete, installations close down or are moved and thousands of items have to be quickly disposed of. Thats your opportunity and we can show you how you can take advantage of it.

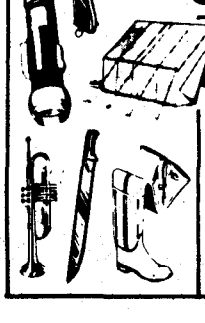
SAMPLE SURPLUS SALE PRICES*

Army shoes	$1.60	Knife	.60
Binoculars	1.30	Machetes	.70
Typewriters	8.00	Bayonets	.40
Rifles	7.70	Rucksacks	2.00
Blankets	.60	Shirts	.20
Sleeping bags	3.80	Field Jackets	.80
Parkas	4.90	Army coveralls	.80
Walkie talkie	15.00	Jeeps	300.00

*Purchase price possibilities dependent on demand

Send only $1 (refundable) for DIRECTORY with complete sources, data on where and how to buy low cost surplus items.

FREE — giant catalogue of hundreds of bargains. Items you can order direct by mail when you send for directory.



WORLD LARGEST STOCK

Rifles	$10.95
Boats	16.45
Steel Helmets	2.15
Shoes	1.65
Jackets	3.25
Tents	6.55
Bayonets	1.65
Cartridge Belts	1.65
Pistol Belts	1.05

HUNDREDS MORE

MAIL COUPON TODAY for FREE HOME TRIAL!

You can't lose PRICE OF $1 REFUNDED if not satisfied OR WITH FIRST ORDER of $5 or more

HELLER COMPANY, Dept.RW-G10
Box 826, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

I enclose $1.00. Send the combined catalog and Directory immediately. I understand that my money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied. Also I will receive a full refund with my first order of $5.00 or more.

NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

Tierman, George McGown, George Williams, J.E. Hendrickson and Pat Hartt.

{Four members of the jury in recent years had been indicted on felony charges ranging from running a hot cattle iron to murder. Fortunately for them the states attorney had seen fit to dismiss the charges without prosecution. No doubt the felony charges brought against the four men had been dismissed because they were pronounced "needed" for the war effort. This was during the unsettled days of the Civil War}.

The trial began. The small court room was overcrowded. Spectators sat in the windows, stood three deep in the doorway. District Attorney Givens exhibited John Savage's saddle bags. With a dramatic gesture he spilled the gold coins onto a table. He denounced the murderer, berated her assistant.

Lucy, one of the women who had found the body in the river, spoke of the incident in spectral tones. The three ranch hands told of the gruesome ordeal of examining the remains and of how cleanly the ax had cut into the skull.

Juan Silvera, pale and trembling, related his part in carrying the body to the river. Juan, better known by his nickname of Juan Chiquito, "Little John," so called because of his diminutive size, was given five years "at hard work" in the penitentiary. While serving the prison term he learned the shoemaker's trade and when he came back to San Patricio he mended shoes for the townfolk. He was a familiar figure about the area for years.

During the trial Chipeta Rodriquez spoke two words, "Not guilty." That was her testimony. That was her defense.

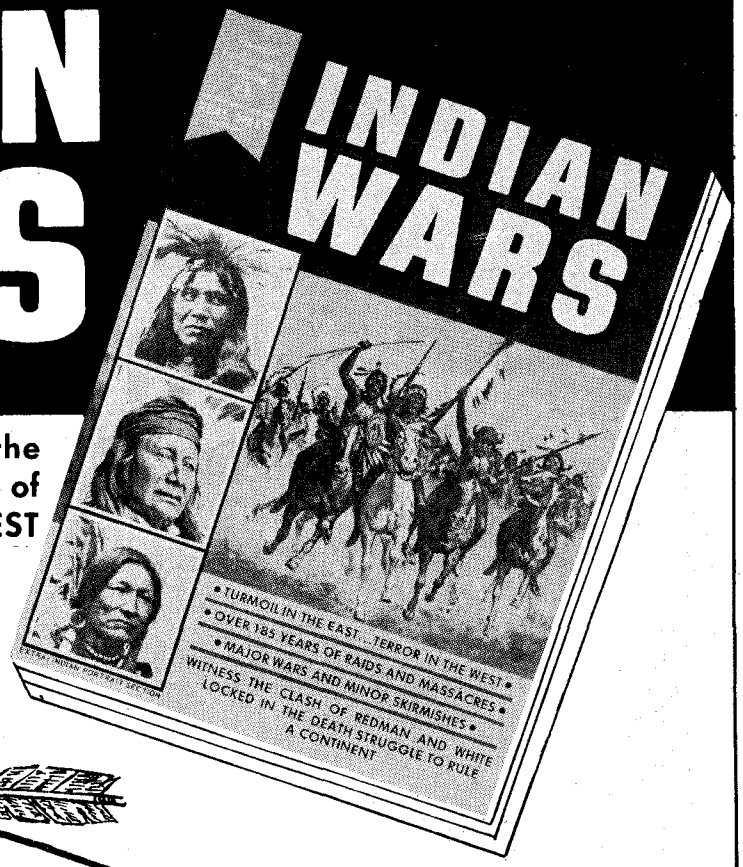
The jury adjudged Chipeta guilty but because of her age and because of the circumstantial evidence, they recommended her to the mercy of the court.

Judge Neal did not heed the recommendation. He pronounced: "--ordered, judged and decreed by the court that the said Chipeta Rodriquez be taken to the jail of San Patricio, or to some other secure place and there closely and securely confined until Friday, the 13th day of November, A.D. eighteen hundred and sixty three, when she will be taken to the place of execution and then between the hour of eleven o'clock and sunset of said day she shall be executed according to the law, by hanging by the neck, until she be dead."

The women of the town were unanimously in sympathy with the accused

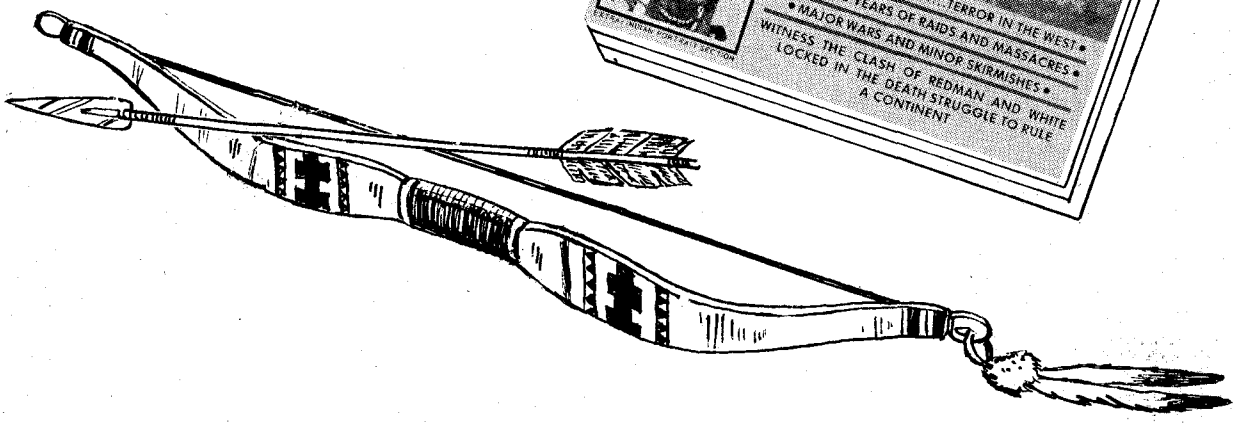
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDIAN WARS


INDIAN WARS
• TURMOIL IN THE EAST ... TERROR IN THE WEST •
• OVER 185 YEARS OF RAIDS AND MASSACRES •
• MAJOR WARS AND MINOR SKIRMISHES •
WITNESS THE CLASH OF REDMAN AND WHITE LOCKED IN THE DEATH STRUGGLE TO RULE A CONTINENT

Special Collector's Edition

By the Editors of REAL WEST



JAM-PACKED WITH OUTSTANDING, AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS OF FAMOUS INDIAN WARS, including...

DISASTER AT PLATTE BRIDGE STATION--Wyoming, 1865 -- Cheyenne and Sioux fight the Kansas Cavalry near present day Casper, Wyo.

DADE MASSACRE -- Florida, 1835 -- Opening battle of the Seminole War.

THE NEZ PERCE TRAGEDY -- Idaho, 1877 -- Indians rebel against Government mistreatment.

BLOOD BATH AT RED RIVER -- 1862 -- Fort Abercrombie attacked by Little Crow's Sioux.

BLOODY VENGEANCE OF THE PUEBLOS--1847--Indian & Mexican insurrection.

THE TERRIBLE TUSCARORA WAR – No. Carolina, 1714 -- Indians battle; forced to flee to New York State.

Look For It At Your Favorite Newsstand

(or send 60¢ to: REAL WEST, CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.)

AMERICA'S MOST COMPLETE FACTUAL INDIAN MAGAZINE

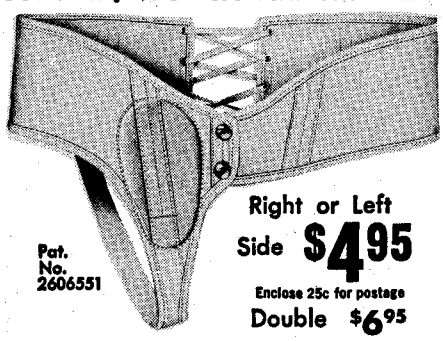
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Immediate Comfort and Relief for You
with *Patented*

RUPTURE-EASER

T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. (A Piper Brace Truss)

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

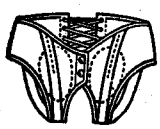


Pat. No. 2606551

Right or Left Side **$4.95**

Enclose 25c for postage

Double **$6.95**



A strong, form fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Adjustable. Snaps up in front. Soft flat groin pad—back-lacing and adjustable leg strap. **No steel or leather bands.** Unexcelled for comfort, **invisible under light clothing.** Washable. Also used as after operation support.

- **A MOST EFFECTIVE SUPPORT FOR REDUCIBLE INGUINAL HERNIA**
  Hundreds of thousands of people have discovered wonderful new comfort with Rupture-Easer.
- **RUPTURE-EASER IS SANITARY**
  Can be washed without harm to fabric—you never offend when you wear Rupture-Easer.
- **NO FITTING REQUIRED**
  Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and specify right or left side or double.

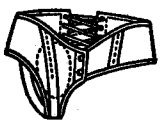
Millions Sold to Grateful Users!

Read What Others Say:

R. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air Mails: *"Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work top speed at my press machine 8 hrs. a day."*

M. S. of Anderson, Ind., thanks us and says: *"It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me untold ease and comfort."*

L. C. H., Blackburn, Mo., writes: *"The Rupture Easer I bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."*



Order two for change-off when laundering.

PIPER BRACE CO.
Dept. REW-116
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.

USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM

Piper Brace Company, Dp. REW-116
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.

Please send.....RUPTURE-EASERS by return mail.
Right Side ☐ $4.95
Left Side ☐ $4.95
Double ☐ $6.95
Measure around lowest part of my abdomen is .....INCHES.
Enclosed is: ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for $.....
Be sure to include 25c for postage

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

and bewailed her sentence. They would have tried, if they could have figured out a way, to save Chipeta Rodriquez. John Timon came from his La Parra Ranch near Oakville and tried to persuade the deputy not to carry out the execution. Vigorously the deputy shook his head. Sheriff Pole Means had "up and fled" town and the deputy declared the matter was out of his hands.

There was the noise of sawing wood and pounding nails in the Sullivan Store. A coffin was being made from the cypress planks of empty shelves. Plainly the sound could be heard by Chipeta in her jail cell as she waited the long minutes for the hour of her death.

Across a corner from the court house square stood Eliza Sullivan's Boarding House. The day before that awful Friday the thirteenth, Eliza and her colored woman, Em, cooked and baked for they knew they would have many guests the next day.

But Eliza was not too busy late in the afternoon to see that Em washed and braided Chipeta Rodriquez's crow-black hair. Eliza even took the condemned woman a dress, one of her own dresses, a white mull with blue dots. Once again the prisoner spoke. When she saw the dress she said, "Que bonita"--how pretty. These were the last words she uttered on earth unless she confessed to the priest who came to see her that evening.

The morning of the hanging someone thought to ask how the coffin could be transported to the gallows tree and the nearby grave. There was only one wagon in the town at that time: Kate McCumber's. Three times, men went to borrow that wagon and the third time the men argued that the sheriff had sent for it and that they must take the vehicle.

With her left hand on her hip while in her right she brandished a big stick, Kate McCumber said, "Tell the sheriff to come for that wagon himself." She was not told that the sheriff's where-abouts was unknown.

A rickety cart was finally obtained from Alex Murphy who lived about a mile from the court house.

Chipeta sat stiffly upright on her crude coffin, dressed in the white mull dress with the blue dots, as the creaking cart jolted the long mile to the hanging tree. She finished smoking her corn shuck cigarette and when she finished she flipped it into the crowd that followed but she did not look at them.

The cart was stopped under the oak tree. The noose that John Gilpin had tied was adjusted about the woman's neck. Her head slanted awkardly to one side to accommodate the knot.

Chipeta sat stone still, her gaze on something in the distance, perhaps to peer into the future. All was still now. Then the priest began reading, softly intoning the dying prayers. The cart was driven out from under the woman. There was a gutteral "No" from some masculine throat. One of the watchers groaned. Some gasped. Several of the more tenderhearted closed their eyes or turned their heads. Some of those who beheld the horror had nightmares many nights thereafter. One woman bolted toward town, sobbing.

There was no cover over Chipeta's face to hid the ghastliness of strangulation. As soon as possible, after she was pronounced dead, the body was cut down and dumped in the rough box made from the empty shelves in Sullivan's Store. The coffin was dropped into the pre-dug grave.

Two small boys, Webb Sullivan and Jack McCown were among those who disobeyed parental orders and attended the hanging. Jack hearing the thud of the coffin being dropped into the grave and a subsequent groan began running and did not stop till he got back home.

A week later lightning struck the oak tree from which Chipeta was hanged and later it was chopped down and used for firewood.

Rachel Bluntzer Hebert in her book, "Shadows On The Nueces" writes: "Friday the thirteenth day of November in eighteen hundred and sixty three was a gloomy and uncanny one in San Patricio, the execution of a woman --one whom some believed innocent, add to that a death without a wake, and a grave outside a graveyard, could a more unholy or unnatural thing have happened to an Irish village?"

Chipeta Rodriquez was the first and only woman ever legally hanged in the State of Texas.

RW

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Rachel Bluntzer Hebert, Shadows On The Nueces {Banner Press, Emory University Georgia. 1942}

Minutes of the District Court, San Patricio County.

Interviews with descendents of those who witnessed the hanging.

Files of the Corpus Christi Caller {Corpus Christi, Texas}

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL WEST BACK COPIES

SEPTEMBER, 1964

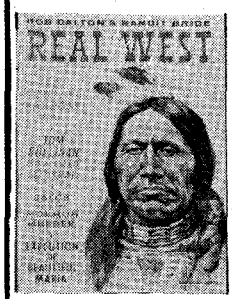
- Lounsberry's Famous News Scoop: "Custer Massacred"
- "Blood Bath at Red River": Story of Ft. Abercrombie
- Exclusive: "Who Was Billy The Kid's Mother?"
- The Strange Love Affair of "Big Nose Kate" & "Doc" Holliday

NOVEMBER, 1964

- "The Babb Family": A story of sudden Comanche attack
- "Bloody Vengeance" of the normally friendly Pueblos
- "Jeff Turner, Indian Fighter": A study in revenge
- Exciting military action: "Sibley's Army of the Dead"

JANUARY, 1965

- Unusual similarities between Ben Hur and Billy The Kid
- Matilda Friend's tale of sudden Indian horror
- The firm and shocking justice of Colonel Wright
- "Kate Shelley's Courage": Rescue of a trainload of people



MARCH, 1965

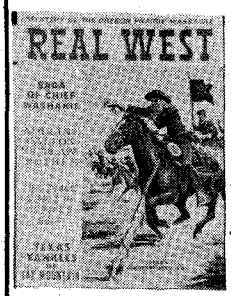
- Bob Dalton's romance with that woman horse-stealer
- Bat Masterson's bloody and spiteful railroad war
- Tom Cullinan: Tamer of turbulent Virginia City
- The tragic execution of beautiful Donna Maria

MAY, 1965

- Special tribute to the raw-boned, daring Mountain Men
- The romantic scandal that killed Jesse James
- "Tragedy of the Nez Perces": A tale of mistreated Indians
- All about the bloody career of one-eyed killer Bill Moore

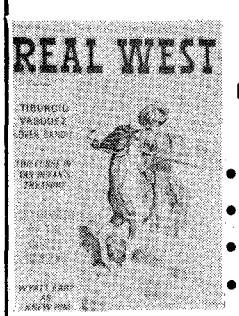
JULY, 1965

- Boone Helm: Vicious cannibal killer of the Old West
- Robbery of the "bandit-proof" stage—the "Monitor"
- Apache Terror: "The Capture of pretty Larcena Page"
- Story of David Payne—"The Man Who Stole Oklahoma"



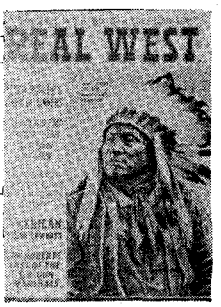
SEPTEMBER, 1965

- Unsolved murder: "Mystery of the Oregon Prairie Massacre"
- "Saga of Chief Washakie," greatest of the Shoshones
- *Heartbreaking story of Adeline* Dalton, an outlaw mother
- "Custer's Greatest Blunder": He paid dearly for his mistakes



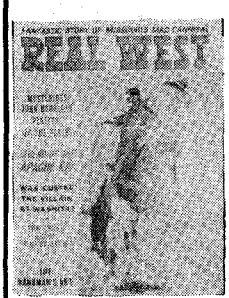
NOVEMBER, 1965

- Urania White: Tortured captive of the fierce Sioux chief
- Story of Tiburcio Vasquez, Bandit, Killer—Lover!
- "Wyatt Earp, as I Knew Him," by writer-historian Harvey St. John
- Ghost Treasure! The eerie curse of Van Duzan's hidden gold



JANUARY, 1966

- First-Hand Account of the "Wounded Knee" Indian Massacre
- Brawling, balling frontier gals: "Fanny Porter's Army of Sinners"
- *Exclusive historical report on* "American Negro Cowboys"
- A 13-year chase: "Fantastic Hunt for Indian Simon"



MARCH, 1966

- Fantastic Story of Missouri's Mad Cannibal
- Saint or Sinner?: Mysterious John Horrigan
- The Truth About Emmett Dalton
- Story of Buffalo Bill's Tragic Last Days

MAY, 1966

- The Mandan Indians—Viking Descendants?
- Broken Hand Fitzpatrick—Mountain Man Extraordinary
- Incredible Exploits of Denver's Millionaire Slave
- Strange Sporting Activities of the Indians

JULY, 1966

- "Quantrill Is Not Dead" by John Sharp
- Charles Ashby's Journey Through Klondike Hell
- The Charmed Life of Ranger McDonald
- Fabulous Lady Moon—Baroness of Colorado

40¢ PER COPY
$2.00 ANY SIX
$3.00 ANY NINE
$4.00 ALL TWELVE

Postage and Handling FREE

CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC., Dept. RW-1166
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.

Enclosed is $.....

Please rush me the following back issues of REAL WEST:

☐ Sept., 1964	☐ Mar., 1965	☐ Sept., 1965	☐ Mar., 1966
☐ Nov., 1964	☐ May, 1965	☐ Nov., 1965	☐ May., 1966
☐ Jan., 1965	☐ July, 1965	☐ Jan., 1966	☐ July, 1966

☐ ALL TWELVE ISSUES

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

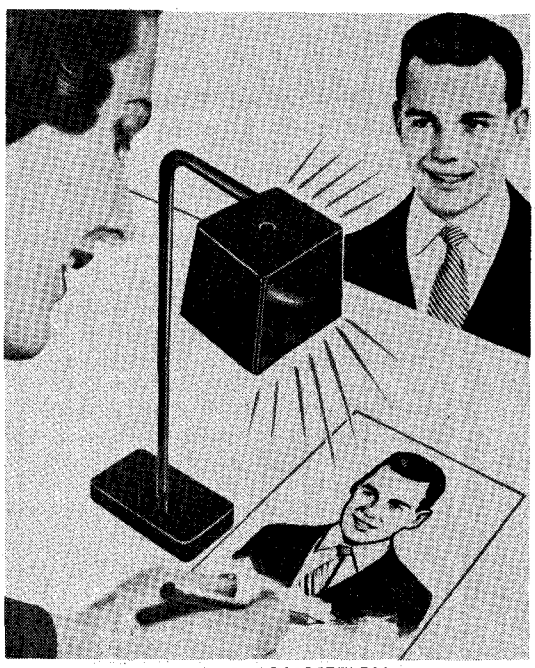
An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE!

NO TALENT! NO LESSONS!

You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—Like An Artist . . . Even If You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line!

Anyone Can Draw With This Amazing New Invention—Instantly!



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION

Complete for only $1.98 **De Luxe Model**—with extra high power, extra clear and sharp "reproducer" unit.

A New Hobby Gives You a Brand New Interest!

Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now . . . the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil . . . and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings. *Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish.* Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! Light and compact to be taken wherever you wish. No other lessons or practice or talent needed! You'll be proud to frame your original drawings for a more distinctive touch to your home. Give them to friends as gifts that are "different," appreciated.

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

FREE! **"Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade"**

This valuable illustrated guide is yours FREE with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Easy ABC art tricks that anyone can follow on different techniques, effects, proportions, perspectives, shading, color, animated cartoons, human figures to use with "Magic Art Reproducer" for added touches to your drawings.

SEND NO MONEY!
Free 10-Day Trial!

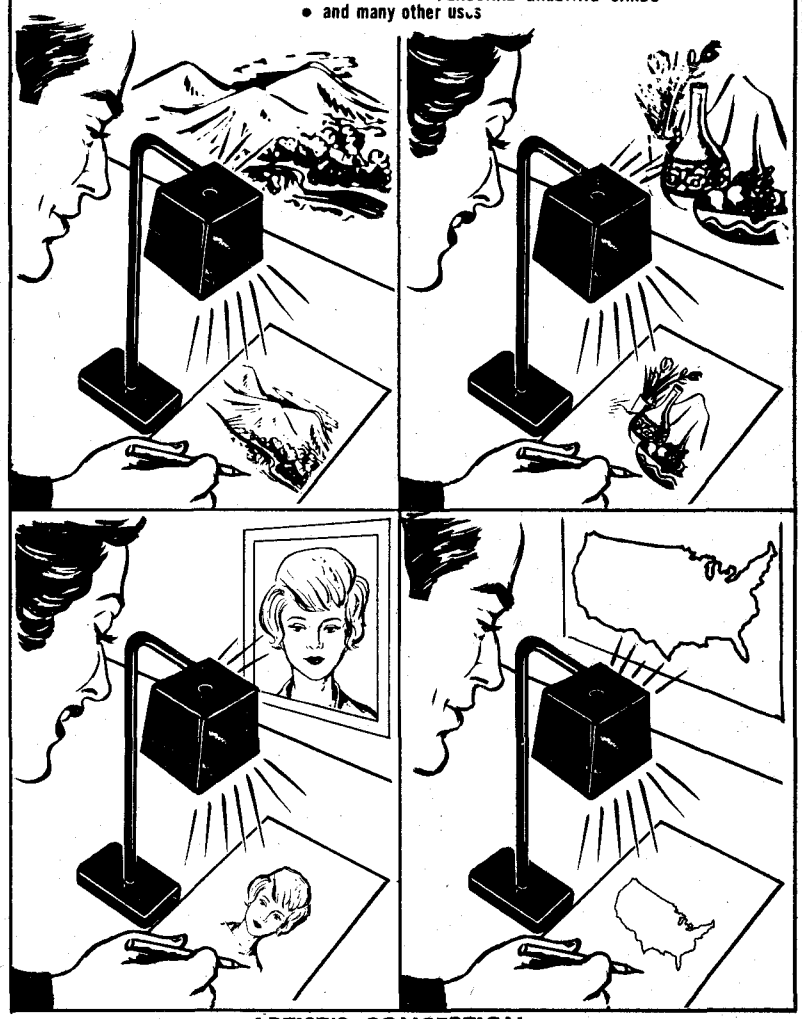
Just mail coupon today

Pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus postage. Or send only $1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. 575, 296 B'way, N.Y.C. 7.

Also Excellent For All Types of Drawings!

- HUMAN FIGURES
- OUTDOOR SCENES—LANDSCAPES, BUILDINGS
- STILL LIFE—VASES, BOWLS OF FRUIT, FLOWERS, LAMPS, FURNITURE, ALL OBJECTS
- COPY PHOTOS, OTHER PICTURES, COMICS, MAPS, BLUEPRINTS
- COPY FASHION DESIGNS—ALL OTHER DESIGNS, DECORATIONS
- PETS
- PERSONAL GREETING CARDS
- and many other uses



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. 575
296 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y.

Rush my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus FREE illustrated guide Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade. I will pay postman on delivery only $1.98 plus postage. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only $1.98 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAIL ROUNDUP

(Continued from page 8)

Dear Sir:

In your Real West Jan. issue is **the story, "I Took Part In The Wounded** Knee Massacre" - By Hugh Mc Ginnis and Olive Glasgaw. On page **35 - in the picture - I'm sure the** tall young man is Calvin Lemon - who fought for the Army and was wounded shortly after this picture was taken.

He always thought Col. Forsyth shot him because of his bitter denunciation of this massacre.

I have been doing research on Mr. Lemon - Could you please ask Mr. **Mc Ginnis or Olive Glasgaw to get** in touch with me.

Mr. Lemon died in Riverton, Wyo. in 1934

Thank you
Laura Hael
Box 77
Amboy, Calif.

HEIRS HOPING

Gentlemen:

I sure would like to have this letter printed if possible as I have been trying to find a magazine and I think it is the Rocky Mountain News or **the Rocky Mountain Echo. About 1 year or 2 ago there was an ad in it which read something like this: Hudson Bay trading post looking for Peter** Alexanders Fiddler's Heirs. Maybe some of the readers of Real West will know about this book and maybe they will have it and send it to me. I read R.W. and sure try to get all copies. I sure think Real West is tops.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Eva Felix
Box 241
Elk Point
Alberta, Canada

GATEWOOD WAS NO HERO

Dear Editor,

Regarding Mr. Chatfield's story about Lt. Gatewood Arizona's Forgotten Hero, I doubt if the United States Army, the Mescalero Apaches, or anyone else ever considered the Lieutenant much of a hero. If Lt. Gatewood hadn't pulled a prize boo boo in 1880, hostilities with the Apaches would have been ended at that time; six years before Gatewood's "heroic act" in 1886.

In the spring of 1880, General Hatch had the Apaches well in hand, and they had agreed to surrender their arms on April 16th. On the appointed morning rifle firing was heard south of the agency about 10 A.M. The Indians were thrown into a state of panic. Soon word reached the agent in charge, S. A. Russell, that Lt. Charles B. Gatewood had surprised some braves "driving off stock," and had killed two of them. Some stock had strayed away from the agency and Russell had dispatched the braves to bring them in. Lt. Gatewood attacked them while they were performing the errand Russell had assigned to them. Small wonder that the entire tribe had a bad case of nerves when the disarming began.

Other regiments were patroling near the agency, and it had been agreed upon earlier in the day that if more troops were needed, three signal shots would be fired into the air. The Apaches grew more frightened and became sullen. Some began to slink away. Fear gripped the soldiers, and the signal shots rang out. Those shots intensified the panic and Indians rushed in every direction to escape. Adding to the confusion was the sudden arrival of Hatch's troops, who tried to halt the fleeing Apaches and found themselves in a hot and heavy battle. Ten Indians were killed, but scores made good their escape and made a bee line for Victorio's camp, where they became some of his most vindictive fighters. Two hundred and fifty surrendered after being promised fair treatment. The agreement of fair treatment was never kept. Those who surrendered were placed into stock pens where the refuse of the cattle and horses had not even been removed. The disconsolate Indians were forced to endure this indignity. When they asked about the return of their horses, guns, and their own release, noncommittal answers were all they received.

All of this could have been avoided and many lives saved, both Indian and White, if the "hero," Lt. Gatewood had not been so anxious to shoot first and ask questions later.

Sincerely,
Betty Bennett
7130 West 16th Place
Denver, Colorado

HOT ISSUES

Dear Editor:

I've just obtained the July 1966 issue of "Real West" thanks to you people for publishing a good mag-

PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS OR MONEY BACK

In this introductory offer you get **TOP GUITARIST ED SALE'S** famous 66 page secret system worth $3.00 which teaches you to play a beautiful song the first day and any song by ear or note in seven days! Contains 52 photos, 87 finger placing charts, etc., plus 110 popular and western songs, (words and music); a $1.00 Chord Finder of all the chords used in popular music; a $3.00 Guitarist Book of Knowledge.
TOTAL VALUE $7.00—ALL FOR ONLY $2.98
SEND NO MONEY! Just your name and address, pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Or send $3.00 with order and I pay postage. (Sorry, no C.O.D. outside Continental U.S.A.—please remit with order).
Unconditional Money-back Guarantee
ED SALE, Studio 169-A, Avon By the Sea, N.J.

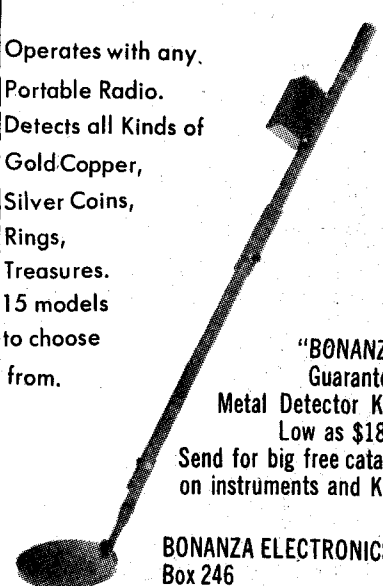
Birth Certificates $1 for 2
DIPLOMAS — WILLS —
Marriage Certificates, High School and College Diplomas, Last Will & Testament (Blank Forms). Any 2 for $1. All 5 for $2. Prompt Confidential Service. ARTEK FORMS, 6311 Yucca Street, Dept. 4004 Hollywood, California 90028

WRITERS
N. Y. publisher wants books on all subjects, fiction, nonfiction. No fee for professional opinion. FREE: Brochures that show how your book can be published, publicized, sold; tips and article reprints on writing, publishing, contracts. Write Dept. 81
EXPOSITION 386 Park Ave. So., N.Y. 16

Bill Problems ?
CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET
NOBODY REFUSED UP TO $10,000.00
POOR CREDIT, No Trouble. NOT A LOAN CO.
Send Your Name For FREE APPLICATION
AUTOMATIC ACCEPTANCE • Dept. 86
1326 Plainfield St., Cranston, R. I. or
320 Broadway Blvd., Reno, Nevada

SONGS — POEMS
Wanted for publishing and recording consideration.
Accepted songs will be published & recorded at our expense - for information write to **Ted Rosen, 17 C Longwood Rd., Quincy, Mass.**

Operates with any Portable Radio.
Detects all Kinds of Gold Copper, Silver Coins, Rings, Treasures.
15 models to choose from.



"BONANZA" Guaranteed Metal Detector Kits. Low as $18.50
Send for big free catalog on instruments and Kits.
BONANZA ELECTRONICS
Box 246
Sweet Home, Oregon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NAVAJO INDIAN RUGS
At Wholesale Prices
Mexican serape drapes in many colors—Velvet tapestries in brilliant animal and hunting scenes—Money belts with two secret pockets—Mexican Chaleco Jackets—Tanned Sheep-skins, snow-white and velvet soft—Seal-skins, lovely to look at and to touch—Sombrero hats that are 22" in diameter and symbolic of the Mexican Hat dance—Sheep-skin coats in every size. Warmest coat made.
THE FREED COMPANY
Box 394, Dept RW Albuquerque, New Mexico

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years
Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation. *OUR 69th YEAR.*
American School, Dp. H666. Drexel at 58th, Chicago37

HEAR WHISPERED SECRET CONVERSATIONS
. . . thru SOLID WALLS
NOW — with ordinary materials you can easily make a Super Directional Mike that amplifies sound 1,000 times. YES, YOU CAN ACTUALLY HEAR CONVERSATIONS THRU WALLS A BLOCK AWAY. Used by intelligence agents. So simple to make, that you will be using your Super Directional Mike 15 minutes after you obtain the ordinary store materials. Easy instructions.
Only $1.00 from: SOUND WAVE, Dept. 4004
1800 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

● WATER DETECTOR - ONLY $1.00
Seeking adventure? Be an explorer with the Perry Water Detector. No batteries. No electricity. Gives you hours of fun. Amaze yourself and your friends. Locate all water beneath the ground, locate under water streams, water wells. Play Hide and Seek the Water.
● ACTUALLY USED AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
The A.T. Perry Cont. Co. used and help develop the Perry Water Detector for locating underground broken water mains at the New York World's Fair.
● 10 DAY FREE TRIAL
SEND NO MONEY! Just your name and address. Pay postman $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage. Or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage. 10 Day Money Back Guarantee.
E. PERRY CO., 24 Onondago St., Yonkers, New York 10704

RUPTURE RELIEF!
GUARANTEED!
TRY THIS TRUSS FOR 30-DAYS FREE!

OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL!
Lasting, comfortable relief for your reducible inguinal rupture. Prove it. Give WEB a trial. If not completely satisfied return it within 30 days for full refund of purchase price. Write for free booklet.
WEB TRUSS CO. Dept. RW-11 Hagerstown, Md.

TREASURE

New Transistor Models Detect Buried Gold, Silver, Coins, Ancient Firearms
For land or underwater exploration. Explore beaches, ghost towns, walls of abandoned shacks
Work through mud, water, concrete, wood
$19.95 up
Write for FREE Catalog
RELCO Dept. RW, Box 10563, Houston 18, Texas

MAGNIFYING 1/2 FRAME GLASSES

Half-frame design lets you see SHARP and CLEAR for reading fine print and doing detailed work, yet allows you regular non-magnified vision over the top of the lenses. Polished ground lenses. For folks over 40 without astigmatism or eye disease who simply need magnifying lenses. $3.98 includes case. Add 25c for postage. State age.
NEL-KING PRODUCTS • Dept. REW-116D
811 Wyandotte Street • Kansas City, Missouri 64105

USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM NOW!
NEL-KING Products, Dp. REW-116 D, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105
Please send me_____pairs of Nel-King ½ Frame Magnifying Glasses at $3.98 each plus 25c postage. I enclose $_____.
( ) Check ( ) Cash ( ) Money Order
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____

azine. I read the story of Quantrill, and I never read a more fantastic story. The photo on the left has *no* resemblance of the one on the right, and I have studied the picture carefully. My honest belief is that this character John Sharp, was a Civil War soldier who bore the scars and bayonet marks and passed later as the notorious guerilla. The real leader died as the history stated it, June 6, 1865. I believe Mr. Carl W. Breihan of St. Louis, Missouri, can vouch for this with no argument. I also believe, if the guerilla had *not* been wounded and died as it has been written, he would have still carried on with his bloody murdering. You have to kill a snake or a wolf while it runs free, and that was what Quantrill was. Anyone want to deny me there? He killed as he had planned, and the bitterness hung in his veins and mind. Back in 1948, another Civil War soldier turned up at the age of 101, I believe, and claimed to be the real "Jesse James". I do believe if Bob Ford hadn't killed him, he would still of been riding and killing, and robbing banks, until someone in later years had put him away. Thought Jesse died at an early age. These so called outlaws of the 1800's never give up, they just don't go into hiding and remain there till some time later, and then come out, to relive their lives. I don't believe it. Suppose some one after World War II came back from the war and claimed to have been John Dillenger? John was mowed down on the streets of Chicago in 1934. Where do these fellows get their ideas to come forward later in years and claim to be some famous outlaw of the past? This John Sharp can tell it to windy Bill for the likes of me, I don't believe a damn word of it. William Clark Quantrill was no soldier of the United States, at the opening of the Civil War. He was an outcast, who put on a rebel suit and organized his own army. He had throat cutters, the lowest kind of men who would kill their mother for just the thrill, riding with him. It would have been a different story if he had belonged to the U.S. Army of some branch of service. Jesse James never belonged to any kind of service, if he had, he would have been a different man. During the Civil War, it was brother against brother, father against son. It was a hell of a war. I could go on saying a lot, but time is short, so I will close on the matter.

James C. Glazner
2404 McCroskey Ave.
Knoxville, Tenn. 37917

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHE WAS PLUM' KISSED

Dear Editor,

In looking through an old issue of "Real West" Vol. 5, No. 25, September 1962, on page 71 and 72 there appears a story by Lois Ryker entitled "Colonel Broadwater and The **Road Agents."**

When I read this story I was very much impressed since I had formerly resided in Helena, Montana and enjoyed the swimming pool of natural hot water at the Broadwater and had often visited the Broadwater Hotel.

I visited the Broadwater three years ago and was surprised to see that the swimming pool and hotel had been torn down and nothing left but a foundation showing their locations.

In the story I mention above there **appear the names "Ives" and "Henry** Plummer" road agents. During the time these agents were alive my Mother and Father William H. Wade and Elizabeth Wade migrated to Montana and were held up by Plummer. During the holdup, one of the agents **had taken all of the possessions from my Mother and Father and others. Just before their departure, the man** then known as Plummer walked over to my Mother and put the watches down in front of her dress and kissed her. My Mother often told this story to us.

I am a constant reader of "REAL WEST."

Frederick E. Wade
CWO, USA Retired
PO Box 332
New Castle, Wyoming, 82701

I AM RELATED TO QUANTRILL

Dear Sirs,

I read your article in the July 66 issue called "I Can Prove I Am Quantrill." It was very interesting, but I would like to make a comment that would kind of prove that John Sharp was not William Quantrill. As I am related to Quantrill, my family and I have done much research on him.

The way that this could be false is that during his escape in Kentucky while he was laying on the ground wounded, his index finger was shot off. Thus if this man had this finger missing that would pretty much prove he was Quantrill. Another thing was that the bullet that hit him paralyzed him, so how could he possibly move? During the fight many of his men tried to come and rescue him, but the unionists who made the attack got him first. The guerrilla's that were captured came to see him and many southern sympathizers while he was dying. Before he died he asked if some of his belongings be sent back to his mother and family. When he did die he was buried at the Louisville Kentucky Catholic cemetery, and the priest told the owners of the cemetery to throw trash on his grave as to not let anyone know where he was buried. When his mother came and dug up his remains to take back with her to bury beside his father she recognized his skull by a chipped tooth. Some of his leg bones were taken by a man who helped Miss Quantrill take back his remains. They now lay in the Kansas State Historical Society.

I don't mean to "get on" your very good magazine, but I felt your readers might like to hear what I have to say about it, so feel free to use it. I can hardly say if I believe **it or not. But I enjoy your magazine very much and it will always find a place in our home.**

Yours truly,
Lana C. Cantrell
St. Paul Park, Minn.

FOR QUANTRILL

Dear Sir:

I have just finished the July 1966 issue of Real West. I enjoyed the material very much, and think you have a very fine staff working for you.

I was especially interested in the story concerning Quantrill, and also the one concerning "Willie Boy". Rumors have persisted for years that Quantrill never met his death in an Army Hospital near Louisville, Kentucky, in 1865.

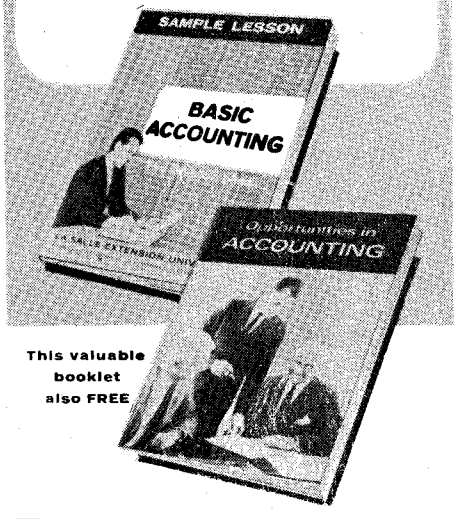
From what the old-timers say, Quantrill was at that time (1865) down along the Texas-Mexico border, with the James Boys. Also that Quantrill, Charley Hart, etc., who actually died down in Texas during the year of 1892. Quantrill was not a blood-thirsty killer. He was a human being like anybody else.

Quantrill ran a few private schools scattered over Texas, and some in Mississippi, and Louisiana. Some day, they tell me, Quantrill's own family will reveal themselves and their own story, a true story far more near the truth and facts than all them lies published and told by Yankees who knew less than anybody else down South.

The real story of just why Quantrill was in Kansas has never been published, as far as I know, nor what reason Quantrill became so utterly bitter and vindictive towards the 'Redlegs' of Kansas, under General Jim Lane. Quantrill was from a family down in Mississippi. Some of his

This Free sample lesson can start you on a high-pay career as

ACCOUNTANT, AUDITOR or CPA



This valuable booklet also FREE

THE demand for trained Accountants far exceeds the supply. Salaries keep going higher, promotions come faster. Why remain in a dull job with insufficient pay when you can qualify easily – *in your spare time* – for the big rewards offered to the Accounting-trained man?

To prove this to yourself, send for the interesting sample lesson which demonstrates the remarkable LaSalle method of home training. This lesson is yours free of cost or obligation. It will show you how you are guided step by step through actual Accounting work . . . how you learn by doing ...how thoroughly you are prepared for every Accounting task you will be called upon to handle in the business world.

No previous experience required

LaSalle's distinguished faculty of expert Accountants and CPA instructors starts you right at the beginning . . . then supervises, corrects and grades your work all the way ...right up to helping you prepare for the Certified Public Accountant examination, if this is your goal. The cost is remarkably low.

For over half a century, LaSalle has been a world leader in business education. It has provided training to more than 1,000,000 ambitious men and women. That is why a LaSalle diploma in Accounting is a credential respected by employers. Mail coupon today for free sample lesson and "Opportunities in Accounting" booklet.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn, Dp. 59-032, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, free of cost or obligation, your sample lesson and illustrated booklet "Opportunities in Accounting".

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City & State..... Zip No.....

County.....

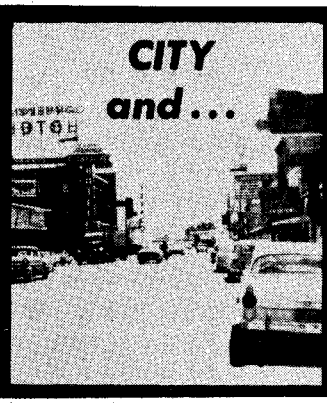
139

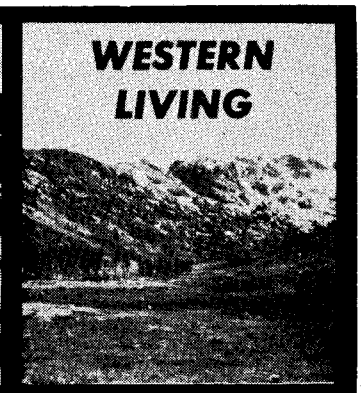
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW... Start Enjoying "THE BEST of TWO WORLDS"

1¼ ACRES

JUST 1½ MILES from ELKO, NEVADA





$1 DOWN / $10 PER MONTH / FULL PRICE $495.00
NO INTEREST NO CARRYING CHARGES

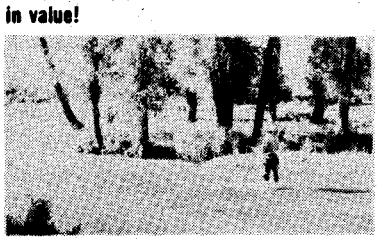
MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS

BOOMING NEVADA IS EQUALED BY ONLY A FEW PLACES IN THE WORLD. Population has surged Westward in ever increasing numbers. Westward to Nevada, where the air is fresh and clear, taxes are low or non-existent and opportunity is open to all. Yes, Nevada is booming and real estate investors are prospering. **It is a proven fact that many purchasers of Nevada acreage have realized fabulous profits from small investments.** Now, a NEW Nevada Real Estate Opportunity exists for you. This Ground Floor Opportunity is **MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, located only 1½ miles from the thriving city of Elko, Nevada.**

THE VERY BEST FEATURES OF TWO WORLDS

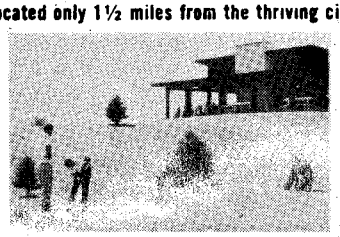
...**THE WORLD OF THE WEST** Located in prosperous Elko County, the ranchos have the backdrop of the majestic Ruby Mountains. **The sparkling Humboldt River is a short ½ mile away. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road that leads into coast to coast U.S. Highway 40.** Amidst these spectacular surroundings MEADOW VALLEY RANCHO owners can relax and enjoy the wonderful life of the Golden West.

...**THE WORLD OF CITY CONVENIENCES:** The bustling city of Elko with its modern schools, shops, theaters, hospital and airport is only 1½ miles away. New homes, with FHA financing committments issued, are now under construction... less than 1 mile from the property. The Experienced, Successful Developers of MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS are not offering remote land where purchasers have to hope for progress and expansion. They offer you the opportunity of a life time, a chance to participate in Nevada's continuing boom... Minutes from the conveniences of hospitable Elko, in the midst of current growth and progress, **MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the necessary ingredients to skyrocket in value!**

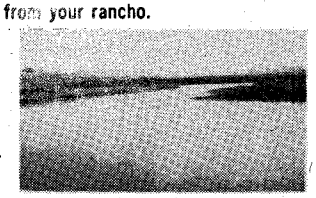


FISHING: In jewel like lakes, and mountain fed bottom streams you'll catch trophy size German Browns, Rainbow and Brook Trout . . . large mouth fighting Bass. RANCHO owners can catch their dinner within easy driving distance of the property lines.

HUNTING: Hunters from all corners of the globe come to Elko County to hunt the big game species Mule Deer . . . Quail, Chukar, and Partridge are found in abundance.



GOLF: A mere one mile from MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS is the Ruby View Golf Course. No rush for starting times on this city owned and maintained golf course, but golfing as it should be enjoyed. Play a leisurely 9-18 or 36 holes surrounded by breathtaking scenery, minutes from your rancho.

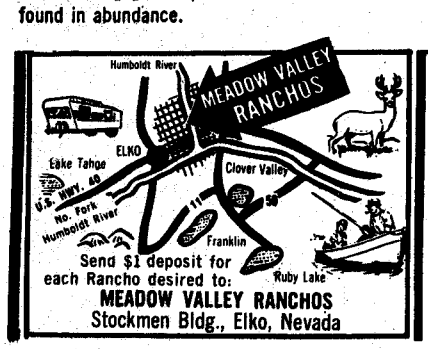


YOUR OWN LAKE... You, and your invited guests will spend many happy hours boating, fishing and picnicking at nearby Lake Osino. There is no charge to Rancho owners for full rights to the use of this private multi-acre lake and park area.

PROVEN OPPORTUNITY: Yes, individuals are taking advantage of Nevada opportunity. But the country's leading corporations are also investing in their Nevada futures. Industrial giants, who erect plants where increasing land values and population demand them, are building or have secured acreage throughout Nevada.

LOW OR NON-EXISTENT TAXES: As a result of Nevada's low realistic tax structure, Profits And Wages Are Kept; not paid out to the state. NEVADA HAS NO STATE INCOME, INHERITANCE, CORPORATION OR GIFT TAX. The low real property tax is definitely limited by the state constitution. YES, NEVADA IS ONE OF OUR LAST FRONTIERS OF TAX FREEDOM!

TOTAL COSTS: The full price of the title to your 1¼ acre Rancho is only $495.00. Complete payment schedule is $1.00 down and $10.00 per month. No interest, no carrying charges. Live, Vacation or Retire on your land, or simply hold for investment security. Wise men like Andrew Carnegie said, "More money has been made in Real Estate than in all industrial investments combined." **Make MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS' PROSPEROUS FUTURE — YOUR FUTURE. DON'T MISS THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!**



MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS
4004 Stockmen Bldg., Elko, Nevada 89801

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Yes! — Reserve acreage at MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS for me — 1¼ acre parcel, $495 — payable $1 down, and $10 a month, no interest, no carrying charges. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. You will return my deposit if I request same within 30 days. Have indicated below number of Ranchos desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
1¼	$1	$10
2½	2	15
3¾	3	20
5	4	25

Name:_____

Address_____

City:_____ Zone:_____ State:_____

Indicate No. of Ranchos ____ Total enclosed $_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folks had settled in East Texas. He had attended a military school, studied hard, applied himself, and made a brilliant record for himself under his family name. He had an older brother who really went down in history as a great soldier - as one of the officers in charge of the defenders of the Alamo in San Antonio, in 1836. Quantrill was, perhaps, one of several names assumed by the guerilla leader in and around Missouri.

George Nordstrom of Quantsino in September, 1965 was convinced that John Sharp was actually Jesse James. And he based his belief on information given him by his late father, who "knew of the gangs when they were operating in the Dakotas...".

Jesse James ran freight wagon, cattle, horse and livery stables through from Sioux Falls to Jamestown and Devils Lake, No. Dakota. Old Jesse had holdings all up and down the old military roads and around the old forts and Army Posts of Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, and also Minnesota. But I don't believe John Sharp was actually Jesse James.

Old Jesse James finally died in August 1951, down in Hood Country, Texas, at the age of 107. He had many battle scars and bullet wounds, besides rope burns on his neck, he wore a small goatee, mustache, and long white hair down, and over his broad shoulders.

The story of Willie Boy was most interesting. Mr. Bob Young did a great job on him, there are still many of the old-timers who knew all about the Willie Boy case, around this area, this was the last manhunt in San Bernardino and Riverside counties. I still know a few people who were with the posse which tracked down Willie Boy. I am passing on Real West to some of the old-timers, maybe you will hear their side of the story of Willie Boy, and a few others. Keep up the good work at R.W. Sorry to have taken so much of your time.

Adios Amigos,
Jack Wallace
25465 Gould Street
Loma Linda, California 92354

BACK ISSUES
Dear Sir:

I noticed in the last Real West that you had some dealers interested in back issues of Real West.

I have quite a few back issues I would like to sell.

I would appreciate it if you would furnish me with names, and addresses of the dealers or who may be interested.

I am sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Thank you,
Joe R. Owens
222 W. 11th St.
Sulphur, Okla. 73086

ANYONE KNOW?
Dear Sir:

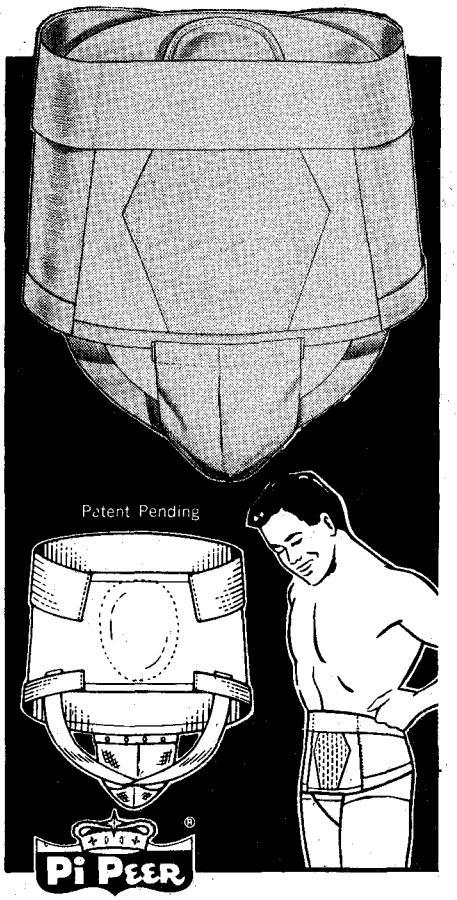
Could any of your readers give me some information on this jacket.

It came from Arizona, dated back about the 1800's. Could you tell me if the beadwork came from any certain Indian tribe or if it was done by the whites.

It's made of buckskin and has blood stains on it, near the buttom. And it also has two kinds of buttons on it. One kind has an eagle on it with arrows and wheat or something in its talons, and has eighteen stars around it. And on the other sleeve is another kind of button. It's made of brass, I think, and is round.

On the colar there's an insignia that looks like a bird. It's in beads.

Thank you, Joe Campbell
395 Skinner Ave.
Painesville, Ohio 44077



SLIM-master®

for that
slim youthful look

Takes years off your figure in seconds! Pulls stomach up and in. Wide, no-roll abdominal panel. Flat, foam rubber back pad supports back, eases minor aches & pains of backstrain. Unique design prevents riding or slipping. Cool mesh detachable pouch. An amazing value at $5.95. Send waist size. Guaranteed to slim your appearance or money back if returned postpaid within 30 days. Add 25c postage.

PIPER BRACE, Dept. REW-116A
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.

Piper Brace Co. Dept. REW-116A
811 Wyandotte Kansas City, Mo. 64105

Please send me _____ Pi Peer SLIM-masters @ $5.95 each plus 25c postage.

I enclose $_____
☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ Send C.O.D.
My waist size is _____ inches.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAR FURNISHED

EXPENSES PAID

WORK PART-TIME OR FULL TIME

EARN AS YOU LEARN

NO SELLING OF ANY KIND

ONLY AVERAGE EDUCATION REQUIRED

You, too, can be an ACCIDENT INVESTIGATOR

Gain Prestige, Big Income, Job Security • What Other Career Offers a Better Future?

IN a matter of weeks you can know exactly how to investigate the facts about an accident or fire; properly estimate the loss, then help distribute the millions of dollars insurance and transportation companies pay out *every year* to cover damages and injuries. For men to 65, this is a golden opportunity to get into one of today's most exciting new professions, while there is still plenty of room at the top. 200 million accidents this year will require so many more trained investigators, some beginners get up to $500 a month, plus car!

We Teach You Quickly at Home in Your Spare Time

We are training scores of accident investigators by mail and helping to place them in the fast-growing, highly profitable Accident Investigating Field. No previous experience is required. A car is usually furnished; expenses are paid. Many men earn while they learn. Only an average education is required.

Earnings Like These!

Here are just a few reports of recent earnings: Bob Durant jumped his salary to $7500 as soon as he started. Bill Peck made $943.00 in just 5 days, checking hurricane damage! Bob Pritchard reports companies in his area offering men $8,000 a year to start, plus car and expenses! (Many men are earning $8 an hour on the side in their spare time.) No wonder Art Victoria writes, "I recommend Liberty School (Home Study Course) for anyone seeking a better life." We send you actual names and locations of successful Liberty School Graduates from all over the country.

If You Prefer to Operate a Business of Your Own

Even with all the company benefits given Accident Investigators some men prefer to operate their own business. No matter how ideal the job, they want to be "on their own."

There are few greater opportunities to do this today than those open to you in the field of Accident Investigating. You can even start with your own home as your headquarters. You have no office rent to pay—almost no overhead. Your chief expense is the investment of a few dollars for stationery, business cards and office record sheets. You can even start in your spare time—keeping your regular job until the day arrives when your spare time income is more than the amount of your present pay.

Keep Your Old Job, Work Part Time at New Job Until Ready to Switch

Only 15 minutes reading a day puts you on the high road to success as an Accident Investigator. Progress as fast or as slow as you like. Many men get their diplomas in a matter of weeks! (We give you FREE Employment Help through our nation-wide PLACEMENT SERVICE—or show you how to start an investigating business of your own at home.) Dozens of big companies with job openings are making good use of our monthly graduate list.

There are many valuable fringe benefits offered Accident Investigators, such as retirement pension plans and family medical and surgical care that are practically unheard of in many other kinds of businesses.

Mail Coupon Today for FREE Brochure

Let us prove how easily you can quickly switch into this exciting new career that provides prestige, security, a bright future! Sending for FREE Brochure does not obligate you in any way. No salesmen will call. Mail postcard or coupon below today to Dept. 3311, Liberty School, 1139 W. Park, Libertyville, Ill. (The Liberty School is fully licensed as a Private Business School by the State of Illinois.)

Eric P. McNair, President, Dept. 3311
Liberty School of Claim Investigating
1139 W. Park, Libertyville, Illinois

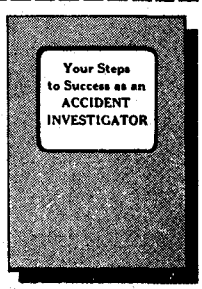
MAIL THIS COUPON

Rush me your FREE BROCHURE showing how I can gain job security and prestige and make as much as $1,000 a month by getting into the Booming Accident Investigating Field. Also include the actual names and locations of successful graduates all over the country. This does not obligate me in any way, and no salesmen will call.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

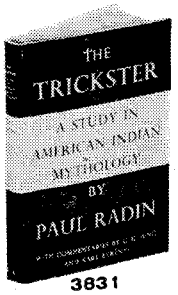
$ SAVE $ SAVE $ SAVE $ SAVE $ SAVE $ SAVE $ SAVE $ SAVE $ SAVE

THE BEST IN WESTERN READING NOW..... AT REDUCED PRICES!

6084

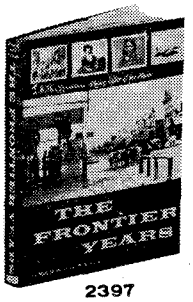
6086

1695



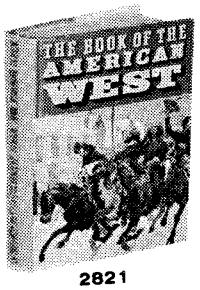
3831

919

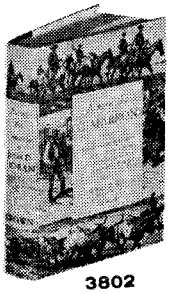


2397

3683

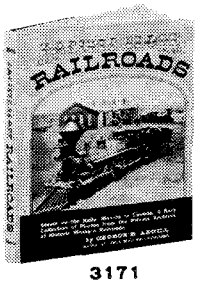


2821


3802

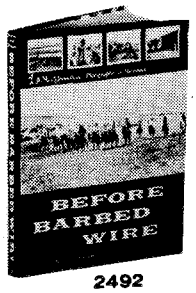
582

3887



3171

1430



2492

2820

☐ **6084 CURTIS' WESTERN INDIANS. Life and Works of Edw. C. Curtis.** By R. W. Andrews. Nearly 200 fascinating photos from the turn of the century accompany a text full of fact and lore. Shows the everyday life, ritual ceremonies, war and peace of the great tribes incl. Apache, Navaho, Nez Percé, many more. 8½ x 10¾. Orig. Pub. at $12.50 **Only $3.95**

☐ **6086. INDIAN PRIMITIVE: Northwest Coast Indians of the Former Days.** By R. W. Andrews. From the early days of photography over 200 unbelievable photos of primitive tribes, totem carvings, canoe building, whaling, fishing, dance rituals. How the Nootkas, Yuroks, Chinooks, Tlingits and 21 other tribes of The Northwest Coast lived and worked at the time the white man found them. 8½ x 11. Orig. Pub. at $12.50. **Only $3.95**

☐ **1695. A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.** By Oliver La Farge. 350 illus. including Full Color plates. The foremost authority on American Indians relates their story from the arrival of the first white men to the present in a handsome 9¼ x 12¼ volume full of rare and fascinating pictures. Orig. Pub. at $7.50 **Only $3.95**

☐ **3831 A Study in American Indian Mythology: THE TRICKSTER.** By Paul Radin. The Trickster myth of the grotesque individual with enormous digestive and sexual organs who unites in himself the traits of a god, an animal and a human being. Interpretations of many different Indian tribes. Orig. Pub at $6.00. **Only $1.98**

☐ **919. THE CUSTER MYTH.** By Col. W. A. Graham. 100 Photos, Maps & Drawings, with The Dustin Bibliography. Documental source book and colorful account of the battle of Little Big Horn, events leading up to it and the aftermath. Famous Banteen letters and Indian accounts are included. 7¾ x 10½. Orig. Pub. at $10.00. **Only $3.95**

☐ **2397. THE FRONTIER YEARS.** By M. H. Brown & W. R. Felton. With 125 famous L. A. Huffman photos. The life of the Indian, the Soldiers, the buffalo slaughter, the wolfer's job, the man-hunter, the villages, cabins, trails, battle sites, the round-up, freighters, etc. 8¾ x 11 Orig. Pub. at $10.00. **Only $3.95**

☐ **3683. Lewis and Clark: TWO CAPTAINS WEST. A Historical** Tour of the Lewis & Clark Trail. By A. & J. Salisbury. 166 Photos, 40 Drawings by Carter Lucas, & several Maps. The story, in picture and text, of the Lewis & Clark expedition, showing the country very much as the expedition saw it--rivers, mountains and plains: the wildlife and evidences of Indian civilization. Orig. Pub. at $10.00. **Only $3.95**

☐ **2821. THE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN WEST.** Ed. by Jay Monaghan. The most magnificent array of historical fact, legend and lore about the West ever assembled in one volume. Actually 10 books in 1. Beautifully illus. with drawings, paintings, engravings, historical maps, documentary art, old prints, woodcuts, lithographs, color plates by Remington, Russell, Catlin, many others. Over 600 pages. Size 8¾ x 11¼ Pub. at $22.50 **Only $9.95**

☐ **3802. ACROSS THE CIMARRON.** By James D. Horan. 33 Illus. True account of the old Wild West as told by Marshal George Bolds, last survivor of the Battle of the Cimarron—his adventures with Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, other heroes. Orig. Pub. at $5.00. **Only $1.69**

☐ **582. THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST: A Pictorial History from Coronado to the Last Frontier.** By James D. Horan 650 illustrations in half tone and color including 500 photos, many never published before. The full western story in text and pictures. 9¼ x 12¼. Orig. Pub. at $10.00. **Only $5.95**

☐ **3887. THE MUSTANGS.** By J. Frank Dobie. Illus. by Charles B. Wilson. Traces the descent of the mustang from the horses brought to the New World by the Spaniards. A monument to all the "wild and free" horses that once were the glory of our Western ranges—over a million in Texas alone—and to the white men and the Indians who captured, rode and annihilated them. Orig. Pub. at $6.75. **Only $2.98**

☐ **3171. PACIFIC SLOPE RAILROADS.** By Geo. S. Abdill. More than 300 rare photos. Nostalgic history of the railroads of the Old West from Mexico to Canada—the Central Pacific conquers the Sierras, the Union Pacific pushes west from the Rockies, the Utah & Mormon operates in Mormon territory, short line and logging roads feed traffic into Pacific Coast terminals. 8½ x 10¾. Orig. Pub. at $10.00. **Only $3.49**

☐ **1430. PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WILD WEST.** By James D. Horan & Paul Sann. 400 Pictures from private collections, newspapers, railroad companies, 100 other sources. Authentic story of the famous badmen and lawmen who made the Wild West the most glamorous, thrilling chapter of American History. Orig. Pub. at $7.50. **Only $3.95**

☐ **2942. BEFORE BARBED WIRE: L. A. Huffman, Photographer on Horseback.** By M. H. Brown & W. R. Felton. 124 famous L. A. Huffman photos. Describes in text and in rare action photos the spirit of life on the unfenced Montana ranges of the early west—the herders, soldiers, Indians, animals, buildings, equipment, etc. Orig. Pub at $10.00. **Only $3.95**

☐ **2820. THE LONGHORNS.** By J. Frank Dobie. With drawings by Tom Lea and many photos. The history, legend and folklore of the Texas Longhorn and the cowboys, mavericks, conquistadores, Indians and bullfights on the range. Orig. Pub. at $6.75. **Only $2.98**

Check book or books desired and send this page with check or money order to: VICTOR SPECIALTIES, Dept. RW-1166, Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW...RE-LIVE the Thrill-Packed Days of the Old West!

BLAZING SIXGUNS!

RAMPAGING INDIANS!

UNTAMED STALLIONS!

COURAGEOUS PIONEERS!

FIERCE DESPERADOES!

TAKE ALL 3 OF THESE GREAT ZANE GREY WESTERNS

Yours FOR ONLY $1.00 [AN $8.67 VALUE]

ZANE GREY is the world's most beloved Western Writer. He actually *lived* the rugged life made famous in his thrilling books.

Now Ready! YOUR FIRST 3 VOLUMES

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE. The raw beauty and vast silence of the Plains—the whole colorful epoch of the pioneer! Against this backdrop a mysterious rider and the girl he loves *gamble their lives in the winning of the West!*

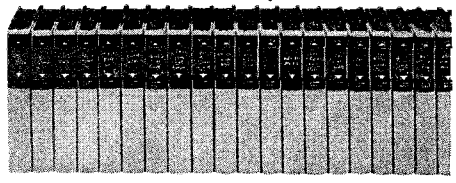
As you read this great adventure, you'll see why it's the most popular Western ever written! Read by over 2 MILLION. Made into 4 thrilling motion pictures!

THE LONE STAR RANGER. "The Rangers mean law and order for Texas," Buck Duane's uncle tells him. "Kill a man and you're ruined. If you resist arrest, they'll shoot you. If you submit, you'll mebbe *hang!*"

But Buck *has* to kill Cal Bain. So he rides away toward the Rio Grande—to find refuge in that wild borderland country that is still untamed.

CAPTIVES OF THE DESERT. "Man, you're crazy . . . ridin' after them thievin' varmints *without a gun,*" High-Lo told John Curry. His words died on his lips. Standing before them were the very two gunslingers Curry had sworn to run out of the territory! "Ride one step closer," they warned, "and you'll be feelin' some *hot lead!*"

THESE DE LUXE VOLUMES Are Bound in Glowing Shades of Red, Tan, Blue . . . and Stamped in Genuine Gold!



READER'S RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc. SO
Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

Send me *at once* the three Zane Grey books described above: RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE, THE LONE STAR RANGER and CAPTIVES OF THE DESERT. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; within a week after receiving my books, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them for the special introductory price of ONLY $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) for ALL THREE fine volumes.

Also reserve in my name additional beautifully-bound volumes in the Zane Grey Series. I will be entitled to receive them as they come from the press, on approval, for only $2.89 each (plus a few cents mailing charges). I am to receive advance descriptions of all future volumes. I need never send money in advance; if not completely satisfied, I may return any book within one week of receipt. I may cancel my reservation at any time. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address..... 24A

City & State..... ZIP CODE ZONE NO.

Take These 3 Volumes as Your Introduction to The Collected Works of ZANE GREY — Handsome, Rugged Volumes You Can Own At Amazingly Low Cost!

IMAGINE YOURSELF in the days of the Old West! You stand gun-hand ready against the toughest badmen . . . you bronc-bust wild mustangs . . . you forge your own range with iron fists and Colt .45s . . . you beat off rustlers, renegades and rampaging Indians!

Now, *re-live* those glorious days — through the Western thrillers of ZANE GREY!

On this special offer, take the three ZANE GREYS described above. We'll also tell you how you can get *more* great ZANE GREY thrillers—in handsome, hard-bound, matching volumes—at an amazingly low cost. Just look at *some* of these other ZANE GREY thrillers:

THE THUNDERING HERD. The glorious days of the fearless Texas hide-hunters.

WILDFIRE. A wild stallion, a fiery girl — and a man who tamed them both!

ARIZONA AMES. His blazing six-shooter spread terror among the toughest badmen!

SHADOW ON THE TRAIL. Quick-shooting Wade Holden fights with rawhide-tough rustlers.

ROGUE RIVER FEUD. Violence and death on Rogue River, where men stopped at nothing!

DESERT GOLD. Spine-tingling adventures of men and women crazed by the lure of riches.

WEST OF THE PECOS. This hard-riding, straight-shooting young man turns out to be a *girl!*

THE MAVERICK QUEEN. Where men make their own laws with flaming guns, there's blazing action over a woman the vigilantes want to *lynch!*

CALL OF THE CANYON. Smashing drama of death and danger!

30,000 ON THE HOOF. Pioneer Huett battles screaming Indians and lawless rustlers.

Other great volumes include: Wild Horse Mesa; The Vanishing American; Fighting Caravans; The Hash Knife Outfit; The Mysterious Rider; Twin Sombreros; The Heritage of The Desert; Western Union; Under The Tonto Rim; Robbers' Roost; Shepherd of Guadaloupe; Thunder Mountain; To The Last Man; The Man of The Forest; and many more famous ZANE GREY Western thrillers. All complete — not a word cut!

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail RESERVATION CERTIFICATE to examine your first THREE volumes, shown and described above. With them will come an introductory invoice for only $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) as payment IN FULL for ALL THREE books, and instructions on how to get your other beautiful volumes, at the low price of $2.89 each. If not fully satisfied you may return all three introductory books, or any later volume in the series: you may cancel your reservation at any time.

You have nothing to lose — and a lifetime of thrilling Westerns to enjoy! So send your risk-free Reservation Certificate NOW to. **WALTER J. BLACK, Inc., Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED